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ART. I.—*The Despatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, during his various Campaigns in India, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, the Low Countries, and France, from 1799 to 1818.* Compiled from Official and Authentic Documents, by LIEUT.-COLONEL GURWOOD, Esquire to his Grace as Knight of the Bath. 11 vols. 8vo. London: 1836–8.

ALTHOUGH it falls to our lot more frequently, we fear, to reprove than to commend, the latter is the branch of our prerogative which it is by far the most agreeable to exercise. We proceed accordingly with much satisfaction, to the examination of this very remarkable and valuable publication. We have been anticipated in doing so, by some of our contemporaries; but we feel confident that no one will do us the injustice to infer, from that circumstance, that we have either attached less importance than others have done to the work itself, or that we are less impressed with those sentiments of respect and admiration to which the Duke of Wellington has established so many claims upon his countrymen.

In this instance, we shall venture to deviate from our general practice of limiting our observations upon the works that come before us to a single article. It is not the extent merely of the present work which has appeared to us to justify this departure from our rule. The wide separation as to locality, and the

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marked difference which exists, in several other respects, between the Indian and the European Despatches, has suggested the expediency of the division. Our readers will, we trust, acquiesce in its propriety, and be satisfied with our bringing under their notice, at present, the first three volumes only, reserving the others for a second article, to appear in our next Number.

The work before us combines the various attractions of historical, biographical, and epistolary writing. For it exhibits, with unquestionable authenticity, a series of public transactions of the highest interest and importance—traces the eventful and brilliant career of a man, whose name will stand recorded amongst those of the most eminent of his time—and presents also that faithful developement of individual character, which is so rarely attainable, but which results from the perusal of Letters that have grown out of the events and the thoughts of the moment. In order to form something like a just estimate of the value, both present and to come, of the publication before us, we must consider with ourselves what the price would be for which we should be willing to purchase such a series of despatches from any of the great military commanders of antiquity. Nor is it with respect to remote periods only that we want such lights as this work supplies; for we have no certain lamp to guide us, in most instances, with respect to the real events, the real characters, and the real motives of action which concern the most remarkable men of even our own times. Partiality, upon the one hand, and malignity, on the other, are incessantly occupied in the work of misrepresentation; and curiosity itself, by the indiscriminate eagerness of its cravings, in an age that affords a daily increase of facilities for their prompt gratification, tends as much, or perhaps even more, to the propagation of error, than to the disclosure of truth, with respect to the real characters of men, and the real motives of their conduct. But, in the Despatches of the Duke of Wellington, men and things are represented with that degree of unstudied freedom which attests at once, as is the case in the sketches of the great masters in Painting, both the ability of the painter and the truth of the picture. Valuable, however, as this work is in many respects, that which will form, at all times, its chief interest and its highest importance, is the complete insight it affords into the character and conduct of the author himself; and the admirable example, with respect to both, which is held out by it for the imitation of others. The published Letters and Despatches of such men as Turenne and Washington, furnish similar examples of wisdom and patriotism, of simplicity, disinterestedness, moderation, and firmness, and supply a like stimulus to emulation; but, in the case of our countryman, we have all these virtues

placed before us in a still broader light, and combined with transactions more various, and upon a larger scale.

Colonel Gurwood, the compiler of the work, has prefixed to it a brief account of Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley's services as commanding-officer of the 33d regiment, previously to his going to India in the year 1797; and he has also devoted a few pages to the explanation of the circumstances which gave occasion to the last war in Mysore against Tippoo Suldaun; thus preparing the reader to enter with advantage upon the series of Letters and Despatches which are to follow.

The army which moved forward against the Mysore territory in March 1799, under the chief command of General Harris, was joined by a body of the Nizam's forces, to which the 33d British regiment was annexed; and the whole of the corps thus formed was, with the concurrence and approbation of the Nizam, placed under the orders of Colonel Wellesley. The first of Colonel Wellesley's letters which occurs, has reference to an attack which it was deemed expedient to make upon one of the enemy's posts in the vicinity of Seringapatam, as a prelude to the siege of that place. It was addressed to the Commander-in-Chief, Lieutenant-General Harris, and is in these words:—

‘MY DEAR SIR,

‘Camp, 5th April, 1799.

‘I do not know where you mean the post to be established, and I shall therefore be obliged to you if you will do me the favour to meet me this afternoon in front of the lines and show it to me. In the meantime I will order my battalions to be in readiness.

‘Upon looking at the Tope as I came in just now, it appeared to me that when you get possession of the bank of the nullah, you have the Tope as a matter of course, as the latter is in the rear of the former. However, you are the best judge, and I shall be ready.

‘I am,’ &c.

We have extracted this short letter, not merely because it is the first that occurs in the book, but because it is characteristic of the writer. It goes at once to its object. It intimates a desire to understand exactly what is required to be done, combined with promptness to carry it into execution. And we discover in it also that vigilance and activity, by which an intelligent and zealous officer is led to make himself acquainted with the localities where he is likely to be employed; together with a disposition, so important in the military profession, to wave every other opinion and consideration, in order strictly to conform to the instructions of a superior in command. We shall find this principle constantly accompanying Colonel Wellesley in every part of his career; so that no man has ever illustrated perhaps more fully, or more willingly, the important

precept—that, in order to command with ability, it is necessary first to learn how to obey. We shall find, however, in our next extract, that he was endowed already with one very essential quality of a man placed in command—namely, that of avoiding to harass unnecessarily the troops under his orders—a principle of the utmost importance, not merely to the welfare and comfort of individuals, but also to the discipline and the efficiency of an army.

To Lieut.-General Harris.

‘MY DEAR SIR,

‘Camp, 7th April, 1799.

‘I shall be much obliged to you if you will let me know whether you think the guards for the outposts can now be reduced a little, as between foraging parties and outline picquets, we have not men enough left to give a relief. The outline picquets were not relieved this morning for want of men. You were talking yesterday of looking at these posts this afternoon, and if you have an inclination I will go with you at any hour you may appoint. I think I can show you a situation where two embrasures might be opened in the bank of the nullah with advantage, and that would add to the strength of the post.

‘I am,’ &c.

The following letter affords an excellent example of what a military report ought to be:—

To Lieut.-General Harris.

‘MY DEAR SIR,

‘7 A.M., 3d May.

‘We did all our work last night, except filling the sand-bags, which could not be done for want of tools: I shall have them filled in the course of this morning, and there will be no inconvenience from the delay, as it was not deemed advisable last night to do more than look for the ford; and it is not intended to do any thing to it until the night before it is to be used.

‘Lieutenant Lalor, of the 73d, crossed over to the glacis, I believe, on the left of the breach. He found the wall, which he believes to be the retaining wall of the glacis, seven feet high, and the water (included in those seven feet) fourteen inches deep. It is in no part more so, and the passage by no means difficult. Several other officers crossed by different routes, but none went so far as Lieutenant Lalor. All agree in the practicability of crossing with troops. The enemy built up the breach in the night with gabions, &c., notwithstanding the fire which was kept up upon it. It was impossible to fire grape, as our working party was in front of the five-gun battery, from which alone we could fire, as we repaired the other.

‘Lieutenant Lalor is now on duty here with his regiment, but if you wish it, he will remain here to-night, and try the river again.

‘I am,’ &c.

There is not a word here that is superfluous. The facts which have been ascertained are explicitly stated; and wherever there is not positive certainty, the expression is properly limited.

It is impossible to guard too much, in all military communications, against either unnecessary prolixity on the one hand, or incompleteness, or ambiguity of expression on the other; and we see that the very earliest of Colonel Wellesley's military letters are characterised, in a very remarkable manner, by the absence of such defects.

Seringapatam was taken by storm on the 4th of May, 1799, and Major-General Baird, who had commanded the attack, having requested, after his success, to be relieved by another officer, Colonel Wellesley was appointed to take the command of the place. His ability, activity, energy, and humanity, were all equally requisite, and were all equally displayed in this trying situation. Confusion and outrage were at such a height that he found it necessary to write to the Commander-in-chief, on the morning of the 5th, suggesting that he should suspend for a time his entrance into Seringapatam; and later in the same day he again wrote as follows :—

To Lieut.-General Harris.

' MY DEAR SIR,

' Seringapatam, 5th May, 1799.

‘ Things are better than they were, but they are still very bad ; and until the provost executes three or four people, it is impossible to expect order, or indeed safety.

‘ There are, at this moment, sepoys and soldiers belonging to every regiment in your camp and General Stuart’s in the town.

‘ It would surely be advisable to order the rolls to be called constantly, and to forbid any people to leave camp.

‘ For a few days likewise it would be very advisable that the officers of the army should suspend the gratification of their curiosity, and that none but those on duty should come into the town. It only increases the confusion and the terror of the inhabitants. Till both subside in some degree, we cannot expect that they will return to their habitations.

‘ I am,’ &c.

Nothing can be more judicious than all the suggestions which are here offered, and they are put forward in a tone the most becoming. We see the mind of Colonel Wellesley calm, firm, and attentive to every thing, in the midst of the utmost confusion and violence; and we observe also that the salutary and necessary repression of the excited passions of the victorious army went hand in hand with the desire to tranquillize the fears, and to protect the persons and properties of the inhabitants of the captured city. Nor should we omit to bear in mind, that such was the conduct of a young man, new to high command, elated with success, and in the very first moments of triumph, over the most able, the most vindictive, and the most dangerous enemy of the British name and interests in India. The letter which follows is of a

similar character. We trace in it the unabated exercise of the same activity and vigilance; and there is the same evidence of excellent judgment in the suggestions it contains.

To Lieut.-General Harris.

‘ MY DEAR SIR,

‘ Seringapatam, 6th May, 1799.

‘ Plunder is stopped, the fires are all extinguished, and the inhabitants are returning to their houses fast. I am now employed in burying the dead, which I hope will be completed this day, particularly if you send me all the pioneers.

‘ It is absolutely necessary that you should immediately appoint a permanent garrison, and a commanding officer to the place; till that is done, the people will have no confidence in us, and every thing must be in confusion. That which I arrange this day, my successor may alter to-morrow, and his the next day; and nothing will ever be settled. A garrison which would be likely to remain here, would soon make themselves comfortable, although it might be found convenient hereafter to change some of the corps sent in: but these daily reliefs create much confusion and distrust in the inhabitants; and the camp is at such a distance, that it is impossible for the officers, or soldiers, or sepoys to get down their dinners.

‘ I shall be obliged to you, if you will order an extra dram and biscuit for the 12th, 33d, and 73d regiments, who got nothing to eat yesterday, and were wet last night.

‘ In hopes that you will attend to my recommendation to send a garrison in to-morrow, I shall look out for a place to accommodate one or two battalions of Europeans, and three or four of sepoys.

‘ I am,’ &c.

We must not dwell longer, however, upon this early part of our undertaking, though we are confident that our readers will not be displeased with us for having directed their attention in a particular manner to the first dawn of those admirable qualities, the future lustre of which has so long fixed their admiration. We learn that ‘ On the settlement of the Mysore territory by the Commission, the provinces which fell under British protection and authority became a distinct command; and Colonel Wellesley was confirmed in it by the Governor-General, receiving his orders from, and reporting direct to, the Supreme Government at Calcutta. He availed himself of the intelligence and experience of all those who had served under Tippoo Sultaun, and replaced them in their former posts; their chief security for retaining which rested on the correct discharge of their several duties.’—(Vol. I. p. 40). And Colonel Wellesley being thus placed by the Governor-General at the head of the civil affairs of the recently conquered territory, he was invested, also, with the military command, by an order issued by General Harris, on the 11th of September, 1799.

In the wider and more varied field which was thus opened for the exercise of Colonel Wellesley's talents, the same qualities are observable which have already been noticed; and the administration of the several branches of civil business seems neither to have presented any greater difficulty, nor to have been subjected to any greater delay, than must have occurred in the management of matters the most familiar in his own profession. It is pleasing to find that the very first communication he made in his new situation to his brother, the Governor-General of India, was one dictated by feelings of kindness towards those whom the fall of Tippoo Sultaun had deprived of their natural protector.

To the Right Hon. the Governor-General.

‘MY LORD,

‘Seringapatam, 19th Aug. 1799.

‘I take the liberty of recommending to your Lordship, that out of the fund allotted for the family of the late Tippoo Sultaun, a pension of twenty Cantarai pagodas per mensem may be allotted to the mother-in-law of Schuckur Oola, the wife of Zemul ab Dien Taker. She received this sum from the late Sultaun.’

We have in the following letter an example of the cordiality of his feelings towards those who shared his esteem and his friendship; and of the frankness of his communications with them, upon matters affecting their interests or their wishes.

To Major Munro, Collector at Canara.

‘MY DEAR COLONEL,

‘Camp in the Province of Loo,
8th October, 1799.

‘I have received your letter, and as I had some hand in sending you to Canara, I am much concerned that your situation there is so uncomfortable to yourself. It is one of the extraordinary and unaccountable circumstances attending the commission at Seringapatam, that my brother and I should have imagined that you were desirous of being appointed Collector at Canara; that we should have been seriously angry with Kirkpatrick, who, it appeared, had proposed an arrangement for you, of which you did not approve, and which had occasioned your refusal of the appointment for which you wished; and yet that, after all, we should have done you an injury, instead of a benefit (as well as one to the service), which we intended. I acknowledge that, knowing my own wishes in your favour, and being very sensible of my brother's, I cannot but attribute what has happened, to yourself. One word from you would have stopped the arrangement, and there is every reason to believe that provision would have been made for you elsewhere. It is, perhaps, not now too late. I have written to my brother upon the subject; and I hope that he will make an arrangement suitable to your wishes. Whether he does or not, I hope that you will believe that your cause has not failed for want of zeal on my part.’

We will take this opportunity to remark also, that those persons with whom Colonel Wellesley appears to have communicated in

the most unreserved and cordial manner, will be found, in general, to be the same who became, subsequently, men of marked eminence, as well in respect of their private character, as on account of the ability, zeal, and success, with which they conducted the public affairs committed to their charge;—a proof at once of discriminating judgment, of upright intentions, and of an entire absence of that petty jealousy which is sometimes discernible, even in men of merit and ability, towards those who may be deemed in any degree likely to become their competitors for favour or for distinction.

There is another remark which we may introduce here, because there are abundant proofs in support of it in that part of the work we are now considering. It is, that no accumulation, or diversity of business, seems at any time to have clogged the activity or repressed the elasticity of the powers, either physical or moral, of this remarkable man. Although charged for the first time in his life, with the civil as well as the military government of an extensive kingdom, recently conquered, and entering himself personally into every branch of the administration, he nevertheless finds time for attending to the private comforts and conveniences of his friends, and for the sports of the field and other recreations tending either to amusement or to health. On the subject of the former we find the following letter to his friend Colonel Close:—

‘MY DEAR COLONEL,

‘Seringapatam, 21st Dec. 1799.

‘I have just been down at the Laal Bag, and I find that your works are going on well. Your man had begun a wall close to the water-course, and if that should at any time hereafter let any water through, your wall would suffer and probably come down. I have therefore desired him to cut away half the thickness of the wall which he has begun, to leave about a foot distance between the water-course and your wall, which may answer for a channel for the water which will ooze through, and to add to the other side of the wall the thickness which he takes from that on the side of the water-course. The foundation of the whole proposed range of offices is laid, and the walls about two or three feet above the ground. It is unfortunate for the sake of both Gordon and you, that he should have built his house in the garden, as it prevents either house from being private. What I should propose would be to wall off that part occupied by him, to have a common entrance where he now drives in his phaeton, which might be made in such a manner as that you would not interfere with one another. If you wish it, I will have this done before your return, and as walls are not very handsome, I will cover those which must be near your house with a creeper.

‘I have received your letter of the 19th. I wrote to Webbe about the bridge, and sent the estimate.

‘I have sent you some plantain trees, and shall have others for you when the season for cutting arrives.’

And in another letter also to Colonel Close, we read as follows:—

‘A fellow came here this day and informed me that he had come from the Marhatta country as far as Toomkoor, with a gang employed by Dhoondiah to carry me off when I should go out hunting. He says that Dhoondiah proposes to collect a large gang in this neighbourhood, and to join them himself. In order to prove to him how little I fear his gang, I go out hunting to-morrow; but I have desired my friend to join his gang again, and I have promised him a reward if he will enable me to lay hands upon them in this neighbourhood.’

There is further allusion to this affair, and to the persons who were made prisoners, as being supposed to have been concerned in it, but we find Colonel Wellesley leaning throughout, to the side of a disbelief in the conspiracy, and to that of moderation towards the prisoners.

‘I have not yet released,’ says he, in a letter to Colonel Close, ‘all the prisoners; and unless something further appears in their favour, I intend to detain them for another day or two. Barclay has been most laborious in his investigation of this business, and has brought it to light in a masterly manner. . . . I acknowledge that the proof of the alibi has much weight with me, and that I detain the people now only out of respect for the opinions of those who have made the investigation, and who do not agree with me.’ *

That extraordinary facility in the despatch of business, which, without interfering with other pursuits, or allowing other pursuits to encroach upon business, for which he was ever remark-

* It will not, perhaps, appear irrelevant if we advert in this place to a circumstance connected with a later period of the Duke's life. When he commanded the allied army which was stationed for some time in France after the campaign of Waterloo, the chief of the general staff of that army received a letter from a friend at Brussels, intimating that a communication had been made privately to him, that a conspiracy was on foot at Paris against the life of the Duke, of which, however, the accomplishment might be averted upon certain conditions of a political nature. The chief of the staff carried the letter immediately to the Duke, and suggested his communicating its contents to the French Government; but so regardless was his Grace of the personal danger with which he was threatened, that it was only upon the chief of the staff expressing his determination to go himself to the French minister of police that he consented to take any notice of the affair. Notwithstanding, however, all the precautions taken, the Duke of Wellington was fired at, not long after, about midnight, when entering the court-yard of his house in his carriage.

able, seems to us to be imputable, to the following rules : first, never to postpone any thing in a spirit of procrastination, but only when postponement was expedient or indispensable ; second, to give the preference on every subject to broad practical views over ingenious subtilties ; third, to be guided, in dealings of all kinds, by fairness, moderation, and justice ; and, fourth, to regard decisions once made as final, except in very special cases. Another part of Colonel Wellesley's system would seem to have been, to respect and adhere to existing general regulations, and cause them to be respected and adhered to by others,—though they might appear to be inconvenient, or not wholly applicable to the particular case in question ; and, also, to keep each branch of business in its proper channel, and transact it always, if possible, with those individuals to whom the management of it properly and officially belonged. We find in him likewise the most perfect readiness to wave or modify his own opinions, in deference to those of others to whom circumstances had rendered the subject more familiar, and whose judgment merited that degree of consideration. The following extract from a letter to Colonel Close, dated at Seringapatam, 9th January 1800, will help to illustrate these observations :—‘ I received your letter of the 6th last night. I perceive that your ideas and mine agree respecting the pensions, excepting in the case of those not upon the Family Fund residing in the Company's and the Nabob's territories. Your idea, where we differ, appears most correct.’ In another letter, of the 11th of February, he says :—‘ I think that it would be very desirable to have one of the surveyors with the detachment, and I wish much that you would write to Mackenzie on the subject. I should write to him, only that I am afraid he would think it an interference, on my part, in business in which I had no concern.’

Instances are continually recurring, also, of his attention to the feelings and to the convenience of other persons. The two following extracts afford proofs. The first is from a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Harness, of 18th December, 1799 :—‘ I am glad to find that your quarters are so good, but, as the 77th are ordered into this country, I do not imagine that you will occupy them for any length of time. I should have written to Colonel Campbell to apprise him of this circumstance, but as his state of health is so bad, and I know him to be affected by any circumstance which alters the situation of the regiment, I have thought it better to communicate it to you, and to leave it to you to apprise him of it when you think you can do so without injury to himself. I cannot too strongly press upon you the necessity of advising him to go to the Carnatic. I should

‘ write to him again upon this subject, only that it might be considered a bore, and might do more harm than good.’ The next is from a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Close:—‘ I shall be glad if you come with the detachments; but as you come only out of compliment to me, you will do better to consult your own convenience. You will probably wish to be here when Lady Clive arrives in the country, and in that case it is much better that you should not come.’

The subjoined passage in a letter to the same person shows vigilance with respect to the interests of the public service—impartiality in selecting for appointments the persons deemed best qualified to fill them—and also care to avoid interfering with the arrangements of other public officers:—

‘ I have received a letter from Disney, who has lost his wife, and is attacked by the liver complaint himself, and is so much out of sorts altogether as to have determined to quit the service and go home immediately. His command, which is, on many accounts, a very important one, will devolve upon a lieutenant in the Bombay army; and I assure you, that considering the disturbance on the Marhatta frontier, the riches of Nuggur, and the general inclination of all manner of people to plunder, I am rather uneasy at the charge being in the hands of a person who must be so inexperienced. Under these circumstances I am desirous of sending there Colonel Montresor from Chittledroog, whom I do not know, but he bears an excellent character. I shall not do so, however, till I hear from you whether there is any objection to it.’

In the following extract from a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Close, we see by what upright principles Colonel Wellesley regulated his own conduct, and how much disgust he felt towards any one who sought to cover, by outward plausibilities, any departure from a strictly honourable course. We may observe, at the same time, his marked disapprobation of any system being countenanced or tolerated by a Government which has a tendency to tempt men out of a right line of conduct. And we find, in the last paragraph, an exposition of those principles of moderation, impartiality, and justice, by which the exercise of power ought to be accompanied at all times, but the non-observance of which is most apt to occur, and is most likely to prove seriously detrimental, when authority over the natives of a country is vested in the hands of strangers, who hold their ascendancy more through the operation of moral influence than by actual physical force.

‘ MY DEAR COLONEL, ‘ Camp at Hurryhur, 18th June, 1800.

‘ I have been more concerned than I can express at the receipt of your letter of the 15th. The misconduct of these gentlemen undoubt-

edly gives you, as well as me, a great deal of trouble; but I declare that it gives me more anxiety than any thing in which I have any concern.

‘ If I had heard of the circumstance which you mentioned to me at Seringapatam previous to the appointment of the gentleman in question to his command, he certainly never should have been appointed; and he never should have gone to it, if, in the conversation which I had with him at Naganunglum, he had not expressed himself much like a gentleman, and stated a determination to adhere to what had been settled by ———. I acquainted him with every circumstance which you told me, and at the same time informed him of my determination to remove him from his command, if I should hear the smallest complaint of his dubash. He promised that he would not have one; and I acknowledge I little expected to hear that there were grounds of complaints still stronger than they would have been if the dubash had been at ———.

‘ He is a gentleman, a man of the world, and one who appears to look to his character. I write to him by this post, and you may depend upon it that he must either act as he ought, or he shall be removed from his command.

‘ I acknowledge that, both as an officer and as a gentleman, I should be glad to see all those commands abolished; nothing can be more prejudicial to discipline, and nothing more disgraceful to the character and feelings of a gentleman, than what goes on almost daily; but, as long as they are even more than tolerated by Government, it is difficult for any man in a subordinate situation to draw a line, and these kind of unpleasant circumstances must certainly arise; but from what you say, I hope ere long to see some arrangement made which will really abolish the whole.

‘ The disputes between the officers and the amildars are equally irksome, and, I believe, owe their origin to the same circumstance. There is not, at this moment, a post by which I do not receive letters of complaint from some man or other. To enter into a detailed enquiry upon the subject is impossible, and to decide without enquiry would be unjust, and one is, therefore, reduced to an impotent expostulation to be upon good terms with the officers of the Rajah's Government. We have never been hitherto accustomed to a native Government, we cannot readily bear the disappointments and delays which are usual in all their transactions, prejudices are entertained against them, and all their actions are misconstrued, and we mistrust them. I see instances of this daily in the best of our officers, and I cannot but acknowledge that, from the delays of the natives, they have sometimes reason to complain; but they have none to ill-use any man.’

We must not omit to notice an advantageous proposal which was made about this time to Colonel Wellesley, by his brother, the Governor-General of India, the nature of which will sufficiently appear from the following reply which the Colonel made to it:—

To the Earl of Mornington.

‘ MY DEAR M.,

‘ Camp at Currub, 29th May, 1800.

‘ I have received your letter of the 13th instant, and I am very much obliged to you for the offer which you make me of sending me with the Admiral to Batavia.

‘ I do not deny that I should like much to go ; but you will have learned, before you receive this, that my troops are in the field, and it is therefore probable that Lord Clive will be desirous that I should remain in this country until its tranquillity is ensured, and the troops can be sent back to their different garrisons. I have written to him upon the subject, and I have desired him to accept your offer for me or not, as he may find it most convenient for the public service, after having ascertained from the Admiral at what time he proposes to depart from the coast in this service. If he should not depart until late in the year, I think it more than probable that I shall be able to go with him. I do not know which of the services will answer best ; but I am certain that it will be more easy to spare troops from the Carnatic and Mysore, towards the end of the year, than it is at this moment.’

In this reply, we find Colonel Wellesley perfectly consistent with himself. His great leading principle seems at all times to have been, that, as a public servant, he should place the service of the public before every other consideration ; and that, in a case in which his own personal feelings or interests might be apt to give a wrong bias to his judgment, he should refer the decision to those whose situation enabled them to form the most accurate opinions upon the point in question.

Some of our readers may perhaps feel surprised that we should dwell so long upon traits of character such as are developed in the above extract, and in the other passages hitherto selected ; and may naturally enough be impatient to accompany Colonel Wellesley into the field—to contemplate the ability and forecast with which he formed his plans—the activity and boldness with which he pursued their accomplishment—and the success by which they were followed. But although we are not by any means insensible to the attractions of military achievements, we have been anxious to show, and to illustrate the just and solid foundations upon which Colonel Wellesley, at the outset of his public life, planted that ladder of laudable, because legitimate, ambition by which he has gradually ascended to so great a height. And we trust that, whilst we are indulging our own feelings in that respect, we are also beneficially pointing out, to the younger portion of our readers especially, the road they should take in order to arrive at real greatness.

The first military enterprise of importance in which Colonel Wellesley found it necessary to engage, was against a bold and active adventurer of the name of Dhoondiah Waugh, who had

been troublesome to Mysore even during the reign of Tippoo, and who had found means, after the fall of that prince, to draw together a large armed force, with which he entered upon that career of predatory warfare which is so attractive to adventurous spirits, and which, amidst the ill organized and inefficient Governments of the East, has often led even to sovereign power. Our limited space does not admit of our following the series of letters which relate to the military operations against this adventurer; and it is not possible to obtain an adequate idea of the ability and activity with which they were conducted, and of the difficulties contended against, and overcome, otherwise than by the perusal of them. They are marked by the writer's usual simplicity and clearness of style, and they are rendered interesting both by the peculiar character of the warfare to which they relate, and by the knowledge they convey of what war practically is. They show how many obstacles interpose to retard, embarrass, and often to thwart altogether the plans of a commander, in spite of the wisdom of his precautions, and the activity of his personal exertions; and how many unforeseen chances, favourable or unfavourable, occur, all tending to render war a precarious game; yet proving that success ultimately, almost always attends that side where foresight, activity, perseverance, and courage have been most uniformly exerted. The following extract, from a letter to the Adjutant-General of the Madras army, exhibits the final close of this contest:—

‘I arrived at Kanagherry on the 7th; and on the 8th moved with the cavalry to Buswapoor, and on the 9th to this place; the infantry being on those days at Hutty and Chinnoor, about fifteen miles in my rear. On the 9th, in the morning, Dhoondiah moved from Mudgherry, a place about twenty-five miles from Raichore, at which he had been encamped for some days, towards the Kistna; but on his road having seen Colonel Stevenson's camp, he returned and encamped about nine miles in my front, between me and Bunnoo. It was clear that he did not know that I was so near him; and I have reason to know that he believed that I was at Chinnoor.

‘I moved forward this evening, and met his army at a place called Conahgull, about six miles from hence. He was on his march, and to the westward; apparently with the design of passing between the Marhatta and Mogul cavalry and my detachment, which he supposed to be at Chinnoor. He had only a large body of cavalry, apparently 5000, which I immediately attacked with the 19th and 25th dragoons, and 1st and 2d regiments of cavalry.

‘The enemy was strongly posted, with his rear and left flank covered by the village and rock of Conahgull, and stood for some time with apparent firmness; but such was the rapidity and determination of the charge made by those four regiments, which I was obliged to form in

one line, in order at all to equalize in length that of the enemy, that the whole gave way, and were pursued by my cavalry for many miles. Many, among others Dhoondiah, were killed; and the whole body dispersed, and were scattered in small parties over the face of the country.'

We give the two following extracts, in confirmation of what we have stated above with respect to the precarious nature of war. 'The Nizam's killadar of Chinnoor,' says Colonel Wellesley, 'had a regular tappall posted, in order to give intelligence to Dhoondiah. He wrote to him on the 8th, to inform him that I was to be on that day at Nowly, and on the 9th at Chinnoor; and it is incredible what pains he took to induce me to go no further. I was not to be prevailed upon, however, and came on here, and by coming put a stop to the communication. Thus Dhoondiah was not apprised of my situation, and even had reason to believe that I was at least fifteen miles farther from him.' And in the same letter, he says:—'The troops behaved admirably. I assure you that if they had not done so, not a man of us would have quitted the field.'

We see, by the first of these extracts, that Colonel Wellesley was not a man to be diverted from his purpose, when fully satisfied of the solidity of the grounds on which he had formed it; and by the second, what daring things may be attempted and achieved when mutual confidence has been previously established between troops and their commander.

Very many examples occur in the work before us of important and well-reasoned papers, upon military, political, or financial questions, being drawn up by the Duke of Wellington at times when the bustle, excitement, and anxiety, of active, and not unfrequently critical military operations might have sufficed, one would suppose, to engross wholly and exclusively the thoughts and the time of the writer. We prefer giving an example from this early part of his career; because, by doing so, that quickness of perception, and comprehensiveness and clearness of understanding natural to him, will be more justly appreciated than by appealing to a period when more advanced years, and longer habits of business might be supposed to have brought about that maturity of judgment, and that facility of forming and of arranging opinions by which these documents are so much distinguished. We cannot afford room, however, for more than the beginning of the letter to which we have alluded.

To the Right Hon. Lord Clive, Governor of Fort St George.

'MY LORD, 'Camp at Hurrelyhur, 20th June, 1800.

'I have received the honour of your Lordship's letter of the 14th instant, in which you desire to have my opinion regarding the extent of the military force which will be necessary for the new territory which

your Lordship informs me will be assigned by the Nizam to the exclusive management of the Company for Mysore, Malabar, Canara, and Goa. It is difficult to give an opinion regarding the new territory, of which I have but little knowledge; but as your Lordship has desired it, I shall proceed to state what has occurred to me upon the subject.

‘The question which your Lordship has put to me involves considerations affecting the whole of our military system in this country. When the country proposed to be ceded to the Company is likewise to be defended, its inhabitants to be kept in tranquillity, and its revenue to be realized by means of the troops, it is impossible to expect to be able to effect these objects on the system of weak and dispersed garrisons, on which we have been acting hitherto. This must be changed; neither the new territory nor the old can be kept in awe by troops dispersed in forts, which they cannot quit with safety; and, therefore, the system which I should recommend would be to garrison those posts only which are absolutely necessary to us, and to have at all times in the field, and in motion, two or three regiments of Europeans, all the cavalry, and as large a body of native infantry as can be got together. This will be a real security, not only to the new territory and to Mysore, but to the Carnatic, Malabar, and Canara, and nothing else ever will. It will appear more clearly that this system is necessary in the new territory, when the nature of its inhabitants, and the governments to which they have been accustomed, are considered.

‘The whole of the country to be ceded by the Nizam is inhabited by petty rajahs and polygars, who have never been entirely subdued, and have never submitted to the species of government which must be exercised by the Company’s servants. They have been accustomed either to the rapacity and corruption of Tippoo’s government, or to the weakness of the Nizam’s; but they are entirely unacquainted with the restraint of a regular authority, constructed upon the principles adopted by the Company’s Government. This they will resist, and they must be kept in awe, particularly at first, by a large and an active force. For this purpose troops in garrison will never answer; and, supposing that your Lordship should adopt the system I propose for having, at least for some time, a large detachment in the field, I shall proceed to estimate the number of troops which will be necessary in the garrisons which ought to be occupied.’

Then follows a full detail of the civil and military arrangements, as well those already existing, as those recommended to be introduced. Now it is to be observed that Lord Clive’s letter is dated at Madras on the 14th of June, and that it must have been replied to, considering the distances between the places, immediately on its receipt; that Colonel Wellesley was then engaged in a series of most active operations against a formidable and enterprising opponent (Dhoondiah Waugh), whose movements were desultory, rapid, and difficult to be foreseen or ascertained; and that he was actually occupied, at the time of writing, upon one of the most delicate and precarious of all military under-

takings,—that of transferring his forces from one side to the other of a large river, with means very inadequate for such a purpose.

The following extracts are from letters to Lieut-Colonel Close. The first, dated 11th Sept. 1800, shows how much consideration was given by Colonel Wellesley to the interests and the feelings of the population of the countries through which his army was to march.

‘ I wish to have your opinion as soon as possible respecting my route. My own idea is to cross the Werdah at the redoubt, to proceed from thence by Shikarpoor, and along the left bank of the Toombuddra to Gostara, and thence to Seringapatam. My reason for preferring this road is that I may awe Kistnapah Naig into a peace, and next because I shall do less injury to the country on that road than on any other. It is a grass country; will afford plenty of forage, and as the cultivation is in general paddy, it will not be injured. You can have no conception of the number of people and cattle that I have got with me; and I shudder at the thoughts of the injury which they will do to any dry grain country through which they will pass.’

The second extract, written at no longer interval of time from this journey than to the 1st November, 1800, shows how promptly the most perfect success resulted from the judicious measures adopted by Colonel Wellesley to effect the benevolent, and no less politic object of protecting the inhabitants, and their properties, in the vicinity of his army, whether stationary or on the march.

‘ I do not propose to enter the ceded districts by Mysore; but I assure you that my numerous followers are in such order that I might venture to produce them any where. We were a month at Hoobly; and the grain fields in the middle of the camp were not touched, and the people in the neighbouring villages sent to tell me that the safeguards which I had given them upon my arrival there were no longer necessary.’

Circumstances arose towards the end of the year 1800, which placed Colonel Wellesley in a new position, and which soon involved him in much difficulty, and in very great personal responsibility. On the 24th of December, 1800, he arrived at Trincomalee, in the island of Ceylon, to take the command of a body of troops assembled there and at Pointe de Galle, with a view to an important combined military and naval service. The first part of his correspondence in this situation is marked by his usual prompt and minute attention to every thing connected with the enterprise in which he was about to be engaged, and also by the fulness and clearness of his communications;—as well those framed for the information of the General Government of India, under

The command of the expedition to the Red Sea had, however, in the mean time been allotted by the Governor-General to Major-General Baird, who arrived at Bombay to take charge of it on the 30th of March. This arrangement occasioned, at first, a strong feeling of disappointment in Colonel Wellesley's mind ; but it is gratifying to see, by the following extract of a letter which he addressed to General Baird on the 9th of April, how promptly sentiments of the most generous and cordial friendship superseded that feeling ; and how soon an anxious desire to promote the public service supplanted every other consideration in the breasts of both those zealous and distinguished officers.

‘As I am writing upon this subject, I will freely acknowledge that my regret at being prevented from accompanying you has been greatly increased by the kind, candid, and handsome manner in which you have behaved towards me ; and I will confess as freely, not only that I did not expect such treatment, but that my wishes before you arrived, regarding going upon the expedition, were directly the reverse of what they are at this moment.

‘I need not enter further upon this subject, than to entreat you will not attribute my stay to any other motive than that to which I have above assigned it ; and to inform you, that as I know what has been said and expected by the world in general, I propose, as well for my own credit as for yours, to make known to my friends and to yours, not only the distinguished manner in which you have behaved towards me, but the causes which have prevented my demonstrating my gratitude, by giving you every assistance in the arduous service which you have to conduct.

‘I shall stay here as long as the season will permit, and then I propose to go round to Madras ; and if I cannot get well, I believe I must try a cold climate.’

The letter from which this extract is taken was accompanied by a very able paper, in which Colonel Wellesley had put together his thoughts on the subject of the expedition to Egypt ; and which cannot have failed to prove a very acceptable and a very useful document to General Baird.

When Colonel Wellesley's health was sufficiently re-established, he was replaced in the situation he had formerly held in Mysore, where he appears to have been occupied for some time in the investigation of abuses which had crept into the service, particularly into the Store department. But these troublesome and disagreeable details did not hinder him from employing his thoughts upon matters of greater magnitude and more general importance ; for we find, in this part of the work before us, two very able *memorandums* ; the first being a discussion founded on prospective views with regard to the question of retaining Seringapatam as a fortified post, or destroying the fortifications ;

and the second having reference to the proceedings proper to be adopted in the event of war breaking out with the Marhattas. Both these papers have the same character which distinguishes all the documents of a similar nature. It is a character the most opposite possible to that of the vague and flimsy productions which theorists are prone to frame in their closets. The writer begins in both by giving a clear and practical view of the general subject; and then proceeds to reason on its several branches, —showing always that his reasonings are founded upon an acquired knowledge of the material facts and circumstances by which the question is affected. In the *memorandum* upon the mode of carrying on a war against the Marhattas he thus begins :—

‘As before long we may look to war with the Marhattas, it is proper to consider of the means of carrying it on. The experience which has been acquired in the late contest with Dhoondiah Waugh, of the seasons, the nature of the country, its roads, its produce, and its means of defence, will be of use in pointing them out. I shall detail my observations upon each of these points, for the benefit of those in whose hands may be placed the conduct of the operations of the army in case of such a war, as I have above supposed we may expect. The season at which it is most convenient to commence a campaign with the Marhattas, is that at which the rivers, which take their rise in the western ghauts, fill. This happens generally in the month of June. In this year, the Toombuddra was not fordable after the 14th of June, the day before the army reached Hurryhur; and in other seasons, I understand that that river fills nearly at the same time.

‘The reasons why I think that the most favourable season for operations against the Marhatta nation, are as follow.’

He then states the composition of the military force of the Marhattas; and points out the mode of warfare which a military force so composed will carry on. He next shows, how great an impediment the state of the rivers, at the season he has recommended for action, will be to such an army—how these impediments may be obviated on the part of the British—and what advantages must result to the latter from this opposite condition of things. He then adverts to the nature of the soil—to the roads—to the productions of the country; specifying the supplies to be found in it, and those which must be drawn from other places. He next offers his suggestions with respect to the directions most advisable to be given to the military operations—speaking of the relative importance of different positions, and of places of strength, as well with reference to the security of the magazines and communications in rear of the army at its outset, as with reference to the acquisitions to be made in its progressive advance into the

enemy's country ; with regard to all which points, it is obvious that the greatest pains had been taken to procure accurate and detailed information. The knowledge possessed by Colonel Wellesley, of the Marhatta country, previously to the war with that nation, reminds us of the enquiries which Alexander, when yet very young, is said to have made of the Persian ambassadors who came to his father's court ; all of which had reference to the march of an army into their country. Colonel Wellesley did not err in his anticipation that circumstances would lead ere long to the necessity of military operations on the part of the British in the Marhatta territories. The conflicting interests and passions of the great chiefs of that nation had brought them into a state of war with each other ; and the Peshwah having sustained a defeat from Holkar, which obliged him to fly from Poonah, in the month of October 1802, he sought and obtained a renewal of the friendly relations which had subsisted between him and the Company, but which the influence of Scindiah had for some time interrupted. The active and able part which Major-General Wellesley had in the arrangements, both military and political, which immediately preceded the advance of the British troops into the Marhatta country, is developed in his correspondence with the Resident at the Court of the Peshwah, and the governors of Madras and Bombay ; as also with Lieutenant-General Stuart, then commanding-in-chief the Madras army. In the whole correspondence, one is at a loss whether to admire most the sagacity of the general views, or the intimate knowledge, and the business-like habits, which are displayed with respect to matters of detail. But, in addition to these merits, we have further evidence, in the following letter, both of the ardour and of the disinterestedness of General Wellesley's zeal for the public service ; and of his readiness also to conform himself, in all things, to the views and wishes of his superiors ;—a principle which, as already remarked, seems to have regulated his conduct upon all occasions.

To Lieut.-General Stuart.

‘ Sir,

‘ Camp at Hoonelly, 3d March, 1803.

‘ I have the honour to enclose a memorandum and certain other papers, upon the subject on which you have desired my sentiments, of which I hope you will approve.

‘ It may appear extraordinary that it should be necessary that this detachment should be so much stronger than that which is advancing from Hyderabad ; but it must be recollected, first, that the latter will not advance beyond the Nizam's frontier, till the former shall be at hand to join it ; and that the supposed enemy will be much disinclined to pass

that frontier to attack it. Secondly, that this detachment must be not only of sufficient strength to defend itself, but also to give confidence to, and keep together the Peshwah's party in the state.

‘It is not so strong in the essential points, cavalry and European infantry, as that which I commanded in the country heretofore; but I think it is respectable, and I know it is so well equipped, that it will answer all the objects in view.

‘If you should take the command of it yourself, I hope you will do me the favour to allow me to accompany you in any capacity whatever. All that is known of that country and its inhabitants, in a military point of view, was learned when I was in it, and I shall do every thing in my power to make myself useful to you. If you should not think proper to take the command of this detachment yourself, and in consideration of the information which I have had opportunities of gaining of that country and its inhabitants, and the communications which I have constantly held with its chiefs, you should be pleased to entrust it to me, I shall be infinitely gratified, and shall do every thing in my power to forward your views.

‘Although I have in this letter adverted to the command of the detachment to be sent forward, I am by no means desirous to press you to make known your sentiments upon it till the proper time.

‘I have the honour to be,’ &c.

Although the Governor-General had concluded a defensive alliance with the Peshwah, which warranted a direct and forcible interference for his support against his adversaries, the first practical object contemplated was, to compose, if possible, the differences which had arisen amongst the Marhatta Chiefs without the occurrence of actual hostilities on the part of the British. This object was, however, wholly unattainable, without the advance of such military means as might overawe the enemies of the Peshwah, and give confidence to those who were disposed to adhere to him;—thus affording him an opportunity to return to his capital, and resume his authority, if his party in the state should be found of sufficient weight to enable him to do so, without appearing to owe his re-establishment wholly to British power. A body of troops was ordered to move forwards, therefore, towards Poonah, from the northern frontiers of Mysore, under Major-General Wellesley; with which another corps, subsidiary to it, under the immediate command of Colonel Stevenson, should act from the western frontiers of the Nizam's dominions, as General Wellesley might see fit to direct. Lieutenant-General Stuart, who held the chief military command in the Madras Presidency, remained in reserve to act as circumstances might require. Major-General Wellesley seems to have been peculiarly well qualified for the part allotted to him in this arrangement. The successful operations in which he had been en-

gaged not long before, in the same quarter, against Dhoondiah Waugh, had established for him a high military reputation amongst the chiefs of the southern part of the Marhatta territories; to several of whom he had become personally known on that occasion. And his activity, his affability, his impartiality, and his firm adherence to whatever engagements had been entered into, obtained for him such general confidence, that, as he moved forward towards the Marhatta capital, he not only experienced no resistance, but many of the Jaghirestans, or feudatories of those parts, put a period to their mutual hostilities; whilst others suspended their animosities against the Peshwah, and even joined their forces to the British General. These advantages, the result of the character which General Wellesley had established for himself amongst the Marhattas, together with the efficient state into which his foresight and activity had brought every part of his army, contributed powerfully to insure the complete success of the enterprise; and the rapidity with which he conducted the latter part of his march saved the city of Poonah from the destruction with which it was threatened. All this was effected without any hostile collision having been requisite for the attainment of these objects. The letters upon the subject are full of interesting details; and whilst they afford numerous proofs of military talents, political sagacity, and intimate knowledge of human nature, they contain likewise much curious and valuable information respecting the peculiarities of the Marhatta Government, and of Eastern warfare.

But the re-establishment of tranquillity in the Marhatta States was not to be effected by merely replacing the nominal head of that feudal confederacy in his capital, and upon his musnud. The powerful chiefs of the north, Holkar, Scindiah, and the Rajah of Berar, still kept their armies assembled; and although Holkar had gradually retired northwards, as General Wellesley advanced towards Poonah, and had not manifested any community of views with Scindiah and the Rajah, no dependence could be placed upon the intentions of any of those chieftains being of a peaceful nature, either towards the Peshwah, the Nizam, or the East India Company. Nor, indeed, could much reliance be had even upon the Peshwah himself; and the condition and the temper of the southern Marhatta chiefs was unsettled and precarious. Some of these latter were restrained from acting efficiently by mutual jealousies; some were artfully watching events; some hated or dreaded the Peshwah, and were hated by him; and those even who were best disposed towards the British, neither possessed themselves, nor could obtain from the Peshwah, such pecuniary assistance as they needed to enable them

to take the field with General Wellesley, when circumstances might render it necessary for him to assume a position sufficiently in advance to admit of direct co-operation with Colonel Stevenson; and so at the same time protect the Nizam's territories, and also cover Poonah.

That the Peshwah was more an encumbrance than an efficient ally, appears by the following extracts from General Wellesley's letters. On the 4th of June, 1803, he writes to the Governor-General:—

‘I marched from Poonah this morning, and shall proceed towards the Godavery.

‘I am sorry to tell you, that notwithstanding our strong recommendation of the southern jaghiredars and the Peshwah's officers to his Highness; his solemn promise to me that he would satisfy their claims in order to secure their future services; and the assurances of his servants from time to time to Colonel Close, that his Highness was taking measures to satisfy them, and to send out an army with me, I have not got with me one Marhatta horseman.’

And in the same letter he observes,—

‘But the Peshwah trusts none of his ministers, and pretends to do his own business; although his time is much taken up by religious ceremonies and his pleasures, and he is very undecided. These faults in his character, added to a slowness natural to every Marhatta negotiator, render hopeless the conclusion of any important transaction.’

On the 8th of July, he writes to the Governor-General,—

‘Matters at Poonah are nearly in the same state in which they were when I marched. The Peshwah promises every thing and performs nothing. The Mahratta sirdars are still in that city, excepting Goklah, who is encamped at a small distance from me. The Peshwah has not satisfied them, and they wait to see the result of the first operations against Scindiah, and who has the upper hand.’

The same letter states as follows,—

‘They are prevented from joining the confederates at present by General Stuart's position at Moodgul in the Dooab. I observe, however, that General Stuart is inclined to withdraw from this position, in consequence of the arrival of the French at Pondicherry. But I have written to represent to him the advantage which we all derive from it. I have shown him that he keeps in tranquillity the territories of the Nizam and Hyderabad, notwithstanding his Highness's sickness, the probability of his death, and the absence of all his troops beyond the Godavery; that he awes Poonah, and keeps in tranquillity all the Marhatta territory south of the Beemah, notwithstanding the conduct of the Peshwah, which must appear to his subjects like treachery, and a desire to break his treaty with the British Government; that by threatening Meritch and Darwar, he secures at least the neutrality of the Putwurduns, and

the continuance of the cessation of hostilities between that family and the Rajah of Kolapoor, which is so necessary to the existence of my communications; and that he defends the Company's territories, and those of the Rajah of Mysore, and secures their tranquillity. At the same time, in the event of the Nizam's death and consequent disturbance of Hyderabad, he can reach that capital in a few marches; or in the event of any accidents happening to the troops in this quarter, he has equal facility in moving to Poonah.

'In short, I may call General Stuart's position the main-stay of all our operations; and it is that which, in case of a war with the Marhattas, will prevent a general insurrection in the territories of the Company, the Nizam, the Rajah of Mysore, and the southern Marhatta chiefs. It was with a view to these advantages that I first recommended to General Stuart to take it up; and every day's experience has shown the benefits which we have derived from it.

'I have been in some distress in consequence of a great loss of bullocks; but I have recovered so as to be able to move again with a very good stock of provisions, and I have made arrangements to receive further supplies north of the Godavery. I have always been equal to the siege of Ahmednuggur, in which place I believe that I should have found plenty of all that I required.

'I have not written to the Secretary of State since the middle of May. Indeed, upon a review of our situation, I found that I could tell him nothing, excepting that we were in the same state in which we were at the time I before wrote, unless that I had moved across the Beemah, and that I was disappointed in my expectations of having with me the Marhatta sirdars.

'Since writing this letter, I have seen a copy of Colonel Collins's despatch of the 2nd. I think matters look better than they did; but I see that he has again allowed Scindiah to delay giving him an answer.'

We may see by this extract to what a wide range General Wellesley's views and his services at this time extended, and how much the situation he was placed in required all the vigilance, prudence, promptitude, firmness, and perseverance which his mind so happily united.

Under the very critical position of affairs on the eastern side of the Indian Peninsula, caused by the inefficiency and ambiguous conduct of the Peshwah, the precariousness of the life of the Nizam, the uncertainty with respect to Holkar's intentions, and the threatening attitude, but artful procrastination of Scindiah and the Raja of Berar, it had occurred very early to General Wellesley that opportunities of the most vital importance to the public interests might be lost in consequence of the remoteness of the seat of the General Government; and we find him adverting, in a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Close, to the expediency of the Governor-General coming for a time to Bombay. Lord Wellesley had, however, formed about the same period a de-

termination more in accordance probably with the discharge of all his own duties as Governor-General; and certainly not less advantageous to the public service, by placing in the hands of General Wellesley the ample powers conveyed to him by the despatch, from which the following are extracts.

‘SIR,

Fort-William, 26th June, 1803.

‘The present state of affairs in the Marhatta empire, and the security of the alliance lately concluded between his Highness the Peshwah and the British Government, require that a temporary authority should be constituted at the least possible distance from the scene of eventual negotiation or hostilities, with full powers to conclude upon the spot whatever arrangements may become necessary, either for the final settlement of peace, or for the active prosecution of war. In such a crisis, various questions may arise, of which the precise tendency cannot be foreseen, and which may demand a prompt decision. The issue of these questions may involve the result of war or peace; and in either alternative, the delay of reference to my authority might endanger the seasonable despatch and the prosperity of the public service.

* * * * *

‘It is therefore necessary, during the present crisis, to unite the general direction and control of all political and military affairs in Hindustan and the Deccan under a distinct local authority, subject to the Governor-General in Council. These powers could not be placed with advantage in any other hands than those of the general officer commanding the troops destined to restore the tranquillity of the Deccan.

‘Your approved ability, zeal, temper, and judgment, combined with your extensive local experience; your established influence and high reputation among the Marhatta chiefs and states; and your intimate knowledge of my views and sentiments concerning the British interests in the Marhatta empire, have determined me to vest these important and arduous powers in your hands.

‘The nature of your military command under the orders of his Excellency Lieutenant-General Stuart is not likely to admit of any doubt, or to lead to any embarrassment. In order, however, to obviate all possible difficulty on this point, I hereby appoint you to the chief command of all the British troops, and of the forces of our allies serving in the territories of the Peshwah, of the Nizam, or of any of the Marhatta states or chiefs, subject only to the orders of his Excellency Lieutenant-General Stuart, or of his Excellency General Lake.

‘I empower and further direct you to assume and exercise the general direction and control of all the political and military affairs of the British Government in the territories of the Nizam, of the Peshwah, and of the Marhatta states and chiefs.’

The despatch conveying to General Wellesley the powers above recited, reached him in his camp at Sangaree on the river Seenah, upon the 18th of July. With his usual promptitude he

wrote, on the very same day, to Lieutenant-Colonel Collins, the Resident at Scindiah's Court, as follows.

‘ SIR,

‘ Camp, 18th July, 1803.

‘ I have the honour to enclose the copy of a letter, which I have received from his Excellency the Governor-General, from a perusal of which you will perceive that his Excellency has been pleased to intrust to me extraordinary powers, for the purpose of concluding whatever arrangements may become necessary, either for the final settlement of peace, or for the active prosecution of war. I request you to be so kind as to communicate this circumstance to Dowlut Rao Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar.

‘ You will be so kind, at the same time, to inform those Chiefs that, consistently with the principles and uniform practice of the British Government, I am perfectly ready to attend to their interests, and to enter into negotiations with them upon objects by which they may suppose those interests to be affected. But they must first withdraw their troops from the position which they have taken up upon the Nizam's frontier, and return to their usual stations in Hindustan and Berar respectively; and, on my part, I will withdraw the Company's troops to their usual stations.’

He also made Lieutenant-Colonel Close, the Resident at Poonah, aware of his plans. He acquainted the Governor of Bombay likewise with the extent of the powers intrusted to him, and with the steps he had taken in consequence; and pointed out the nature of the information with which it was desirable he should be furnished from that Government; in order to enable him to guide the military operations that might become necessary in Guzerat, and in the territories of the Guickwar, one of the allies of the Company. After having stated to the Governor of Bombay the terms of his instructions to Colonel Collins, he thus concludes his despatch:

‘ In case they should refuse to adopt these measures, I have requested Lieutenant-Colonel Collins to quit Scindiah's camp; and it is my intention to commence hostilities against that Chief without loss of time. I will make you acquainted with the result of Lieutenant-Colonel Collins's conference with Dowlut Rao Scindiah upon this subject; and I beg leave to recommend that you should give orders to the commanding officer in the territories of the Guickwar, to be prepared to attack Baroach without loss of time.

He wrote to Colonel Stevenson likewise on the same day, informing him of the state of things, and giving him the following military instruction.

‘ If you should receive notice from Colonel Collins that he has withdrawn from Scindiah's camp, you will be so kind as immediately to take up a position as near to the Adjuttee ghaut, which leads into the Ni-

zam's territories, as the conveniences of water and forage will permit. From this position you will watch with vigilance the designs and movements of Dowlut Rao Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar. If you should find that those Chiefs attempt to ascend that, or any other ghaut, you will fall upon them immediately, before they shall have time to deploy their forces above the ghaut.

‘ I do not however propose that your troops should descend the ghaut, but only that they should attack that part of the enemy which shall ascend, before the remainder can come to their assistance. It is possible that they may leave the Adjutec ghaut, and endeavour to penetrate by the Casserbarry ghaut, towards Aurungabad. You will, in that case, move towards the latter, and place yourself in such manner as to attack them with advantage if they attempt to pass there.

‘ My object is to avoid, if possible, that your troops should be engaged with the whole of Scindiah's infantry, with his guns, before my operations to the southward of the Godavery shall be so far advanced as to enable me to reinforce you. Your efforts to prevent Scindiah from penetrating by some one of the passages may not be successful; and, indeed, it is probable that they must finally fail: but the delay of a few days is all I require, and that I conceive must be gained.’

We need scarcely remark,—for the observation will doubtless have already occurred more than once to our readers,—that in whatever situation General Wellesley was placed—whether it limited or extended his public functions—he at once accommodated himself to it. No branch of public business was so minute as to appear to him unworthy of receiving his closest attention; and no affairs were of such magnitude, or so complicated, as to occasion to him the smallest delay or embarrassment in the management of them. But although General Wellesley was thus prompt in his preparations for war, and resolute in compelling Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar to a speedy avowal of their intentions, we find him scrupulous to a nicety in avoiding to give the smallest ground for offence, even in matters of mere etiquette. In a letter to Colonel Collins on the 29th of July, we read as follows,—

‘ I have received a letter from Colonel Stevenson, from which I observe, that, having had occasion to write a letter to Gopal Bhow, to desire that Chief to withdraw from the Nizam's territories, he made use of an expression which is not commonly used to a person of that description, which appears to have offended Gopal Bhow.

‘ It is very certain that that Chief ought not to have entered the Nizam's territories, and that if he had not retired from them, and beyond Colonel Stevenson's reach, that officer would have shown him that the British army was capable of protecting the territories of an ally of the British Government.

‘ However, I cannot approve of the expression inadvertently used in

Colonel Stevenson's letter, and I have desired that officer to take an opportunity of writing to Gopal Bhow to explain it.

'It is probable that this expression may be made a subject of complaint in Scindiah's durbar, and I mention the circumstance in order that you may inform the ministers of the steps which have been taken in consequence of it.'

Nor is the judicious and delicate manner in which he suggests to Colonel Stevenson, on the same day, the line of conduct to be adopted by him on this occasion, less worthy of notice.

'MY DEAR COLONEL,

'Camp, 29th July, 1803.

'I have received your letter of the 26th. The expression inadvertently used in your letter to Gopal Bhow was unfortunate, to a chief of his rank, particularly at this moment. By a letter from Colonel Collins, of the 25th, I observe that there was then the fairest prospect of peace; and it would be very unfortunate if this prospect were to be overturned by a mistake of this kind. Gopal Bhow appears sore about the expression, and it is probable he will complain to his sircar of it, and it may become a question of difficulty.

'I wish, therefore, that you would take an opportunity of explaining it: you might tell him that you had come unattended by the moonshee who usually writes your letters, and had made use of one whom you found in the village of Roora, who inserted in the letter an expression which you did not intend to use to a sirdar of his rank, in the service of a Chief at peace with the British Government. That you had heard that, notwithstanding the existence of the peace, he had entered the Nizam's territories with his troops, and that you had advanced to defend them; and that if fortunately he had not retired from them, your duty would have obliged you to adopt measures very disagreeable to you; but that you intended to explain that intention to him, and by no means to use an expression which could be offensive to, or hurt the feelings of, any individual.'

But the negotiations with Scindiah appearing still unlikely to take a favourable turn, General Wellesley wrote thus to the Governor-General,—

'MY LORD,

'Camp at Walkee, 3d July, 1803.

'I have the honour to enclose the copy of a despatch dated the 30th July, and copies of its enclosures which I received this day from Colonel Collins.

'I am at present encamped within six miles of the fort of Ahmednuggur, which place I am fully prepared to attack as soon as I shall learn that Colonel Collins has quitted the camp of Dowlut Rao Scindiah.'

'I have the honour,' &c.

And on the 6th of August he addressed the following letter to Scindiah himself:—

'6th August, 1803.

'I have received your letter. [Here the contents are recapitulated.]

You will recollect that the British Government did not threaten to commence hostilities against you, but you threatened to commence hostilities against the British Government and its allies; and when called upon to explain your intentions, you declared that it was doubtful whether there would be peace or war; and, in conformity with your threats, and your declared doubts, you assembled a large army in a station contiguous to the Nizam's frontier.

'On this ground I called upon you to withdraw that army to its usual stations, if your subsequent pacific declarations were sincere; but, instead of complying with this reasonable requisition, you have proposed that I should withdraw the troops which are intended to defend the territories of the allies against your designs, and that you and the Rajah of Berar should be suffered to remain with your troops assembled, in readiness to take advantage of their absence.

'This proposition is unreasonable and inadmissible, and you must stand the consequences of the measures which I find myself obliged to adopt, in order to repel your aggressions.

'I offered you peace on terms of equality, and honourable to all parties; you have chosen war, and are responsible for all consequences.'

On the same day he wrote to the Governor-General:—

'It has rained violently in this part of the country the last three days, and the roads from this place to Ahmednuggur are at present impracticable. But if the weather should become more favourable in the course of the evening or night, and the roads should be tolerably good in the morning, I propose to move to that place.'

He also wrote to Lieutenant-Colonel Close requesting him to apprise the Peshwah of the state of affairs; to call upon his highness to complete the quota of troops which he was bound by the treaty of Bassein to furnish; and to urge him to adopt every measure calculated to forward the success of the operations against the common enemy. He communicated to the Governor of Madras all of the late transactions at the Court of Scindiah—informed Major-General Campbell, recently appointed to the command of the reserve corps now posted at Moodgul, of the character, power, dispositions, views, and connexions of the several southern Marhatta chiefs—and transmitted to the officer commanding the troops in the territories of the Guickwur, the following laconic and peremptory instructions:—

'SIR,

'Camp, 6th August, 1803.

'Upon the receipt of this letter, you will commence your operations against Dowlut Rao Scindiah's fort of Baroach.

'You will not suffer these operations to be interrupted or delayed by any negotiation whatever. You will send the Governor of Bombay a copy of the report which you will transmit to me, of the measures which you will have adopted in consequence of this order.'

'I have the honour to be, &c.

We find also, dated on the same day, a memorandum, or rather a manifesto, in which General Wellesley enumerates briefly the series of events, from the time of the Peshwah being driven from his capital; and concludes by stating, that—‘Under these circumstances Major General Wellesley is obliged to commence operations against them’ (Scindiah and the Rajah), ‘in order to secure the interests of the British Government and its allies.’—(Vol. ii. p. 183.)

Thus, no sooner was General Wellesley furnished with authority commensurate with the difficulties of the situation in which he was placed, and with the extensive and complicated functions arising out of it, than he cut at once the Gordian knot of Marhatta intrigue, and brought the questions at issue to the decision of the sword. The procrastinating schemes of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar were thus frustrated. The danger of Holkar being drawn into their confederacy—the risk of unfavourable or embarrassing changes of policy resulting at Hyderabad by the death of the old Nizam—the evils threatened by the imbecile and capricious conduct of the Peshwah, and the precarious neutrality of the southern Marhatta chiefs, were anticipated; and a door was opened for the commencement of military operations before the termination of that season of the year, during which General Wellesley was of opinion that they could be carried on most advantageously for the British arms. Heavy rains, however, rendered the roads for a time impracticable, but no sooner had the weather cleared up than he marched, on the 8th of August, against Ahmednuggur, a strong place belonging to Scindiah. In his despatch to the Governor-General of the 12th of August, respecting the successful issue of this first operation of the war, he says,—

‘I had in the morning despatched a messenger to the killadar of Ahmednuggur, to require him to surrender his fort; and, on my arrival in the neighbourhood of the pettah, I offered cowle to the inhabitants. This was refused, as the pettah was held by a body of Arabs, who were supported by a battalion of Scindiah’s regular infantry, and a body of horse encamped in an open space between the pettah and the fort.

‘I immediately attacked the pettah with the piquets of the infantry, reinforced by the flank companies of the 78th regiment, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Harness; in another place with the 74th regiment and 1st battalion of the 8th, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Wallace; and in a third with the flank companies of the 74th, and the 1st battalion 3d regiment, under the command of Captain Vesey. The pettah wall was very lofty, and defended by towers, and had no rampart; so that, when the troops had ascended to the attack, they had no ground

on which they could stand; and the Arabs who occupied the towers defended their posts with the utmost obstinacy.

'At length they were obliged to quit the wall, and fled to the houses, from which they continued a destructive fire upon the troops. Scindiah's regular infantry also attacked our troops after they had entered the pettah. In a short time, however, after a brisk and gallant contest, we were completely masters of it; but with the loss of some brave officers and soldiers, as your Excellency will perceive by the enclosed return.'

During the night of the 9th, a battery of four guns was planted against the fort.

'This opened at daylight on the 10th; and it was so advantageously placed, and fired with such effect, as to induce the killadar to desire that I should cease firing, in order that he might send a person to treat for his surrender. In my answer I told him, that I should not cease firing till I should have taken the fort, or he should have surrendered it; but that I would listen to whatever he was desirous to communicate.

'Yesterday morning he sent out two vakeels to propose to surrender the fort, on condition that he should be allowed to depart with his garrison, and that he should have his private property.

* * * * *

'In this manner has this fort fallen into our hands; our loss since the 8th has been trifling, which I attribute much to the spirit with which our attacks on that day were carried on.'

But the purely military actions in which General Wellesley engaged seem to have been those which occasioned to him always the smallest share of hesitation or retardment. The other transactions which he had to manage, but which the world is apt to take so little into account in forming estimates of military operations, or of the merits of military commanders, caused to him often much more perplexity and delay; and called forth, perhaps in a more remarkable manner, the varied talents with which he was endowed. At Bombay and in Guzerat he appears to have been badly seconded in almost every respect. There seems to have been at Bombay a want of knowledge, or a want of energy, or a degree of diffidence in the governing authorities, which prevented their harmonizing well with his manner of conducting public affairs; and in Guzerat there was an absence frequently, both of judicious conduct and of military talent. Much observance was requisite with the Nizam, and also with the Peshwah, whose jealousy was likely to be excited by the exclusive occupation by the British—indispensable, under present circumstances—of the fort of Ahmednuggur, and its dependencies; and also by General Wellesley's negotiations to obtain the co-operation of some of the Marhatta chiefs; but particularly that of Amrut Rao, brother to the Peshwah, with whom that prince

had long lived in a state of extreme enmity, and to whom he obstinately and vindictively refused to be reconciled. We find the following observations on this subject, in a letter of the 18th August :—

‘ His Highness has no ground on which he can found an objection to this agreement, excepting one sought for in his own implacable resentments. I can never admit these as rational grounds, either for the adoption, or for the rejection of any political measure. The benefits or the evils which the public interest will derive or suffer from such a measure are alone what must decide whether it is to be adopted or rejected.’

Difficulties, also, more immediately affecting the military movements, were not wanting, in consequence of the delays and obstructions met with by the convoys on their way to the army, and the great losses which were sustained in the means of transport. But, notwithstanding so many embarrassing circumstances, the elasticity of mind, the good judgment, and the energy natural to General Wellesley, appear conspicuously in the following brief passage of a letter written on the 17th of August :—‘ We must get the upper hand, and if once we have that, we shall keep it with ease, and shall certainly succeed. But if we begin by a long defensive warfare, and go looking after convoys which are scattered over the face of the earth, and do not attack briskly, we shall soon be in distress.’

Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar having drawn Colonel Stevenson's attention a little more to the eastward with a part of their force, ascended the Adjuttee-ghaut on the 24th of August, with all their cavalry. They were prevented from advancing to the southward, however, by the judiciously combined movements of the two corps, under General Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson, who were still acting separately ; as it was necessary for the former to keep in such a situation as might cover the arrival of the convoys coming to him from the river Kistna, and likewise to guard against Holkar's return into the Peshwah's territories ; he being reported to be on his march to co-operate with Scindiah and the Rajah. The last of the convoys having joined on the 18th of September, General Wellesley moved forward on the 20th, towards the enemy, whose force had been now increased by the junction of three considerable bodies of infantry, and a very numerous train of artillery. The two British corps being near each other on the 21st, a plan was concerted for making a joint attack on the 24th, in the position where the native scouts reported that the enemy had collected his army. Owing, however, to some inaccuracy in the reports of these natives, General Wellesley found himself considerably nearer to the enemy on the 23d than it had been calcu-

lated that he should be brought by that day's march; and he deemed it advisable, under all the circumstances of the case, to prefer the bold measure of immediately attacking, with his own corps singly, to that of waiting for the projected co-operation on the following day, of the troops under Colonel Stevenson. The memorable battle of Assye was the result of this determination. General Wellesley directed his attack against the extreme left of the enemy, where the main body of their infantry was posted, and almost all their guns. The loss sustained by the British was consequently severe, but the mode of attack chosen rendered the success complete. Above one hundred pieces of the enemy's artillery were captured, and the strength and spirit of Scindiah's infantry completely broken. An excellent account of this important battle, as also of the events which immediately preceded and followed it, is contained in a letter addressed by General Wellesley to Lieutenant-Colonel Munro, on the 1st of November, 1803. We regret that our space does not admit of its insertion, as well on account of the candour with which it is written, and the fulness of the information it gives, as in consideration of the evidence it affords of the high place which Colonel Munro justly held in the esteem and friendship of the writer.

We shall here insert two short passages relating to proceedings in Guzerat. The first is well deserving the attention of every military man holding any command whatsoever; and we are glad to put forward the precepts it contains under such high authority. In a letter of the 16th of September to Colonel Murray, then commanding the forces in Guzerat, General Wellesley expresses himself as follows:—‘These courts-martial are distressing indeed at present. I wrote you a long letter upon the subject the other day, and I shall not repeat now what I said then. We must endeavour to stop these trifling disputes, and turn the attention of the officers of the army to public matters, rather than to their private concerns. It occurs to me that there is much party in the army in your quarter: this must be put an end to. And there is only one mode of effecting this, and that is for the Commanding Officer to be of no side excepting that of the public; to employ indiscriminately those who can best serve the public, be they who they may, or in whatever service. The consequence will be that the service will go on; all parties will join in forwarding it, and in respecting him; there will be an end to their petty disputes about trifles; and the Commanding Officer will be at the head of an army instead of a party.’

The other passage we have alluded to is contained in a letter, of the same date, addressed to Major Malcolm, then at Bombay.

It will show the high value placed by General Wellesley upon keeping faith in all transactions whatever. 'I think that Major Walker's attempt to seize Futtu Sing Guickwar, without paying the promised ransom, is likely to cause an irruption into the Attavesy by Kulley Khan and the other blackguards who are hanging about the ghauts. I do not approve of this attempt. The money ought certainly to be first paid. If we lose our character for truth and good faith, we shall have but little to stand upon in this country.'

The following extract from a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Close, dated on the 8th of October, shows the state of military operations at that period, and how much they were hampered by the wretched condition of the allies, which hindered General Wellesley from bringing the war to a conclusion, immediately after his victory at Assye:—

MY DEAR COLONEL,

'Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar have made one or two long stretches to the southward, and it is said intend to pass through the Casserbarry ghaut. They have with them the greater part of their horse, some infantry and guns, but how much of the latter I cannot tell.

'Our allies are deplorably weak on every point; and as we depend for our supplies on the security of the countries south of the Godavery, it will not answer even to risk that security by throwing my whole force forward in an offensive operation against Burhampoor and Asseerghur; I therefore propose to return to the southward myself, and to send Colonel Stevenson forward upon the Taptee.

'If our allies were in any degree of strength, a movement of our whole force upon Asseerghur, and then upon Gawilghur and Nagpoor, would put an end to the war; but under the present circumstances I must be satisfied with something less brilliant.'

Thus the two British corps were again placed at a considerable distance from each other. A letter, written in this state of things to Colonel Stevenson, on the 12th of October, is well worthy of attention; and we must find room for a part of it, because it clearly shows that, even at this period the Duke of Wellington had not only all the quickness, decision, energy, and boldness, which are such indispensable requisites upon the field of battle; but that he was endowed also in a high degree with that general knowledge of his profession, which is only to be found when experience and reflection have been engrafted upon a natural genius for the art of war.

'Supposing that you determine to have a brush with them, I recommend what follows to your consideration. Do not attack their position, because they always take up such as are confoundedly strong and difficult of access; for which the banks of the numerous rivers and nullahs afford them every facility. Do not remain in your own position, however

strong it may be, or however well you may have intrenched it; but when you shall hear that they are on their march to attack you, secure your baggage, and move out of your camp. You will find them in the common disorder of march; they will not have time to form, which, being but half disciplined troops, is necessary for them. At all events, you will have the advantage of making the attack on ground which they will not have chosen for the battle; a part of their troops only will be engaged; and it is possible that you will gain an easy victory. Indeed, according to this mode, you might choose the field of battle yourself some days before, and might meet them upon that very ground.

‘There is another mode of avoiding an action, which is, to keep constantly in motion; but unless you come towards me, that would not answer. For my part, I am of opinion, that after the beating they received on the 23d of September, they are not likely to stand for a second: and they will all retire with precipitation. But the natives of this country are rashness personified; and I acknowledge that I should not like to see again such a loss as I sustained on the 23d September, even if attended by such a gain. Therefore, I suggest to you what occurs to me on the subject of the different modes either of bringing on, or declining the action which it is possible, although by no means probable, that they intend to fight. I shall march the moment I hear that they have moved to the northward.’

We have already alluded, in an early part of this article, to that principle of giving a decided preference to merit, by which General Wellesley was guided in his selection of persons to fill public situations. We find this principle frequently enforced; and an instance presents itself, in a passage which we shall quote from a letter, addressed to Lieutenant-Colonel Close, the Resident at Poonah:—

‘In exercising the power given to me by Government, in regard to the subsidiary force at Poonah, I shall consider it a duty, and it certainly is my inclination, to select those officers for the situations which are to be filled who may be agreeable to you. The gentleman you now have recommended to me is one for whom I have a respect, and in whose advancement and welfare I am materially interested; as he has been frequently recommended to me in the strongest terms by his relation General Mackenzie, a very old friend of mine.

‘But both you and I, my dear Colonel, must attend to claims of a superior nature to those brought forward, either in consequence of our private feelings of friendship or of recommendation. Of this nature are the claims founded upon service.’

But General Wellesley not only patronized merit, and called it forth by encouragement, jointly for his own advantage and that of the public; he also honoured and protected it when it had ceased to be available for either. We take the following striking proof from a letter to the Secretary of the Government at Bombay, dated 13th October, 1803:—

‘ I have had the honour of receiving your letter of the 4th instant, enclosing extracts of a letter from the Military Board, upon which the Honourable the Governor in Council has desired to have my sentiments.

‘ In answer to the second and third paragraphs of the letter from the Military Board, I am concerned to inform you that Captain Mackay, the officer alluded to, was killed in the action of the 23d of September. It was unfortunate that I was not at first apprized of the precise objections to Captain Mackay’s accounts; because I could, by the return of post, have transmitted the declaration on honour required from him by the regulations of the Bombay Government.

‘ All I can now say on the subject is, that as far as it is possible for one man to answer for another, I will answer for Captain Mackay, that the money laid out on account of the Government of Bombay was honestly and fairly laid out for the public service, and that Captain Mackay derived from it no benefit whatever.’

And to the same effect, he thus expresses himself, in another letter regarding this officer, also written to the Secretary of the Bombay Government:—

‘ I have also to acknowledge the receipt from Lieutenant-Colonel Coleman of a letter from the Government of Bombay on the 29th of August, with various depositions of deserted bullock drivers, against Captain Mackay, taken by the Superintendent of Police at Bombay.

‘ Unfortunately for the service, the gentleman against whom these accusations have been made was killed at the battle of Assye, otherwise I should not now be obliged to write his defence. This officer was notoriously the most humane and gentle towards the natives of any I have yet seen in this army; indeed, this virtue was carried to an excess in his character, that might almost be termed a fault.

‘ At my particular desire, and contrary to his own inclinations, he took charge of that part of the Bombay bullock establishment which was to serve with the troops under my command; and as it was by no means in order, two thousand out of three thousand bullocks being entirely unfit for service, it was necessary to introduce some regulations to provide for the food and care of the cattle. This Captain Mackay certainly did, but neither harshly nor suddenly; and, for having done his duty in this instance, those who have deserted this service have been allowed to libel and defame his character, through the medium of the police; and by going through the offices of government, these libels are placed upon record.

‘ As the officer is killed, his character cannot be entirely cleared from the stigma recorded respecting it, on the authority of the lowest and vilest men in society. But I can safely say, that as far as I can answer for another man, these depositions do not contain one word of truth, excepting that the deponents deserted from the service.’

Those persons will be best able to appreciate duly the value of the protection which we here see afforded to the memory of an honourable man, who have had opportunities of becoming

acquainted with the harassing treatment experienced sometimes by men of unblemished character, through a rigid and vexatious application of minute regulations, devised as guards against knavery, but which knavery often finds means to elude.

Sometimes, in these letters, a few impatient expressions break out—but this happens very rarely—only in those to very intimate friends—written under strong and repeated provocations, or disappointments affecting the public service; and there is no trace of irritated feelings making a lasting impression to the injury of any individual, or of their being ever allowed to interfere with affairs of importance. The following extract is from a letter to Major Malcolm, dated on the 11th of November, 1803:—

‘MY DEAR MALCOLM,

‘I fear that Mr Duncan is but little acquainted with my principles or opinions, or he would not think that I had altered my mind respecting the arrangement in Guzerat.

‘Colonel Murray’s revenue arrangements are really ridiculous, and show that he has entered into a laborious investigation of a subject which ought not to have occupied his attention for a moment. I repeated my opinion to Colonel Murray upon this subject, in a letter which I wrote to him on the 23d of last month, an extract of which I sent to Mr Duncan; and I wrote to him two letters upon the subject last week.

‘I see now that Colonel Murray has involved himself in a dispute with the Paymaster and Military Auditor-General at Bombay. There are two parties throughout the Bombay establishment, and these are, the civil and military services; and the latter are divided into two parties, those in the King’s and those in the Company’s service. The disputes of these parties are the sole business of every man under the Government of Bombay; and they are maintained by the system of encouragement given to correspondence, and the perpetual references to individuals by Government. In short, I see clearly that nothing can succeed with those people as it ought; and I wish to God that I had nothing to do with them.

‘The Dhar man ought to be encouraged; and if he should be of any service to us, or even if he decidedly keeps away from Scindiah, a stipulation shall be made in his favour, that he shall receive no injury from Scindiah for his conduct during the war. But we must be cautious in all our proceedings with these fellows, otherwise we shall be burdened with the defence of a pack of rascals of inferior rank, but of the same description with their Highnesses the Nizam and the Peshwah.’

‘I particularly requested that seven lacks of rupees in Bengal mohurs might be sent to Bombay for my use, as long ago as during the siege of Ahmednuggur, to which request I have received no answer. Then the Governor-General writes the most positive orders to spend money to draw off sirlars and horse; to pay Amrut Rao; to entertain 5000 horse under the modified treaty of Bassein; to take Meer Khan into the service of the Company and the Nizam; and on the other hand he sends no

money, and orders the Government of Bombay not to make a loan, and the Government of Madras to have an enlarged investment: these orders are not consistent, but who can alter them?’

We add another passage from the same letter, confirming the last part of the observation we have made above:—

‘I had a conference last night with Jeswunt Rao Goorparah, from which I rather augur well.

* * * * *

‘He has brought no credentials, except a slip of paper to Appah Dessaye, upon which subject I have not been very strict hitherto, as in fact I have none myself from the Peshwah and the Nizam. But I foresee a variety of inconveniences from going any farther without seeing them. In fact, I believe he has them: he admitted the necessity of producing them last night, and I told him I expected to see them as soon as an hircarrah should return; and that I should not speak to him for a moment upon the subject, if he were not a man of high rank, of whose deceiving me I could entertain no suspicion, and whom Scindiah would not dare to disavow.’

In a letter of the 11th of November, General Wellesley details to the Governor-General the circumstances connected with the arrival of Jeswunt Rao Goorparah in the British camp; and after some observations on that person's want of credentials, and upon the tricks practised by the highest ranks even, amongst the Marhattas, he states what the conditions were which he proposed to demand of Dowlut Rao Scindiah. There is a playful allusion to this despatch in a letter of the 13th November to Major Malcolm. ‘I enclose despatches which contain all that has been done, and all my papers for the peace. That of the 11th, in my opinion, ought not to go to Mr Duncan; if it does, I shall be burned in effigy at Bombay. However, I leave it to you and Colonel Close to do as you please on that subject. Send the despatch or not as you like.’ And then, referring to the informality of Jeswunt Rao Goorparah's proceedings on the part of Scindiah, he says,—‘You may well suppose that I shall soon put a stop to this go-between style of going on through Appah Dessaye.’

Colonel Stevenson had taken possession of the city of Burhampoor on the 16th, and compelled the surrender, on the 21st of October, of the fort of Asseerghur, both belonging to Scindiah, and the only two places which had remained to him in the Deccan. The following account of military operations is from a letter from General Wellesley to Major Shawe:—

‘Since the battle of Assye, I have been like a man who fights with one hand and defends himself with the other. With Colonel Stevenson's corps I have acted offensively, and have taken Asseerghur; and with my

own, I have covered his operations, and defended the territories of the Nizam and the Peshwah.

* * * * *

‘I moved up the ghaut as soon as Colonel Stevenson got possession of Asseerghur; and I think that, in a day or two, I shall turn Ragojee Bhoonslah, who has passed through to the southward. At all events, I am in time to prevent him doing any mischief.

‘I think that we are in great style to be able to act on the offensive at all in this quarter; but it is only done by the celerity of our movements, and by acting on the offensive or defensive with either corps, according to their situation, and that of the enemy.’

Towards the end of November, as the Rajah of Berar found himself too closely followed to be able to effect any thing in the Nizam's country, he moved to the north-east, towards his own territories; and General Wellesley directed his march, with a view to place himself in immediate connexion with Colonel Stevenson, whom he had instructed to undertake the siege of the strong fortress of Gawilghur, in Berar. The two corps joined on the 29th, and upon the same day they attacked the enemy on the plains of Argaum, near Parterly, and obtained a complete victory. Here, again, we may observe the chances of war. In a letter to Major Shawe of the 2d December, General Wellesley says,—

‘Nothing could have been more fortunate than my return to the northward. I just arrived in time. Colonel Stevenson was not delayed for more than one day; and it is a curious circumstance, that, after having been so long separated, and such a distance between us, we should have joined at a moment so critical.’

And in the same letter he states,

‘If we had had daylight an hour more, not a man would have escaped. We should have had that time, if my native infantry had not been panic-struck, and got into confusion when the cannonade commenced. What do you think of nearly three entire battalions, who behaved so admirably in the battle of Assye, being broke and running off, when the cannonade commenced at Argaum, which was not to be compared to that at Assye? Luckily, I happened to be at no great distance from them, and I was able to rally them and re-establish the battle. If I had not been there, I am convinced we should have lost the day. But as it was, so much time elapsed before I could form them again, that we had not daylight enough for every thing that we should certainly have performed.

‘The troops were under arms, and I was on horseback, from six in the morning until twelve at night.’

The capture of Gawilghur, a very arduous enterprise, on account both of the strength of the fortress itself, and the difficult nature of the surrounding country, followed the victory of Argaum. These successes, as General Wellesley had foreseen

and predicted, speedily led to peace. He concluded a treaty with the Rajah of Berar on the 17th of December, and with Scindiah on the 30th of the same month. These treaties, and the communications relating to them, afford evidences of General Wellesley's abilities, not less conclusive than are to be found in the military arrangements, movements, and actions by which they were produced. We must refer our readers, however, to the documents themselves, for the subject is of such a nature as not to admit of a satisfactory view being given by partial extracts; and a train of reasoning, which, taken as a whole, appears perfectly clear and convincing, might have a different aspect, in detached portions, however carefully these might be selected. We shall observe, however, that General Wellesley's conduct as a negotiator, as well in treaties embracing extensive and permanent national interests, as in the adjustment of matters of a minor description between petty states, is characterised, at all times, by enlarged views—liberal sentiments—attachment to justice, moderation, candour, and frankness—and a desire to obviate the possible existence of any doubt with respect to the true object of the transaction, or of any ambiguity in any of the expressions made use of.

The third volume begins with a letter to the Hon. Henry Wellesley, containing a summary of the military operations and other transactions from the battle of Assye to the termination of the Marhatta war. This letter affords another example of concise but clear narrative; and its contents exhibit, also, in a striking manner, that union of vigour and discretion which qualified the writer of these despatches, in so eminent a degree, for those joint duties of general and negotiator, which circumstances had required him to exercise. His vigilance and foresight watched every movement of his enemies, and penetrated all their designs; whilst his activity constantly anticipated and frustrated their accomplishment. His views embraced also at all times the whole range of the extensive countries with which the war he was carrying on had connexion. He obtained security for one part of his line of communication with Mysore by his judicious conduct towards the Southern Marhatta chiefs. He checked the banditti who infested another part of it by his possession of the fortress of Ahmednuggur; and he protected that part of the line which was nearest his army, by keeping the enemy in a state of constant apprehension of being attacked—thus making amends, by the prudence and the energy of his own arrangements, for the total absence of both in his very inefficient allies the Nizam and the Peshwah. Nor was this inefficiency confined altogether to his native allies. To a certain degree it

seems to have pervaded also the Bombay Presidency ; where a want of energy, of unanimity, and of clear and comprehensive views, rendered the operations in Guzerat rather a source of anxiety and trouble to General Wellesley, than a means of useful co-operation in advancing the successes, and hastening the termination of the war. We shall conclude these remarks by the following extract from the letter which has suggested them. After speaking of the victory of Argaum, and the siege of Gawilghur, which immediately followed it, General Wellesley says—‘ During the siege, the negotiations for peace were going on briskly, particularly with the Rajah of Berar’s vakeel, who had arrived in camp on the day after the battle of Argaum. I concluded a treaty of peace with him, of which I enclose you a copy, on the 16th of December, and signed it on the following morning, previous to my march towards Nagpoor, in order to keep alive the impressions under which it was evident that it had been concluded.

‘ I halted after making three marches towards Nagpoor ; as I found that the Rajah would ratify the treaty, and I saw that if I marched forward I should destroy his government entirely. I received the ratification on the 23d of December.’

We have here an example of persevering energy which cannot be diverted either by obstacles or by artifices from the ultimate object of its legitimate pursuit ; but which gives place at once to moderation when the attainment of that object has been fully secured. And we see a military commander, flushed with victory, and proceeding in a career of assured success, suddenly suspending his operations, because he is sensible how many evils must result from the destruction of the whole machinery of government in the dominions of his adversary. The moderation and the wisdom which here show themselves may be advantageously contrasted with the ambition and rashness of Napoleon’s policy towards Spain. He appears not to have foreseen, as General Wellesley did, that, to dissolve all the habitual restraints of government, however imperfect in their nature, and however weakly administered, is a dangerous experiment for even military power, the most gigantic, to undertake.

In a letter to Major Shawe (vol. iii. p. 98), and in several of his other letters, General Wellesley argues with great force against the system of allowing the native Governments, in alliance with the East India Company, to fall into a state of too helpless dependence ; and points out very ably the evils which would result, not merely to these Governments themselves, and to their subjects, but also to the British interests, from such a line of policy. He shows that greater apprehension is to

be entertained from the spread of wretchedness, anarchy, and turbulence, consequent upon bad government, than from any organized force which the native princes might keep up for the purpose of maintaining their authority on ordinary occasions within their own territories. We have no intention, however, to offer at present any opinions of our own upon this, or indeed upon any other question of policy raised in any part of the work before us; and we advert to such matters merely to make our readers aware of the variety and the importance of the topics which occur in it; lest those who have not looked into it should commit the great mistake of supposing, that it can be attractive and instructive only to military men.

The following extract from a letter to Lieutenant-General Stuart, who held the chief command of the troops serving in the Madras Presidency, does equal honour to the writer and to the officer to whom it is addressed:—

In the course of the operations intrusted to me, I certainly had difficulties to encounter which are inseparable from all military service in this country, but I enjoyed an advantage which but few have had in a similar situation. I served under the immediate orders of an officer, who was fully aware of the nature of the operations to be performed; and who, after considering all that was to be done, gave me his full confidence and support, in carrying into execution the measures which the exigency of the service might require.

‘Under these circumstances I was enabled to undertake every thing with confidence; and if I failed, I was certain it would be considered with indulgence.

‘I declare that I cannot reflect upon the events of the last year without feeling for you the strongest sentiments of gratitude, respect, and attachment; and to have received these marks of approbation has given me more real satisfaction, than all that I have received from other quarters.’

But that which is, perhaps, most worthy of remark, because it affords the most irrefragable evidence of great ability, combined with extraordinary diligence, is the intimate knowledge of which General Wellesley appears promptly to have possessed himself with respect to every branch of public business which he had to deal with. Nor is the direct practical application which he constantly made of that knowledge, with a view to the advantage of the public service, less deserving of notice, or less worthy of admiration. Various examples, in proof of the above remarks, are to be found in different parts of the work. His minute acquaintance also with matters of detail, appears in a letter to the Secretary of Government at Bombay, on the formation of a corps of cavalry to be raised in that Government. There are two or three letters to Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace, which are also very

deserving of notice. This officer is mentioned in the following terms, in a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Close :—‘ I propose to appoint Colonel Wallace to command the subsidiary force, to whom, I understand from Malcolm, you have no objection. He is a brave soldier and an honourable gentleman, but he is little accustomed to transact political business. I shall therefore endeavour to place about him those officers who can be useful to him, but of course in doing this I must in some degree consult his own inclinations.’

The grounds of this appointment are highly creditable both to General Wellesley and to Colonel Wallace; and equally so to the former are the pains he takes, by his instructions and suggestions conveyed in several different letters, to aid this ‘ brave soldier and honourable gentleman’ to acquit himself successfully in the appointment which had been conferred upon him. One of these letters we must refer to particularly (vol. iii. p. 456), because it appears to us to be a perfect model of a despatch intended to convey an accurate knowledge of an important military operation; and to afford, at the same time, useful professional instruction to the officer to whom it was addressed. The latter object was obviously the main one for which it was written. The letter we allude to is much too long to be inserted entire; and besides, the assistance of a map is absolutely requisite to make it perfectly understood, and fully appreciated. The subject is the operations carried on by the detached corps under Colonel Monson, in the war with Holkar, in Hindostan, in the summer of 1804. The letter begins by some communications, conveyed in the most friendly and kind terms, respecting arrangements connected with Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace’s own command; and it then passes on to its main object as follows :—‘ You will have heard reports of poor Monson’s reverses, but as I am on the spot, you will be glad to hear the truth from me; and as they give some important military lessons to us all, I do not regard the trouble of writing them to you.’ The general nature of the country which was the theatre of operations—the particular features necessary to be more minutely known—the local position, and also the existing, and the previous political connexions, of the adjoining native states—the composition of the opposite forces—and the regular succession of events; together with all other circumstances necessary to convey a complete and distinct view of the subject, are detailed with admirable simplicity, clearness, and precision. General Wellesley then takes a calm professional review of the transactions he has narrated, in order to examine into the causes of the reverses which had been experienced. And he concludes by pointing

out the important lessons to be derived from the whole of this military operation ; taking particular care, in doing so, to throw out several hints, which, without the appearance of direct advice, or dictation, might be greatly beneficial to his friend, and, at the same time, to the public service, in the event of the war being directed towards the quarter where Colonel Wallace commanded.

Besides the merit which this letter possesses in reference to the circumstances under which it was written, it may be of essential service at all times to two classes of persons in particular. First, to practical soldiers, to whom it will convey most valuable instructions in their profession. And secondly, to military historians, who may learn from it how to describe the events of war ; and also the theatre on which they take place, in a clear and useful manner. For unless these two objects be fully attended to, military history can be of but very little value to any one.

But we must hasten to conclude our observations upon that portion of the work before us, which we have set apart for this article. To some of our readers it may perhaps appear, that we have already dwelt too long upon it. We shall find an excuse, however, if any excuse be indeed required of us, in the high degree of interest which attaches to Lord Wellington's services in the East. These transactions took place in a distant part of the world, at a time when, in Britain, public attention was almost wholly absorbed by events, of still greater magnitude, occurring nearer home, and having a yet closer and more vital connexion with the wellbeing of the state. The affairs of India, therefore, were then almost wholly overlooked, and when recalled to our notice now they seem to have much of the gloss of novelty upon them. But besides, these considerations, the events themselves have gained a real increase of importance, and have acquired a peculiar attractiveness, by carrying us back to the first dawn of those great qualities which we have been accustomed to admire so much in their meridian brightness, and which will reflect for ever so much lustre upon our country. These qualities appear, also, to have a deeper impression of sterling value, and to be invested with a higher character of excellence, when we find that the greatest even of the after achievements of the Duke of Wellington have been but the fulfilment of the promise afforded by the commencement of his career. We learn, likewise, from these volumes what an admirable school India afforded, at the time alluded to, for the developement and for the application of superior talents. For it was convulsed internally in every part, by intrigue and by war ; and the British interests there were also formidably threatened from without, both by sea and land.

But an enlightened statesman presided, fortunately, over the councils of our Eastern empire, by whom wisdom and energy were diffused throughout every department of public affairs. And under these auspices, and in the midst of these trials it was, that a military leader was happily brought forward—to gain in early life experience in all the functions connected with high command—to acquire that just confidence in his own abilities, which is at once the result and the pledge of success—and to be thus prepared for the greater task that yet awaited him, of vindicating the insulted, and almost lost independence of Europe, and establishing the claim of the arms of his country to the highest place of honour and of fame in the annals of a war, the most portentous and the most eventful that has ever occurred.

ART. II.—*Narrative of a Voyage Round the World, during the Years 1835, 36, and 37, including a Narrative of an Embassy to the Sultan of Muscat, and the King of Siam.* By W. S. W. RUSCHENBERGER, M.D., Surgeon to the Expedition. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1838.

FOUR voyages of circumnavigation have been accomplished within the short period of seven years, by ships of war belonging to the United States. This must be noted as an interesting fact, by the historian who watches the growing facility of maritime enterprise. The ships of war of a young and strictly economical state, thus continually making the circuit of the habitable globe, is a phenomenon remarkable, not so much from its novelty, as for its intimate connexion with the solid interests and progressive civilisation of mankind. These voyages, it is true, have added little to our knowledge of the earth: the narratives of them which have been published are far from being creditable to the American navy, the scientific character of which will probably receive its first developement, and raise its first monument from the expedition of discovery at present employed in the South Polar Seas. As the Government of the United States has spared no expense in equipping that expedition, and providing it with instruments, the officers employed in it will have no excuse if they fail to bring home a plentiful harvest of good observations.

But though the voyages of circumnavigation above alluded to yielded no scientific results, they were not yet altogether without utility: they had for their objects the protection or promotion of the

trade of the United States, and are a proof of the policy as well as activity with which the Americans pursue their commercial interests. The voyage of the Potomac frigate, of which Mr Reynolds has given an account, had for its immediate object the punishment of the Malays, who insulted the flag, and did serious injury to the trade of the Americans on the coast of Sumatra. The expedition of which Dr Ruschenberger is the historian had more pacific, though not less important views.

Mr Edmund Roberts, a gentleman of New Hampshire, who had visited, in a mercantile capacity, many countries eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, had the sagacity to discover in those regions several openings for the American trade, of great promise; provided that the inconveniences of arbitrary exaction, and of the unsettled routine of foreign intercourse, were obviated by negotiation and treaty. His views being communicated to the President, met with his approbation, and it was determined that Mr Roberts should visit the East in the capacity of 'Special Agent of the Government,' for the purpose of obtaining all the information possible; and of negotiating treaties of amity and commerce with such Asiatic sovereigns as might be found disposed to lend a willing ear to his representations. Accordingly, in the year 1832, he sailed from the United States on board of the *Peacock*, a small frigate, and returned in 1834, bearing with him two treaties which he had negotiated; one with the Sultan of Muscat, the other with the King of Siam. These treaties having been ratified by the President and Senate of the United States in the course of the same year, Mr Roberts was appointed to exchange the ratifications. The *Peacock* was again put in commission to carry him on his distant embassy, and was joined at Rio Janeiro by the *Enterprise* schooner.

A mission better adapted by its nature for the collection of statistical and miscellaneous information can hardly be conceived; a great length of voyage, no onerous duties, and a friendly reception in countries but imperfectly known to the western world, were conditions comprehended in its plan. It was defective, however, in one of the requisites of an expedition having for a collateral object to collect information: it wanted (and the want was irredeemable) a few vigilant and enlightened observers to make the most of the opportunities that offered.

The vessels left Rio on the 12th July, 1835, but the *Enterprise* proving to be a bad sailer, they parted company soon after. Nothing worthy of a place in the journal occurred during the voyage across the Atlantic. In the Mozambique Channel, occasional calms offered Dr Ruschenberger an opportunity of observing a variety of medusæ, and of plunging out of his depth in physio-

gical speculations, of which an adequate idea may be formed from the following short specimen :—

‘ Two hours before sunset, not a living thing could be seen in the water ; the calm continued. On this occasion, Commodore Kennedy stated he had been once for ten days in so complete a calm, that the animalculæ died, and the ocean exhaled from its bosom on all sides a most insufferable stench. Instances of this kind illustrate the utility and necessity of winds, and the agitation of the seas ; absolute calms, continued for any considerable period, in the winds or waves, would prove equally fatal to all manner of animal life. The respiration of all animals, whether this function be carried on by lungs or gills, or other organs, is essential to their being. Those living on land, breathe the atmosphere, and rob it at each inspiration of a portion of oxygen, which principle is necessary to existence ; those inhabiting the deep, derive the same principle from the waters, though by different means ; and in both cases, the air or water thus deprived of its vital principle, must be replaced by fresh supplies, or in a very short time all the oxygen in their vicinity is exhausted, and the animals, whether of sea or land, must perish.’ Vol. i. p. 17.

Certainly the process of respiration would be, in its nature, extremely defective, if the afflux of the medium required for it depended wholly on accidental disturbances. The due circulation of the respired elements, even in their calmest state, is amply provided for by means which we thought must be familiar to every member of the medical profession: The necessity of winds and waves, as propounded by Dr Ruschenberger, is absurd. Many individuals of the human species spend whole years under the shelter of their roofs in a completer calm than ever reigned for a week together on the bosom of the Atlantic. The ocean has a mean depth of eight or ten miles, and is inhabited to a depth considerably beyond the influence of ordinary winds ; many parts of it are almost wholly exempted from commotion, and are rarely darkened, even by a fresh breeze. How, then, can we believe that a calm of ten days’ duration is enough to destroy the inhabitants of the deep, and to convert the great ocean into a putrid pool ?

Our author says, that he had a hasty glance at the Comoro islands, and extremely hasty indeed it must have been, else how could he have written the following remark ? ‘ The largest of the group is about ninety miles in circumference ; its surface is broken into gently swelling hills and valleys.’ The island of Angazija, commonly called Comoro island, is a rugged volcanic mountain of great height, visible, we are informed, at the distance of forty leagues, and the fires of which are still active, its eruptions being supposed to take place every seven years. The inhabitants of this island are remarkable for their strict attention

to the observances of their religion. They are, in fact, Moham-medan Puritans, and as such, though otherwise friendly and hospitable, they dislike the visits of Europeans.

On the first of September, the Peacock arrived off the eastern side of Zanzibar, and working round the northern extremity of the island, anchored near the town the following morning. The island of Zanzibar, about forty-five miles long and twelve or fifteen miles wide, with a low, undulating surface, rarely attaining an elevation of five hundred feet above the level of the sea, has, to the eye of the sea-farer, long weary of the troubled solitude of the ocean, the air of a tranquil paradise. It is clothed with a rich verdure, shaded by groves, in which the stateliest forms of the African forests are mingled, in endless variety of shape and hue, with the fruit-trees of India; while along the sea-shore, and often appearing to rise directly from the surf, the cocoa-nut-palm forms a graceful fringe. The island is encircled by coral reefs, which rise in a steep and compact barrier on the eastern side; for the coral animal appears to rear instinctively, in the first instance, a firm rampart against the swell and current of the ocean, in the shelter of which it afterwards builds freely and irregularly. The entire eastern coast of Africa, from Cape Delgado to the equator, is girt with chains of islands or reefs of coral, many of them close to the mainland, to which they are in progress of annexation at no distant day; and great beds or cliffs of the same material are found inland at some distance from the coast. Altogether, we are justified in concluding, that great changes have taken place in the form of that coast, even within the historical period, from causes which are still in active operation.

Dr Ruschenberger descants at some length, and with much emphasis, on the wondrous fabrics reared by the coral animal, and the immense quantity of calcareous solids elaborated by 'other mollusca,' as he expresses it. He talks of coral islands, 'capable of sustaining thousands of human inhabitants, built 'up for hundreds of fathoms in the depths of ocean.' But there are no such islands in existence. Coral sometimes grows, indeed, at the depth of forty or fifty fathoms, but we are not sure that from that depth it ever rises to the surface. When the tree, as we may term it, has attained its full size, it is still but three or four feet high, though ten or twenty years old. It is true, that new generations may continue to grow over the heads of the old; but physiological, as well as mechanical considerations, forbid us to suppose that this process can be carried on without a limit. At all events, Dr Ruschenberger errs egregiously when, throwing aside his obscure references to 'the other molluscous 'tribes,' he informs us distinctly, that the coral animal is an insect

of diminutive size,—‘an ant of the sea.’ He evidently mistook the insects, which are the parasitic inhabitants of the defunct coral, and which are probably the food also of the living polypus, for this animal itself. When a piece of coral is taken fresh from the sea, it has a thin covering of a gelatinous nature; at each of its protuberances, also, is a small gelatinous bulb resting in a cavity, and having eight projecting filaments, like the corolla of a flower. These are the arms or feelers of the individual animal; the bulb is its stomach, the covering of the coral is the organized part common to the entire polypus, and may be called the bark of the tree, while the individual stomachs, with the feelers, constitute the flowers. When the coral is dry, these parts become friable, and are wiped off, and the tree which remains, bears to the animal which secreted it the relation of bone and perfect skeleton. The coral animal, therefore, being of the same size as the tree, which, from a stem an inch and a half in diameter, sometimes attains a height exceeding three feet, with wide spreading ramifications, is obviously not correctly called an insect of diminutive size, or ant of the sea.

The island of Zanzibar is watered by several little streams, the chief of which, called the Panidogo, may be ascended a couple of miles in boats. The town, containing perhaps twelve thousand inhabitants, is ranged along the banks of this stream, defiling the water from which the shipping must draw its supplies. We question the accuracy of our author's observation, that the town, or some sections of it, are called Hamûz, or Baur; but we know that a certain quarter of it, is named N'vûga, a genuine African name, which seems to intimate a relationship between the original black population of Zanzibar and the possessors of the main land opposite, near the river Pangány, where, in the most thickly peopled country of Africa known to the Arabs, there is a town named N'vûga, celebrated for its magnitude.

When the English first visited Zanzibar, on their way to the East Indies, towards the close of the sixteenth century, they experienced a most inhospitable reception; and continuing to touch there in the course of the following century, many of them fell sacrifices to the jealousy of the Portuguese and the suspicious fears of the natives. Subsequently, the charter of the East India Company threw great impediments in the way of a commercial intercourse between this country and Eastern Africa; and consequently our trade with Zanzibar is of very recent origin, dating, indeed, from the expiration of that charter. The present Sultan of Muscat has been at great pains to improve this island, which, it is said, he meditates making the place of his permanent residence and the capital of his dominions. It certainly has many

claims to his partiality. It is conveniently situated opposite to those African coasts over which he claims a paramount sovereignty, and from which, through Zanzibar, he derives the greater part of his revenue. It is extremely fertile, and has a good port; and, finally, its inhabitants are not at all disposed to question his title, while in the vicinity of Muscat his authority is obeyed with reluctance; nor can he induce the Arab tribes of Omân, by any munificence or display of abilities, to forget that he is a usurper, and the grandson of a usurper, and that the family of their ancient chiefs is not yet extinct.

During the last half century, the African trade of Zanzibar has gone on increasing; chiefly at the expense of the Portuguese settlements at Mozambique, and on the river Zambesi. The main causes, we believe, of this change in the channels of commerce, are, first the illiberal treatment, little short of persecution, suffered by the Banyans at the hands of the Portuguese governors, which paralysed the industry of that enterprising, and, perhaps we may add, opulent class of people, whose unwearied perseverance and gentle manners eminently fit them to carry on traffic with barbarous nations; and secondly, the attempts of the Portuguese to extend their dominion in the interior over countries reputed to be rich in gold, had the effect of kindling wars which, raging far and wide, cut them off from all communications with the populous nations towards the north; who, unable to obtain European goods from the usual quarter, sought them in a new direction, and have since continued to draw their supplies from Zanzibar, through Kilwa. There are at present, according to Dr Ruschenberger, not fewer than 350 Banyans in Zanzibar, some of whom, notwithstanding the humility or even the poverty of their appearance, have large capitals at their command. There have been also established there, since the date of our author's voyage, an English and an American factor; the latter probably invested with a political as well as a mercantile character.

The improvement in the cultivation of the island has kept pace with the increase of its external trade. The present Sultan of Muscat, desirous to turn its natural advantages to account, made extensive plantations of sugar-cane, and, to extract the produce, procured experienced persons from Mauritius; but the experiment was unsuccessful, the sugar of Zanzibar, though good, being dearer than that of Mauritius, or the West Indies. The culture of indigo and coffee was vigorously undertaken about the same time, and that of the former, is, we believe, still persevered in. Another favourite object of the Sultan is the cultivation of the clove and nutmeg. These precious plants were procured with some difficulty in 1770, from one of the least frequented of

the Molucca islands, by M. de Poivre, the governor of Mauritius, who subsequently distributed them widely through the French settlements in the Seychelles, Bourbon, and Cayenne. But these delicate spices seem hardly capable of bearing removal from the region in which they are indigenous; and in the western hemisphere at least, though they grow freely, they lose their flavour. How far they are likely to succeed in Zanzibar, into which island they were introduced in 1818, cannot be as yet fairly decided, since the plant must be allowed to reach maturity, or even to become acclimatized by successive propagation, before its degeneracy can be considered certain. According to our author, indeed, they are found to thrive so well, 'that almost every body on the island is now clearing away the cocoa-nut to make way for them.' But the luxuriant growth of the plant is here alluded to, and not the perfection of the aromatic produce. The officers of the *Peacock* rode a few miles from the town to visit a clove plantation belonging to the Sultan; they were mounted for the most part on donkies, and, led by a tall Abyssinian eunuch, whose long black legs hung dangling to the ground, they galloped through groves of cocoa-nut trees, and numerous hamlets shaded by mangoes, laden with delicious fruit. On reaching the Sultan's villa, they regaled themselves with fresh cocoa-nuts, and then sallied forth to view the plantation, of which our author gives us the following description.

'The house stands in the centre of a yard, about 120 feet square; its walls are of coral, about seven feet high, and enclose several out-buildings for slaves; near the mansion there was a small garden, in which the rose-bush and nutmeg-tree were flourishing together. As far as the eye could reach over a beautifully undulated land, nothing was to be seen but clove-trees of different ages, varying in height from five to twenty feet. The form of the tree is conical, the branches grow at nearly right angles with the trunk, and they begin to shoot a few inches from the ground. The plantation contains nearly 4000 trees, and each tree yields on an average six pounds of cloves a-year. They are carefully picked by hand, and then dried in the shade; we saw numbers of slaves standing on ladders gathering the fruit, while others were at work clearing the ground of dead leaves. The whole is in the finest order, presenting a picture of industry and of admirable neatness and beauty.'—I. p. 71.

The inhabitants of Zanzibar are estimated, it seems, at 150,000; which number, as it allows 250 to the square mile, must be considered a very dense population. Two-thirds of the whole number are slaves, and 17,000 are free negroes. As they are all Mohammedans, at least professedly, and under the mild sway of the Arabs, and must necessarily make some progress in acquiring the ideas of property, practical humanity, and social order, it is mani-

fest that the little island of Zanzibar cannot fail to exert an important influence on the civilisation of the opposite continent. With respect to its foreign trade, our author furnishes us with a few particulars. The foreign vessels which visited Zanzibar between September 1832 and May 1834, amounted in all to forty-one sail, of which thirty-two were American, seven English, one Spanish, and one French.

‘At present,’ says Dr Ruschenberger, ‘the commerce is very considerable, and, as Zanzibar will become the great commercial depôt of the eastern coast of Africa, is destined to increase. The Americans obtain here gum, copal, ivory, and hides, for which they give American cottons and specie. The American cotton manufactures have taken precedence of the English, not only at this place, and in many parts of the East, but on the Pacific coast of America. The English endeavour to imitate our fabric, by stamping their own with American marks, and by other means assimilating it; but the people say the strength and wear of the American goods are so superior, that lest they be deceived, they will no longer even purchase from Englishmen.’—I., p. 65.

The fact here mentioned, and which serves to explain the predominance of the American trade, is confirmed by Capt Burnes; who informs us, in his ‘Travels to Bokhara,’ that in the markets of north-western India and Persia, the Americans have obtained the upper hand. ‘At present,’ he says, ‘they land most of their cargoes on the east coast of Africa, from which they find their way to Muscat and Persia.’ The Arab vessels in which this trade to the Persian Gulf is carried on, are called Dows and Bagalás (the latter resembling the Zebecs of the Mediterranean, the former of more antiquated form), of which, at least 200 annually visit the port of Zanzibar. The net revenue of the island in 1811, as we learn from a MS. report of Captain Smce, amounted to 60,000 dollars; in 1834, it was farmed for 110,000 dollars,—a sum probably not exceeding the half of that which was actually levied.

The American mission had expected to find the Sultan of Muscat in Zanzibar, but, previous to their arrival there, he had taken his departure for his Arabian capital; leaving behind him, however, the young Prince Seid Carlid (we adhere to our author's mode of spelling the name), who, though only sixteen years of age, bears the title of governor of the island. They set sail for Muscat on the 8th September, and crossed the equator in the fairest weather, which lulled them into a security that nearly proved fatal to them. Dr Ruschenberger, always ready to expatiate on the wonders of nature, describes, at some length, the phosphorescence of the ocean, which illumined the sails of the ship; ‘but,’ he adds, with a laudable desire to prevent the

imagination of his reader from running into extremes, 'it was not sufficient at any time to read by.' On the 20th the sea was observed to be remarkably green, though no bottom was found at a hundred fathoms; land-birds also flew on board. Still, as it was concluded, from a meridian observation, that the ship was sixty miles from the Arabian shore, no precautions were taken, and her course was continued, notwithstanding those admonitory indications. But at two o'clock on the following morning all hands were roused from sleep 'by a horrid noise caused by the ship's grinding, and tearing, and leaping on a bed of coral rocks.' The breeze was fresh, and there was no land in sight. Our author thus describes this anxious moment:—

'The ship rolled with an uncertain, wavering motion, grinding and tearing the coral as her sides alternately came against it. The uncertainty of our situation, threatened as we were with destruction, the crashing of coral, the darkness of the night, the wallop, wallop of the sails; the fast succeeding orders of the officer of the watch and the piping of the boatswain and his mates, produced an impression not easily described nor forgotten. There was an appearance of confusion, but every thing went on with as much regard to rule as if the catastrophe had been anticipated. Every one asked, 'where are we?' but no one knew; nor was it easy to explain, at this time, by what means we had got on shore.'—I., p. 80.

As day broke a low sandy desert was discovered about a league off to the eastward. This was a part of the island of Mazeira, between which and the main the ship had run aground. In order to lighten her five thousand gallons of water were pumped overboard, but without effect. A raft was then constructed, on which were placed the top-rigging and the provisions, and several tons of shot were thrown overboard. While this was going forward, a large canoe approached to reconnoitre the vessel; her Arab crew, flourishing their swords over their heads in a menacing manner, refused to admit of a friendly intercourse. Soon afterwards four others of larger size, and filled with armed men, made their appearance. They anchored near the vessel, awaiting her destruction like vultures hovering over the last agonies of some large animal. Like these, too, they did not wait till life was quite extinct in their prey; but, undeterred by the firing of guns and musketry, succeeded in carrying off some loose spars from the raft. Mean-time, all the efforts made to move the ship had proved ineffectual, and her situation was now highly alarming. If the weather grew unfavourable she was sure to go to pieces; only a small stock of water remained, and the constant exertions made to heave her into deep water must have soon exhausted the strength and spirits of the men. Under these cir-

cumstances it was determined to send a boat, with a picked crew of six men, to Muscat. Mr Roberts, bearing the treaty with him, volunteered to join this perilous expedition. The boat was chased during a part of the first day by an Arab pirate, but night favoured its escape, and, after an anxious voyage of four days, it reached its destination.

On board the frigate there was not a moment's remission of labour. As a final measure, one-half of the guns were thrown overboard, and then it was perceived with pleasure that the ship moved; the efforts of the men were, in consequence, cheerfully redoubled, and at length, after having lain six-and-thirty hours on the rocks, she was got afloat. On the 23d she worked ten or twelve miles off shore, and the following morning beat out of the gulf of Mazeira. This island, about forty miles in length, and twelve or fifteen in breadth, is a pile of dark arid rocks, rising five or six hundred feet above the level of the sea, without a single spot of verdure on it—the sand, lying in drifted wreaths in the hollows, imparts to it a most desolate and inhospitable appearance. We are informed by Ibn Batuta that the anchorage is at a great distance from the landing-place, whence it may be concluded, that even small vessels cannot in safety approach closely to the island. Our author inserts in his narrative a letter of Commander Haines, who surveyed the Red Sea and part of the coasts of Arabia in the East India Company's brig *Palinurus*; and who attributes the disaster of the *Peacock* to the violent and variable currents setting on those coasts, 'where,' he says, 'many British ships have run aground in previous years, on or 'near the same spot.' It surely goes but a little way towards the exculpation of the American commander to show that he was ignorant of a well-known danger. But there is a passage in that letter which appears to us, on many accounts, objectionable. It is there stated that 'the position of Mazeira Island is laid down 'by Owen many miles too much to the westward.' Now, Commander Haines, from the nature of his occupation in the Arabian seas, must be supposed to be well acquainted with them, and to be a good authority with respect to the position of Mazeira Island. Why, then, did he not state its true position? Are we not justified in questioning his right to throw discredit on the charts in general use, in vague language, when he had it in his power to correct their errors? The position of the coast of Arabia, and of all eastern Africa, in Captain Owen's charts, depended on that of the Cape of Good Hope; which, by a long series of observations made at the Observatory there, is now found to have been placed five miles too much to the westward. But this cannot be the great error of *many miles* above alluded to; nor

could it have occasioned the misfortune of the *Peacock*, since Zanzibar, whence that frigate took her departure, was involved in the general misplacement. Again, the Americans concluded, from their meridian observations, that they were sixty miles from the land, when, in fact, they were not above half-a-dozen. Was all this error attributable to the charts? Finally, when on the rocks they made observations, from which they found their position; and, as far as we can perceive, they did not discover on that occasion any glaring inaccuracy in Owen's charts. Thus the indefinite inculpation of those charts in the above cited letter, appears to be quite uncalled for, and unsustained by evidence.

As soon as the boat with Mr Roberts reached Muscat, and the Sultan learned the mishap of his friends, he took prompt and effectual measures for their relief. A sloop of war was ordered to be instantly equipped, to convey to them water and provisions. The governor of Zoar (or rather Sur), a town about a hundred miles south of Muscat, was desired to proceed with four dows and three hundred armed men to protect the distressed frigate from piratical depredations. Couriers were despatched to the chiefs of the Bedweens along the coast to warn them that the Sultan would make them answerable with their heads for the lives and property of the strangers; and at the same time, lest the Americans should be obliged to abandon their ship and to land, a body of three hundred and fifty cavalry was sent to serve them as an escort. Nor did the kindness of the Arab Sultan stop here. Under the apprehension that the frigate would be lost, he engaged to place immediately one of his own sloops of war at the disposal of the American mission, to carry it without unnecessary delay to its further destination in the Eastern Seas, and then to convey it home; and subsequently, his people having succeeded in raising the guns which had been thrown overboard from the *Peacock*, he forwarded them after that vessel to Bombay.

The munificence and generosity of Sayid Said, the present Sultan of Muscat, are well known to all strangers who have come in contact with him. He is liberal indeed to all around him; but to Europeans and their descendants he is especially prodigal of kindness. The inveterate loyalty of his natural-born subjects, the Arab tribes of Omân, who still manifest an attachment to the family of their ancient princes, dispossessed of their empire about a century ago by Sayid Said's ambitious ancestor, makes him suspicious of his own race. Not long ago he was even driven from his capital for a short time by a sudden movement of the disaffected Arabs. We have already related the early history of this prince, and corrected some of the errors in the pub-

lished accounts of the violent deed to which he owes his present elevation.* Dr. Ruschenberger adds to the number of those errors, and tells us, that Sultan Bedr, the cousin-german and predecessor of Sayid Said, and who fell beneath the poniard of the latter, was his uncle, and abused the opportunities afforded him, by his office of guardian, to seize the sovereign power, which belonged of right to his nephew. It seems to argue some pains taken to suppress the truth, that De Sacy, who had so many sources of information respecting the East; Vincenzo Maurizi, who resided some time in Muscat; Lieutenant Wellsted and our author who visited the same place, should all differ materially in their versions of an affair which happened there only thirty years ago.

The Sultan of Muscat is a very remarkable personage, whose reign will always shine conspicuous in the history of the civilisation of his country. His dominions extend for about three thousand miles (with several interruptions, however, which his admiring historians always omit to point out) along both the coasts of the Persian Gulf, Arabia, and Eastern Africa. But except in Omân, he lays claim to no territory a league distant from the sea-shore. His empire, then, is essentially maritime; and he measures its importance, not by its population and resources for war, but by its trade and the revenue it yields him. To collect his revenues on the widely-spread coasts acknowledging his sway, he maintains a fleet, consisting, in all, according to Dr Ruschenberger, of seventy-five vessels. But we know that he has one eighty-four gun ship, one sixty-four, and half-a-dozen frigates, all built of teak, after English models, and kept in excellent order. As his government is so mild that there is very little danger of any reaction arising from his innovations, the discipline of his fleet and that of his regular army (for he has a body of guards organized and trained after the manner of our Indian forces, and partly officered by Sepoys) bid fair to have a lasting influence on Arab civilisation. Sayid Said owes his political existence to the effectual succour he received from the Government of Bombay, when he first engaged in the perilous game of sovereignty. From the same quarter he has derived much of the practical knowledge and many of the wise counsels which have subsequently guided his career. He has in his service several Arabs who have been educated in India, are well acquainted with the English language, and in general cultivation far superior to most of their countrymen. In the library of

* See Review of Boteler's Voyage, No. CXXIV.

one of these Arabs in Muscat, Dr Ruschenberger saw the novels of Scott and Cooper. It is not unlikely that the present Sultan of Muscat will, in the long run, effect more, in proportion to his means and political importance, towards the improvement of the Mohammedan world, than his splendid contemporaries, the Ottoman Emperor and the Pasha of Egypt, and with but few deviations from a pacific and bloodless course. It is highly honourable to our Indian possessions, that they should be immediately conducive to so great a good; yet we should not be sorry to see them interposing their authority more directly for the promotion of the interests of humanity, and inducing the docile ruler of Muscat to establish in his dominions some system of social polity, calculated to ripen into something better than naked despotism, and to give a chance of stability to his other improvements.

Muscat is perhaps the most sultry place in the world. Situated at the base of a range of naked cliffs, which reflect the rays of the sun, and screened from the refreshing sea-breezes by an island and high promontories in front, it glows like an oven. No European constitution can long endure its stifling heat, and even the Arabs suffer from it. The more opulent native merchants spend only a part of the day in Muscat, where they have their counting-houses; and, when business is over, retire to their villas at Matrah, a town built on the shores of an open bay, separated from the recess in which Muscat stands by an isthmus two miles wide. These two towns are nearly equal in size, containing each probably a population of twenty thousand. The bold character of the rocky heights surrounding Muscat; the forts, with red flags, crowning all the commanding positions; the white houses of the town, contrasted with the sun-burnt precipices behind them; and two or three buildings of Portuguese origin and imposing appearance, all combine to make a lively and agreeable impression on the mind of the stranger not yet acquainted with the climate of the place. The remnant of a large edifice erected by the Portuguese on the sea-side is now the Sultan's palace. Here the American officers had an interview with Sayid Said the day after their arrival, and appear to have been struck with the combination of dignity, suavity, and extreme simplicity which characterised the manner of their introduction and reception.

The Sultan wore a high turban of cotton, finely checked, blue and white, and a black cloth mantle, with large straight sleeves, bound round the neck with a slender silk cord of red and white, which terminated in tassels. Beneath the mantle were a white tunic and girdle. In his hand he carried a large sabre in a black scabbard mounted in gold; and the only

ornament which he wore was a large ruby, set in silver on the little finger of the left hand. His feet and legs were bare, he having left his sandals at the threshold. This costume set off his fine figure and manly countenance. Compared with the Arabs generally, his head, and indeed his whole person, are remarkably large. He has a large mouth and fine teeth; he wears his white moustache clipped close, which runs in a line to join his whiskers, which are grey, but his beard is perfectly black. He is about fifty years of age and his manners are polished and graceful.—1. p. 108.

Mr Roberts and his companions were subsequently invited to dine with the Sultan, who, having welcomed his guests and seated them at table, retired, according to his usage, leaving them the unrestrained enjoyment of the feast. The Wāli, or governor of Muscat, with the other principal officers, remained administering to their wants, and directing the movements of the servants who waited on them. The table groaned beneath the weight of two sheep roasted whole, and stuffed with prunes, dates, and cashoo-nuts. There were fowls dressed in the same manner, with curries, cakes, and fruit of various kinds in abundance. But wine, prohibited by the Koran, yielded its place to sherbet, lemonade, and new milk; and our author, having slaked his thirst with this simple Arab beverage, winds up his account of the repast with remarking, ‘it was truly a temperance feast, and most things were very much to our taste and satisfaction.’ The insight which he fancies that he acquired from conversation with the Arabs into their domestic life, appears to us to be far from satisfactory. The Arab gentlemen affected to slight polygamy; complaining that wives think of nothing but dress, and are very expensive; an Arab lady of family requiring at least four Cashmere shawls, and rings for her toes as well as fingers. This is the kind of badinage talked in all parts of the world when men strive to get rid of impertinent topics. In a country where it is thought unbecoming to speak to a man respecting the females of his family, the inquisitive stranger, who transgresses the conventional bounds of good-breeding, may deem himself fortunate if he be replied to with civility, without the addition of good-faith.

In the business of exchanging the ratifications of the treaty, the American diplomatist showed his superior skill. The Sultan demanded from what date the treaty should take effect. Mr Roberts suggested, in reply, that it ought to take effect from the day of its ratification by the President and Senate of the United States. To this proposition, which carried back the operation of the treaty above twelve months, the Sultan assented without difficulty, and hereupon Dr Ruschenberger observes:—‘This concession, which puts some hundreds of dollars into the pockets of the American

‘merchants, by whom the trade is chiefly carried on, filled the measure of the Sultan’s liberality; for I believe it is not customary to consider the provisions of treaties binding, until after the exchange of their ratification by the Governments between which they are negotiated.’—(I. p. 145.) The liberality of the Sultan does not appear to us, in this instance, at all worthy of commendation; inasmuch as he drew, not from his own coffers, but from those of the Banyans who had farmed the revenues of Zanzibar; and who, however they might have been aware, when making their bargain, of the tenour of the treaty about to be ratified, can hardly be supposed to have reckoned on its having a retrospective operation. The treaty in question, the object of which was to secure the trade of the United States from arbitrary exactions in the Sultan’s dominions, and to place it on an equal footing with that of the most favoured nations, fixed the duty on imports and exports at five per cent.; which stipulation gave the Americans at once a decided advantage, the export duty levied on other nations being seven and a half per cent. On the 10th of October the Peacock fired a parting salute to the Arab flag, and bade farewell to the shores of Omân, which country, according to our author, whose literary and scientific commonplace books seem to be equally inaccurate, is the scene of Moore’s poem of ‘Lalla Rookh;’ and had the poet, he observes, but visited Muscat, the sight of the sterile reality would have extinguished his inspiration, and deprived the world of his brilliant verses.

Bombay is a microcosm, as we are told by Captain Basil Hall (no mean authority on such a subject), and furnishes within itself, or in its immediate vicinity, good specimens of all that is eminently characteristic of the East. There are no less than nineteen languages spoken on the island, which contains not quite so many square miles. Multitudes visit it from the Maldivé islands, Ceylon, the eastern Archipelago, and China; and it is besides, the special resort of the native merchants of the Persian Gulf, Red Sea, the coasts of Omân and Eastern Africa. Hence it is, as we have already intimated, a point from which the arts and mental culture of Europe are in course of most rapid propagation throughout the East. Dr Ruschenberger’s pages, nevertheless, present us nothing either novel or interesting respecting this important presidency. Its trade with the United States is inconsiderable; of its commerce in general, which is immense, he was unable to procure exact particulars. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with quoting his candid judgment, that ‘the dominion of the British in India may be contemplated in the light of a political mission, sent with the benevolent pur-

‘pose of disseminating true knowledge, and of teaching how men may enjoy most freedom at the least cost of feeling and treasure. To this it will come in the end; and then may England be as proud of this child (India) as she now ought to be of the United States, the most precocious of her offspring.’

At Colombo, in Ceylon, our author saw the first specimens of that singular method of constructing boats, which, originating probably with the Malays in the Indian Archipelago, has spread over the whole of the Pacific Ocean, and may, without impropriety, be called the Polynesian model.

‘When within four miles of the land,’ he observes, ‘our attention was drawn to a number of canoes of a peculiar construction, which glided over the water, at a rate far exceeding that of any vessel I had before seen. They are called “Dhonies;” and, at a short distance, so trifling is their breadth, they might be compared, without fear of contradiction, to a plank set edgewise upon the water, urged forward by an oblong sail. The dhony used by fishermen is from fifteen to twenty feet long, a foot or two wide at the bottom, but much narrower at the top. The basis of the vessel is a log of light wood, hollowed out after the fashion of the more ordinary canoes, and, like them, sharp at both ends. Thin planks, a foot or eighteen inches wide, are set edgewise upon the log, along the margin of its excavation, and bent round, forming a sort of bulwark, and very much increasing the depth of the boat; but such is its extreme narrowness, that the slightest preponderance of weight, on one side or the other, would turn it over, if left without some contrivance to prevent such an accident. Therefore, to make the dhony available for marine navigation, a solid log of the same wood, pointed at both ends, but of less diameter, and of little more than half the length of that which forms the hull, is placed parallel to it, at about ten feet distant, and connected to it by arching poles, composed of several pieces of bamboo lashed together, and secured at right angles at either end of the canoe and log; thus forming an outrigger, which enables the dhony to carry, in perfect safety, a spread of sail, which otherwise would be out of all proportion.’—
1. p. 270.

The dhonics are sometimes built of greater size, of thirty or forty tons burden; and then differ but little from the Malay prows, which, with light winds and a smooth sea, easily outstrip the swiftest European vessel. A decidedly favourable impression appears to have been made on the mind of Dr Ruschenberger by the general aspect of English society in Ceylon; by their easy sociability and intellectual cultivation; by the air of good order which they contrive to establish around them, and by the healthy appearance of the troops. He makes due mention of the Colombo library, which contains ten thousand volumes, and to which strangers have at all times free access. His information respecting the trade, revenue, &c. of Ceylon, is not of sufficiently

recent date to illustrate the effect of the expiration of the East India Company's charter, and introduction of the free trade system. Cinnamon is the most profitable of the vegetable productions of Ceylon, and yielded, in 1831, a revenue exceeding L.106,000 sterling. At that time, however, it was a monopoly in the hands of the East India Company, and its cultivation was oppressed with many onerous restrictions. At present it is cultivated freely, and may be exported to any part of the world, on paying a duty of three shillings per pound. The cultivation and exportation of coffee, we believe, as well as of pepper, have rapidly increased in Ceylon of late years. The island is extremely rich in natural products, mineral as well as vegetable: of the former class, plumbago is now exported in considerable quantities.

The cinnamon-tree grows to a height of twenty feet; but, when cultivated for the sake of the spice, it is not allowed to attain its full size. It is, in that case, lopped close to the ground, when about ten feet high, with a stem one or two inches in diameter. New branches shoot up from the roots in clusters of eight or ten together, and these are cut every three years. A cinnamon garden has no beauty; it is only a wilderness of green bushes. The spice is the true bark, protected by a tasteless cuticle, which prevents the exhalation of the aromatic principle. Under ordinary circumstances the plant has no smell; but, in the cutting season, it is said, that the pungent odour of the cinnamon gardens is far from being agreeable.

Quitting the picturesque shores of Ceylon, 'which island,' observes our author, 'whether considered in respect to its natural sources of wealth, its climate, or flourishing condition, is the 'brightest spot in the colonial possessions of the British crown,' the American expedition continued its voyage to the pestilential flats of Batavia. There is nothing particularly ingratiating in the aspect of a city half submerged; for it so happened that our author saw Batavia in the rainy season, when carriages and horses splashed their way with difficulty through the inundated streets, and mechanics toiled at their occupations knee-deep in water. His description of Java is, for the most part, borrowed from the accounts of others, and has, therefore, little claim to our attention; but it is amusing to observe how vigorously the Americans, who thoroughly understand the advantages of free trade, attack at every opportunity the commercial system of the Dutch, who, though a civilized and a free people, adhere pertinaciously, in the management of their colonies, to monopoly, with its odious accompaniments of galling restrictions and despotic control. Although Holland has latterly sustained

losses which ought to awaken her to the danger of attempting to govern her dependencies solely with a view to pecuniary profit, yet it is to be feared that the mercantile interest is too predominant in her councils to permit the adoption of a more generous policy, calculated to prevent the outbreak of sanguinary revolutions. The European army in Java, consisting of two thousand Dutch, as many Germans, and three thousand Belgians, is, according to our author, discontented,—particularly the Belgian portion of it. The natives, notwithstanding their discomfiture in 1825, are ready to renew the attempt to throw off the oppressive yoke, and only want a leader. Such are the results of what Dr Ruschenberger designates ‘the stubborn, blind, brutal ‘tyranny of the Batavian Dutch.’

Since 1831, the Dutch have been making great exertions to extend the cultivation of the tea plant in Java; and, in 1835, Batavian tea, to the amount of 4000 lbs., was sent to Europe, and was pronounced, by the Dutch merchants, to be superior to that of China. Whether those praises were re-echoed by their customers, we know not. Dr Ruschenberger affirms, that the attempt to cultivate the tea plant in Java has been hitherto attended with great loss, owing to the rapid decay of the shrubs. If this be the case, it is evident that the tea plant has not yet found a genial situation; and is not likely to have yielded a produce of superior quality in Java. Our author looks with an unfavourable eye on every movement and object of the Dutch in the Indian Archipelago. But, in one instance at least, they have been eminently successful. The tin mines of Banka are, under their management, the most productive in the world. A large proportion of the produce of those mines goes to China, and not a little of it is manufactured in this country.

The commerce with Japan, which has been carried on by the Dutch from Batavia for many years, to the exclusion of all other Christian nations, is probably valued by them for the very humiliation which it has cost them; and particularly because that humiliation feeds the antipathy to which they owe their exclusive privileges. On the arrival of a Dutch ship at Nangasaki, the arms and ammunition of the crew are lodged on shore, and they are obliged to conceal, with scrupulous care, all signs of Christianity. To guard against ships of other nations entering Nangasaki under Dutch colours, the annual ship, when leaving Japan, is furnished with a signal-flag, carefully sealed up, which is displayed by the vessel making the succeeding yearly voyage on approaching the port. The Japanese are said to be extremely eager in their enquiries after European news; and we dare say the Dutch can supply them with that commodity quite as freely

and as fairly as their predecessors, the Portuguese. 'The first thing he (the King of Japan) propounded unto us,' says Mendez Pinto, 'was, how he had learned from the Chinese and Loochoos, that Portugal was far richer, and of a larger extent than the whole empire of China, which we confirmed unto him.' We should like to know how the Belgian revolution has been represented at Nangasaki. The net profit of the Dutch trade with Japan is said, by Dr Ruschenberger, to amount to 300,000 florins a-year—a fact which we receive with hesitation; inasmuch as the exclusion of other European shipping from the Japanese ports does not prevent European goods from entering into them in abundance, in Chinese junks, from Singapore and other places, owned and freighted by European merchants. Our author, having given credence to an unusually high profit, derived from a monopoly, makes his feelings amends by launching forth the following observations:—

'When we see a nation, or a company of men, consenting to be treated as menials, to hide their religious opinions, and subject themselves to the capricious and fantastical laws of a people they deem every way inferior to themselves, for the sake of gaining a hundred and thirty or forty thousand dollars a-year, we must cease to regard them with that respect which is the right of every high-minded and honourable society, or feel ourselves ready to sink into competition, and, making equal or greater sacrifices, strive to obtain a share of the dear-bought profits. Whatever might be the advantage to the United States of a commerce with Japan, or any other nation, let us hope that it will be established only on the basis of reciprocity; "asking for nothing which is not clearly right, nor submitting to any thing that is manifestly wrong." On any other footing, it were better to leave the pecuniary advantages to those slaves and base panders, whose moral condition may be so pliant as to allow them to succumb to any terms for money.'—I. p. 404.

On the 25th March, 1836, the American vessels arrived off the mouth of the Meinam, or river of Siam; and the schooner was immediately despatched with a letter to the Prah Klang, or prime minister (literally master of the warehouses), acquainting him with the return of the envoy with the treaty, and requesting him to send suitable boats to convey the mission to the capital. About eight miles from the mouth of the Meinam is a bar, which prevents the access of large vessels, and they are obliged to cast anchor about ten miles from the shore, which, being low, is not visible from the anchorage. This was no agreeable situation to lie in, particularly with a sickly crew, and fresh provisions failing; but haste, as it was afterwards learned, is incompatible with Siamese etiquette; the greater the delay made in receiving the envoy, the higher the honour done him. Some of the officers

attempted to ascend the river in one of their boats, but were given to understand that if they prosecuted their design, the inevitable consequence would be the administration of bamboo, or perhaps the loss of their heads. In answer to their complaints respecting the delay, the captain of the port urged, 'that different nations have different customs. In the presence of your King, whom you call President,' he added, 'you stand up and take off your hat; in the presence of the King of Siam you sit down, and take off your shoes.' They were thus taught, by the forcible contrast of national customs, to expect to have all their wishes thwarted. Having shared, therefore, the hospitality of the governor of a village on the river side, and witnessed the filthy habits of a semi-barbarous people, they returned on board.

The ship had, in the mean-time, been honoured with a visit by Prince Momfanoi (Gutzlaff calls him Chow-fa-nooi), the heir apparent to the throne of Siam; and considering the bias which he has already received from European civilisation, one of the most promising characters in the East. Our author thus describes his personal appearance.

'The Prince was dressed in a jacket of pink damasked crape, closely fitting the body, and reaching from the hips to the throat; a sarong of dark silk, knotted in front, the ends hanging down nearly to the ground, and over it was tied a light sash, upon which two jewelled rings of large size were strung. This costume left the head, arms, and legs bare. He has an active, determined look. His stature is not more than five feet five inches; his limbs are stout and well-proportioned. His complexion is olive, almost as dark as that of the majority of negroes met with in the northern and middle sections of the United States. His hair is coarse and black, and, excepting a tuft, trimmed and standing up like bristles on the top of the head, is cut very close. The general character of his features is that of the Mongol race.'—I. p. 425.

This Prince speaks English well, having been taught by the American missionaries, with whom he is on very friendly terms. He has also a good collection of books in the English language, and is fond of study. But his genius is evidently of the practical kind, and he directs his chief attention to the useful arts. He is particularly inquisitive about nautical affairs, and, like Peter the Great, having conceived a passion for ship-building, has actually worked with adze and chisel at his favourite occupation. He has succeeded in building a small barque of about 200 tons burden, after an English model; and at the time of our author's visit to Siam, was engaged in finishing it, with the aid of three English seamen, in a very handsome style. From all that has been said by different travellers

respecting Prince Momfanoi, it may be safely concluded that he is not merely an ingenious and busy-minded personage, of quick parts and imitative disposition; he appears to be at once bold and circumspect; to unite much shrewd good sense and subtle observation with an enterprising spirit; and to be in every respect capable of effecting a great and most beneficial revolution in the East, should he ever succeed to the throne of Siam.

At length the junk, or boat of ceremony arrived, which was to convey the envoy and his attendants up the river. It had in the middle a platform raised above the deck, furnished with chairs, and covered with a canvass awning. The rigging was of rattan; the crew, who appear to have been for the most part of Portuguese descent, were gaudily attired in a costume partaking equally of the East and West. The junk was hardly large enough to accommodate the envoy's retinue of twenty-five persons, together with a crew of thirty-two. They began their voyage up the river at nightfall, crowded together, with no light but that of a paper lantern and two or three torches. The rain fell in torrents, and when the junk encountered the ebb tide, the American officers lost all patience; and, though earnestly conjured by their conductors not to commit such a violation of etiquette, they insisted on going ashore. They found shelter under the roof of the governor of the village of Paknam, whose official curiosity was much piqued to know what presents they bore to the King of Siam; and at daybreak returned to the junk but little satisfied with their night's lodging.

The Meinam, in its whole course from Bangkok, the capital of Siam, to the sea, is about half-a-mile wide, with a constant depth of four or five fathoms. It winds exceedingly through a perfectly flat alluvial country; covered in some places with a thick jungle, in front of which are seen numerous fishermen's huts, built on stakes at the margin of the stream; with paper figures of strange device suspended on the branches near them, to keep off evil spirits. Near the mouth of the river are some forts, once thought formidable; but we are assured by Gutzlaff that the Meinam is better defended by its mosquitoes than by its forts. The boat of ceremony reached the capital at night, and as a strict observance of etiquette was thought prudent in the immediate vicinity of the court, the American officers remained on board during the night, much out of temper with their situation, and little disposed to be pleased with whatever next presented itself to their view. Daylight, however, dispelled their ill humour.

'The next day we awoke,' says Dr Ruschenberger, 'strangers in a strange place, certainly the strangest I have ever visited, and sallied

forth at an early hour to gratify our curiosity, in relation to a country of which we had heard much. We found the whole entirely new to us;—we saw nothing which is in common with Christian lands. Like Venice, the city seemed to have arisen from the waters. Half the population is afloat. In Bangkok every thing is peculiar, and though every moment was employed, I feel sure that we saw a very small part of the city during the time we remained.

‘Bangkok is built upon the river Meinam, at a point where it is about half a mile wide, and perhaps twenty miles in a direct line from the sea. It extends about two miles and a half up and down the river, and from a mile to a mile and a half on each side of it. Bangkok proper is on the right or western bank, while that on the left, from the palace being situated there, is named Sia-Yut’hia, but to the eye it appears all one town. It is irregular in its plan, and is every where intersected by canals. The streets are dirty and narrow; the paved walk in the middle being scarcely wide enough for two persons to walk abreast. The reason for this, according to the Siamese, is, that there are no two of the same rank in the kingdom, and etiquette does not permit individuals of different degrees to walk side by side! Many of the houses are extensive, but the greater portion of them are miserable bamboo huts, without any appearance of comfort. Trees are every where numerous, and the frequent “Wâts” or Boudhist temples, with their gilt and glazed tile roofs and spires, sparkling in the sun, give to the city a picturesque appearance, and an air of wealth and magnificence.’ II. p. 2.

But the most populous, or, at least, the most active and busy quarter of the town, is the floating portion. On each side of the river are moored rafts of bamboo, on which are constructed houses or sheds, with open verandas in front, wherein are various goods exposed for sale. Rows of Chinese junks, some of them of two hundred tons burden, extend two miles along the middle of the stream, retailing their cargoes. Many families live wholly in their little boats or gondolas, called Sampans. The capital of Siam, in fact, exhibits at the same time a little of the architecture of India, of the industry of China, and of the maritime, or rather aquatic habits of the Malays. The floating town which struck Dr Ruschenberger as so novel, is quite characteristic of the latter people; many large cities inhabited by them are constructed altogether over the water, either on stakes, or more frequently on rafts moored to the shore.

The population of Bangkok was supposed, in 1836, to amount to half a million;—an immense number to be assembled together in a single community under so weak and barbarous a government. But our surprise at so dense a population will be diminished, when we consider that four-fifths of the whole number are Chinese, whose habits of order and persevering industry add greatly to the practical civilisation of the countries in which they

settle. The great body of the Chinese resident in Siam are from Chaou Chow, the eastern part of Canton province; they are mostly agriculturists, and a rude people; yet their language and customs prevail in Bangkok. Another Canton tribe, the Kih or Ka, are chiefly artisans; from Fokien province come the merchants and sailors; and from Hainan, the pedlars and fishermen. The emigrant Chinese are in general laborious and submissive; yet, a few years back, a number of them belonging to a secret association, styled the *Hwuy hwuy*, or Triad Society, formed a conspiracy to overturn the Government of Siam, and seized on a place at the mouth of the Meinam; but want of provisions compelled them, after a little time, to put to sea, and they became pirates.

Prince Momfanoi entertained the American officers in his palace, which has externally the appearance of a fort. Within its courts also are seen guns of various kinds and calibre, and ships' spars piled together, as in a dock-yard. When his guests entered his hall, the prince said to them, 'Gentlemen, you are welcome—I am glad to see you.' The apartment in which he received them was handsomely furnished in the Anglo-Asiatic style; on one of the tables were lying violins, flutes, and a flageolet, on which instruments his Highness performs. In an adjoining apartment he had a collection of English books, a fine barometer, and a cabinet containing specimens of natural history, preserved and arranged by himself. It is clear, however, that his Highness's faculty of philosophic observation has not yet reached its maturity, or we should never have owed to him the description of the Khon Paa, a wonderful animal, seen, we are told, by the prince himself, and by hundreds of others—which resembles man, is five feet high, walks erect, has no knee joints, and runs faster than a horse. His skin is as transparent as a Chinese horn lantern; his entrails are distinctly seen through it. Perhaps the animal here alluded to was an albino of the ape family. Siam is remarkable for abounding in white varieties of the animal kingdom.

Momfanoi, on another occasion, received the American officers on board of his barque, which he has named the Royal Adelaide. He has himself painted the name on the hatchway. When it is considered that Siam abounds in the finest timber, growing close to the Meinam, by which it is easily floated down, and that ship-building is a branch of business carried on by the Chinese at Bangkok most extensively and successfully, it is impossible to avoid recognising something providential in the ardour with which the intelligent heir to the throne seeks improvement in that important art. The respect for superior civilisation which he at present manifests as an individual, will probably, here-

after, when the power devolves on him, exhibit itself on a grander scale, in an attempt to remodel his nation. Siam, which is little more than the long and narrow valley of the Meinam, is one of the most fertile countries in Asia. Its native inhabitants, sunk in sloth and all the vices engendered by oppression and bad government, have yet made some progress in the arts of social life. The Chinese who continually flow into Siam are extremely valuable subjects; and nothing is wanted but the strong hand and head of Momfanoi to bring order out of the chaos, and to raise Siam into political importance.

Those who wish to become acquainted with the internal arrangement and the edifices of Bangkok, with its dirty streets, its crazy bridges and its gorgeous temples, we beg leave to refer to Mr Crawford's account of his embassy to Siam in 1822: in that work will be found an intelligible and often vivid description of the most remarkable scenes. We confess that, independently of the obscurity arising from frequent inaccuracy of expression, we find in the pages of Dr Ruschenberger, as well as of some other American writers, a constant tendency to a hyperbolical and extravagant style which completely baffles our comprehension. Lest this should appear too indefinite a censure, we shall subjoin a sample of the bombast here complained of.

‘Aladdin's lamp never called up any thing comparable to the Wât-P'hrasi-Ratanat in gorgeous ornament or display of wealth in gold, in gems and in art. The greatest travellers among us declared that its beauties exceeded any thing they had before seen in any part of the world. The first glance was enough to enchant one of his senses. I wandered through the labyrinth, which is, no doubt, regular though cunningly planned, as one in a dream. The merry brain of a poetic beggar in a state of intoxication, might possibly imagine something resembling it in character; but infinite credulity, aided by the most vivid imagination, would scarcely believe in the existence of such a place, were it described in detail; I had no definite idea of the place an hour after I left it.’—II. p. 94.

Mr Crawford's description of the ceremony of audience is also much more distinct and plainly developed than Dr Ruschenberger's; though there is sufficient resemblance between them to prove the general fidelity of the latter. Indeed, there is so little of novelty in our author's account of the audience, that we might be justified in passing it over in silence, although it completed the object of the mission; and it is chiefly for the sake of the humorous air of derision which colours the sketch of the ceremony that we make the following short extract from it.

‘Mr Roberts and his companions entered the middle door of the front of the hall, and passing round the screen, found themselves in the pre-

sence of his magnificent majesty and the royal court of the magnificent kingdom of Thai. His Majesty, a fat man of about fifty, sat like the god Boudah cross-legged upon his throne, enveloped in a rich mantle of gold tissue, chewing betel and squirting saliva into a gold urn. Numerous attendants prepared his betel, and with large fans circulated the air about his majestic obesity, as he sat in the pomp and circumstance of state.—II. p. 112.

His magnificent majesty addressed a string of questions to Mr Roberts of a merely courteous nature ; such as enquiries after the health of the President and of the other great men in the United States. When these forms were gone through, at the end of about three quarters of an hour, a sharp sound was heard, and the curtains immediately closing in front of the throne, hid his Majesty from view. The whole assembly then made three obeisances, and the ceremony was at an end. Water and betel were handed round to the company during the audience. As the chamber was open, the swallows flew in and out, and occasionally alighted on the chandeliers. The treaty to which this audience of royalty had reference, and of which the ratifications were exchanged soon after, needs not to be here recited. It sought for no preference, but merely fixed the mode of levying the duties on American shipping visiting Bangkok ; and reduced to express stipulations certain principles of international law, which, in the intercourse of civilized nations, are acknowledged to be valid without the aid of treaties.

At the end of April the American vessels left the mouth of the Meinam, and bent their course along the bold and romantic coasts of Cochin-China. The crews were in bad health, and it was hoped that the variety of scene and milder temperature would help to check the malady ; but Turon bay, in which the ships cast anchor, is too closely pent up with forests and close jungle to give promise of salubrity. It was the desire of Mr Roberts to sound the Government of Cochin-China on the subject of a commercial treaty ; so that he might extend for his country those guarantees of friendly intercourse with foreign nations which he had so happily begun in the instances of Muscat and Siam. But he had no interpreter of the Cochin-Chinese language, and negotiation by means of gestures and dumb show is not likely to advance rapidly between diplomatists impressed with the importance of the interests which they deal with. But Mr Roberts appears to have closed his eyes on this difficulty ; and vexed at finding himself thwarted in his favourite object, accuses the Cochin-Chinese of falsehood and duplicity. His letters to Hué remained unanswered ; a mandarin of high rank or great official visited him at Turon, but in the absence of an

interpreter was unable to communicate with him. In short, the attempt at negotiation failed entirely; and though the ships had their wants supplied, the health of the crews manifested no improvement.

The grandfather of the present King of Cochin-China, being driven from his kingdom by usurpers, was induced by the missionaries to visit France, where he spent some time, and enlarged his mind by the contemplation of European society. On his return to the East, he succeeded, after a long struggle and many vicissitudes, in regaining his throne. His gratitude to the missionary who had served him as a Mentor during his wanderings, continued unbounded till his death: but it does not appear that he ever embraced Christianity. The utmost which the Catholic missionaries have been able to effect at the court of Cochin-China is to diffuse in it some knowledge of the French language; but this tincture of superior civilisation is rapidly wearing out, and Mr Roberts could not find one native who possessed or would acknowledge that he possessed, such an accomplishment. The government of Cochin-China seems to be particularly fearful of strangers; insomuch that it may be conjectured that the French missionaries established there, actuated by national jealousy, have painted the European nations exercising the chief sway in the East in colours calculated to inspire dislike. The Cochin-Chinese are a sober, active, intelligent people, far superior to the Siamese, who yet, through the instrumentality of Momfanoi and the English language, may possibly outstrip them in civilisation.

Sickness increased on board of the American vessels till their arrival in Macao; and a few days after (on the 3d June, 1836), Lieutenant Campbell, the commander of the schooner *Enterprise*, expired. A week later Mr Roberts, who had devised and executed the treaties of amity and commerce which gave occasion to the expedition, also breathed his last. Of this gentleman it must be said that his country is deeply indebted to him. It was alike honourable to him and to the Government which he served that his talents were so promptly recognised; and that without the recommendation of a diplomatic education, he was yet empowered at once to carry his plans into effect, and to negotiate and conclude two treaties of considerable importance. We are not, however, among those who imagine that to make a commercial treaty is the same thing as to make a trade; yet it is a necessary preliminary to a close and steadfast commercial intercourse. Neither do we suppose, like Dr Ruschenberger, that the American merchants want nothing but treaties of this kind to enable them to supplant the British. The superiority

which they appear of late years to have acquired in some parts of the world, over the British trader, arises from causes quite foreign from the stipulations of treaties. Neither is it due to their superior skill as manufacturers or negotiators, but to one of those natural oscillations of distributive industry, which soon find their term. The British are used to trade on a large scale, with expensive and fully organized machinery; they maintain factories abroad, and employ a variety of means to expedite the return of their cargoes; all which contrivances, working into a system, soon become indispensable to the success of their commercial operations. A commerce of this character can only be maintained with populous and civilized communities. The Americans, on the other hand, build and equip their vessels at a much less charge than the English; they send them to sea ill provided and with small crews. Not unfrequently the owner of the cargo is also owner and master of the vessel; his counting-house is on board; and he has no expense to deduct from the proceeds of his traffic besides that of shipment. Hence the American can engage with advantage in the trade with uncivilized nations, which is carried on in a petty way and with great loss of time; and which, though incapable of being reduced to the system and concentration necessary for the employment of a large capital, yet yields high profits to the patient application of a small one. Thus the South Sea islands, the coasts of Madagascar, those of Eastern Africa, and a portion of the Indian Archipelago, have given great encouragement of late years to the American traders.

But the enterprise of our transatlantic brethren, though it must at any rate have found its appropriate application, would have been confined within much narrower limits, had it not been for the impolitic restraints imposed on British commerce by the chartered monopoly of the East India Company. The system followed by that company of doing every thing on a great scale with large ships, factories, and expensive agencies, prevented them, in many instances from entering into competition with the Americans; who, as British energy in general was excluded by the charter, had thus the whole field to themselves. Such was the case on the coast of Africa, in the dominions of the Sultan of Muscat, on which the English did not really begin to trade till the expiration of the exclusive charter. Dr Ruschenberger seems to imagine that the treaty negotiated with the Sultan by Mr Roberts is to serve as the foundation of an immense commerce; we, on the other hand, doubt not but that the days of high profits were gone by, and that the Americans felt that they had to encounter a vigorous opposition before they

called attention to their commercial operations in that country, by concluding a treaty.

Again, under the influence of the East India Company's charter, the Americans acquired a preponderant share of the trade with China, which could never have occurred had they not been favoured by the sinister workings of monopoly. In the year 1820, the sum paid by the Americans to the custom-house at Canton, exceeded that paid by the British. But does their superiority there still continue? We think not. The British, now also admitted to the advantages of a free trade, are rapidly gaining in the Eastern seas the position due to their capital and enterprise. The importation of Indian opium into China has increased in an extraordinary manner since the expiration of the charter, and chiefly through the activity of British free traders. The quantity imported in the year 1835-6 exceeded in value three millions sterling. We cannot make this statement without some feelings of regret, since a contraband trade in this drug, carried on with great obstinacy, is naturally calculated to increase the dislike of the Chinese Government towards the strangers engaged in it. Besides the evils it remotely gives rise to, it is the occasion of many disorderly adventures, which make a fearful impression on the Chinese, though rarely brought to light in this country. Thus, in 1833, some free traders made their way to the great commercial town of Shang Hai, in the province of Kiang-Su. The gates of the town were closed against our adventurers, who were narrowly watched by the mandarins and a party of soldiers. They were treated politely, but not satisfied with this, and perceiving that the Chinese were unwilling to resort to violence, they determined on forcing the gates of the town, which they accomplished, some of the seamen having first scaled the walls. They then seized on a pagoda, and having spent the night in it, vainly attempting to frighten the mandarins into the permission of their traffic, they forced their way out of the town as rudely as they had come in.

Hence it is not surprising that Chinese statesmen should so frequently urge, that 'the dispositions of foreigners are unfathomable;' and that the unexpected arrival of two American armed vessels in the roads of Macao should cause an unusual stir among the mandarins. The vessels were examined again and again, their guns and crews reckoned. Numerous despatches were written about them, and at last a letter came from the Hong merchants, begging 'that the cruisers might not loiter there, lest they should cause business.' Dr Ruschenberger has given a full account of Canton, compiled from the Chinese Repository, and other sources well known in this

country ; it does not, therefore, call for any notice on our part. He informs us that Mr Gutzlaff, lately a missionary, is now become the second interpreter to the British Company. We are glad to learn that that gentleman has found a situation adapted to his great talents as a linguist. It appears that he is at present engaged in studying the language of Japan, with the assistance of three Japanese youths who were cast away in a junk on the western coast of America, and subsequently carried to Macao ! Here is a remarkable fact, of the utmost importance to those who maintain that the more civilized races of Central America were derived from China or Japan. Mr Bennett also has stated, that Japanese junks are not unfrequently driven by stress of weather to the Sandwich islands. Let not the studious enquirer, on approaching the question of the Asiatic descent of the Mexicans, omit to peruse attentively the Dissertation of Don Manoel Naxera, 'on the language of the Othomites,' published at Philadelphia in 1835. The learned author of this Dissertation, himself a Mexican, has subjected to careful examination one of the most ancient languages of his native country, called by those to whom it is vernacular, *Hyang hyung*, or 'the language of those who have fixed abodes;' and has fairly traced a strong resemblance between it and the Chinese.

Three weeks after leaving Macao, the American vessels touched at the Bonin islands, where a settlement has been made of late years by a handful of adventurers of various nations, with a few women from the Sandwich islands. It is doubtful whether the settlement will be perpetuated, since the islands are not only extremely sterile, but are also found to be subject to violent tornadoes. We can easily believe that the settlers derive much advantage from their dogs in hunting hogs and goats ; but the following anecdote is not so easily reconcilable with our European notions of credibility. 'They have instructed their dogs 'to catch fish,' says our author, 'and two of these dogs will plunge into the water and seize a shark, one on each side by the fin, and bring it ashore in spite of resistance.'

Notwithstanding the ample manner in which our author treats of the Sandwich islands, still so large a proportion of his information respecting them is drawn from sources already familiar to the English reader, that we cannot think of dwelling long on this portion of his work. He informs us that the account of those islands, written by the missionary Stewart, is rather a work of imagination than a faithful description ; and he makes several other strictures on the proceedings and representations of the missionaries, which cannot fail to embroil him with that body. It is certain that those islands, though making some progress in

civilisation and carrying on some trade, cannot be said to be prosperous. Their population diminishes with a rapidity and steadiness that seem to threaten the total extinction of the native race. Of the trade, amounting to perhaps L.100,000 sterling a-year, by far the greater part is in the hands of the Americans.

The Peacock arrived on the coast of Chili at a critical period, when the breaking out of a war between that republic and Peru endangered the commerce of neutral states. Her voyage homeward was therefore delayed, at the request of the American merchants, till the cruisers destined for that coast should make their appearance; and it was not till October 1837 that she cast anchor opposite to Norfolk in Virginia, after an absence of two years and a half. However commercial interests may have been promoted by her voyage, science has certainly gained nothing by it; and without venturing to affirm that Dr Ruschenberger's volumes are inferior in merit to the average of those of the same class which issue from the presses of Paris and London, we cannot help expressing our regret that civilized governments should, at the present day, ever equip vessels for distant voyages without taking care to provide them in such a manner with instruments and observers that their opportunities may be turned to the best account.

ART. III.—1. *Sketches by Boz*. 1st and 2d Series. 8vo. London: 1836-7.

2. *The Pickwick Papers*. 8vo. London: 1837.

3. *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby*. 8vo. London: 1838.

4. *Oliver Twist*. (Bentley's Miscellany.) London: 1837-8.

MR CHARLES DICKENS, the author of the above works, is the most popular writer of his day. Since the publication of the poems and novels of Sir Walter Scott, there has been no work the circulation of which has approached that of the *Pickwick Papers*. Thirty thousand copies of it are said to have been sold. It has been dramatized by several hands, and played in sundry London theatres. A continuation of it by another writer, has been undertaken as a profitable speculation: and no sooner has its genuine successor, '*Nicholas Nickleby*,' by the same author, made its appearance in monthly numbers, than

it is published on the continent, translated into German. Great popularity is doubtless to be accepted as presumptive evidence of merit—and should at least induce us to regard with attention the qualities of one who can exhibit so many suffrages in his favour. But even a cursory glance over literary history will teach its insufficiency as a *proof* of merit. We shall, therefore, regard it merely as a claim to notice—and treat Mr Dickens with no more favour than if he could count only hundreds instead of myriads, among his readers. His reputation as a writer of fiction rests at present upon the above four works. The first consists of detached tales, and descriptive sketches of familiar scenes and humble life; some of which, before they were collected, had appeared in the columns of a daily newspaper. The second appeared in monthly numbers, illustrated with prints. The third, not yet completed, is coming forth in a similar guise; and the fourth is pursuing its course, still unfinished, through the numbers of a monthly magazine. In all these productions the author has called in the aid of the pencil, and has been contented to share his success with the caricaturist. He has put them forth in a form attractive, it is true, to that vast majority, the *idle* readers—but one not indicative of high literary pretensions, or calculated to inspire a belief of probable permanence of reputation. They seem, at first sight, to be among the most evanescent of the literary *ephemera* of their day—mere humorous specimens of the lightest kind of light reading, expressly calculated to be much sought and soon forgotten—fit companions for the portfolio of caricatures—‘good nonsense,’—and nothing more. This is the view which many persons will take of Mr Dickens's writings—but this is not our deliberate view of them. We think him a very original writer—well entitled to his popularity—and not likely to lose it—and the truest and most spirited delineator of English life, amongst the middle and lower classes, since the days of Smollett and Fielding. He has remarkable powers of observation, and great skill in communicating what he has observed—a keen sense of the ludicrous—exuberant humour—and that mastery in the pathetic which, though it seems opposed to the gift of humour, is often found in conjunction with it. Add to these qualities, an unaffected style, fluent, easy, spirited, and terse—a good deal of dramatic power—and great truthfulness and ability in description. We know no other English writer to whom he bears a marked resemblance. He sometimes imitates other writers, such as Fielding in his introductions, and Washington Irving in his detached tales, and thus exhibits his skill as a parodist. But his own manner is very distinct—and comparison with any other would not serve to illustrate and describe it. We would compare him rather with the painter Ho-

garth. What Hogarth was in painting, such very nearly is Mr Dickens in prose fiction. The same turn of mind—the same species of power displays itself strongly in each. Like Hogarth he takes a keen and practical view of life—is an able satirist—very successful in depicting the ludicrous side of human nature, and rendering its follies more apparent by humorous exaggeration—peculiarly skilful in his management of details, throwing in circumstances which serve not only to complete the picture before us, but to suggest indirectly antecedent events which cannot be brought before our eyes. Hogarth's cobweb over the poor-box, and the plan for paying off the national debt, hanging from the pocket of a prisoner in the Fleet, are strokes of satire very similar to some in the writings of Mr Dickens. It is fair, in making this comparison, to add, that it does not hold good throughout; and that Mr Dickens is exempt from two of Hogarth's least agreeable qualities—his cynicism and his coarseness. There is no misanthropy in his satire, and no coarseness in his descriptions—a merit enhanced by the nature of his subjects. His works are chiefly pictures of humble life—frequently of the humblest. The reader is led through scenes of poverty and crime, and all the characters are made to discourse in the appropriate language of their respective classes—and yet we recollect no passage which ought to cause pain to the most sensitive delicacy, if read aloud in female society.

We have said that his satire was not misanthropic. This is eminently true. One of the qualities we the most admire in him is his comprehensive spirit of humanity. The tendency of his writings is to make us practically benevolent—to excite our sympathy in behalf of the aggrieved and suffering in all classes; and especially in those who are most removed from observation. He especially directs our attention to the helpless victims of untoward circumstances, or a vicious system—to the imprisoned debtor—the orphan pauper—the parish apprentice—the juvenile criminal—and to the tyranny, which, under the combination of parental neglect, with the mercenary brutality of a pedagogue, may be exercised with impunity in schools. His humanity is plain, practical, and manly. It is quite untainted with sentimentality. There is no mawkish wailing for ideal distresses—no morbid exaggeration of the evils incident to our lot—no disposition to excite unavailing discontent, or to turn our attention from remediable grievances to those which do not admit a remedy. Though he appeals much to our feelings, we can detect no instance in which he has employed the verbiage of spurious philanthropy.

He is equally exempt from the meretricious cant of spurious philosophy. He never endeavours to mislead our sympathies—

to pervert plain notions of right and wrong—to make vice interesting in our eyes—and shake our confidence in those whose conduct is irreproachable, by dwelling on the hollowness of seeming virtue. His vicious characters are just what experience shows the average to be; and what the natural operation of those circumstances to which they have been exposed would lead us to expect. We are made to feel both what they are, and *why* they are what we find them. We find no monsters of unmitigated and unredeemable villany; no creatures blending with their crimes the most incongruous and romantic virtues; but very natural and unattractive combinations of human qualities, in which the bad is found to predominate in such a proportion as the position of the party would render probable. In short, he has eschewed that vulgar and theatrical device for producing effect,—the representation of human beings as they are likely *not* to be.

Good feeling and sound sense are shown in his application of ridicule. It is never levelled at poverty or misfortune; or at circumstances which can be rendered ludicrous only by their deviation from artificial forms; or by regarding them through the medium of a conventional standard. Residence in the regions of Bloomsbury, ill-dressed dinners, and ill-made liveries, are crimes which he suffers to go unlashd; but follies or abuses, such as would be admitted alike in every sphere of society to be fit objects for his satire, are hit with remarkable vigour and precision. Nor does he confine himself to such as are obvious; but elicits and illustrates absurdities, which, though at once acknowledged when displayed, are plausible, and comparatively unobserved. Take, for example, the following illustration of the nonsense which is sometimes obtruded upon society, under the form of a curious coincidence, or a 'remarkable fact.'

"It's a very remarkable circumstance, sir," said Sam, "that poverty and oysters always seem to go together."

"I don't understand you, Sam," said Mr Pickwick.

"What I mean, sir," said Sam, "is, that the poorer a place is, the greater call there seems to be for oysters. Look here, sir; here's a oyster stall to every half-dozen houses—the street's lined with 'em. Blessed if I don't think that ven a man's very poor, he rushes out of his lodgings, and eats oysters in reg'lar desperation."

"To be sure he does," said Mr Weller, senior, "and it's just the same vith pickled salmon!"

"Those are two very remarkable facts, which never occurred to me before," said Mr Pickwick. "The very first place we stop at I'll make a note of them."

All who have read reports of Parliamentary debates, when honourable members have been called to order, will easily apply the following:—

‘Mr Blotton (of Aldgate) rose to order. Did the honourable Pickwickian allude to him? (Cries of “Order,” “Chair,” “Yes,” “No,” “Go on,” “Leave off,” &c.)

‘Mr Pickwick would not put up to be put down by clamour. He had alluded to the honourable gentleman. (Great excitement.)

‘Mr Blotton would only say then, that he repelled the hon. gent’s false and scurrilous accusation, with profound contempt. (Great cheering.) The hon. gent. was a humbug. (Immense confusion, and loud cries of “chair,” and “order.”)

‘Mr A. Snodgrass rose to order. He threw himself upon the chair. (Hear.) He wished to know, whether this disgraceful contest between two members of that club should be allowed to continue. (Hear, hear.)

‘The chairman was quite sure the hon. Pickwickian would withdraw the expression he had just made use of.

‘Mr Blotton, with all possible respect for the chair, was quite sure he would not.

‘The chairman felt it his imperative duty to demand of the honourable gentleman, whether he had used the expression which had just escaped him, in a common sense.

‘Mr Blotton had no hesitation in saying, that he had not—he had used the word in its Pickwickian sense. (Hear, hear.) He was bound to acknowledge, that, personally, he entertained the highest regard and esteem for the honourable gentleman; he had merely considered him a humbug in a Pickwickian point of view. (Hear, hear.)

‘Mr Pickwick felt much gratified by the fair, candid, and full explanation of his honourable friend. He begged it be at once understood, that his own observations had been merely intended to bear a Pickwickian construction. (Cheers.)

The arts of canvassing are amusingly illustrated in the following passage.

“Is every thing ready?” said the honourable Samuel Slumkey to Mr Perker.

“Every thing, my dear sir,” was the little man’s reply.

“Nothing has been omitted, I hope?” said the honourable Samuel Slumkey.

“Nothing has been left undone, my dear sir—nothing whatever. There are twenty washed men at the street door for you to shake hands with; and six children in arms that you’re to pat on the head, and enquire the age of: be particular about the children, my dear sir,—it has always a great effect, that sort of thing.”

“I’ll take care,” said the honourable Samuel Slumkey.

“And, perhaps, my dear sir—” said the cautious little man, “perhaps if you *could*—I don’t mean to say it’s indispensable—but if you *could* manage to kiss one of ‘em, it would produce a very great impression on the crowd.”

“Wouldn’t it have as good an effect if the proposer or seconder did that?” said the honourable Samuel Slumkey.

"Why, I am afraid it wouldn't," replied the agent; "If it were done by yourself, my dear sir, I think it would make you very popular."

"Very well," said the honourable Slumkey, with a resigned air, "then it must be done. That's all."

A short conversation between Mr Pickwick and the Editor of a newspaper introduces us, by a lively exaggeration, to some of the mysteries of book-making.

"You have seen the literary articles which have appeared at intervals in the Eatanswill Gazette in the course of the last three months, and which have excited such general—I may say such universal attention and admiration?"

"Why," replied Mr Pickwick, slightly embarrassed by the question, "the fact is, I have been so much engaged in other ways, that I really have not had an opportunity of perusing them."

"You should do so, sir," said Pott, with a severe countenance.

"I will," said Mr Pickwick.

"They appeared in the form of a copious review of a work on Chinese metaphysics, sir," said Pott.

"Oh," observed Mr Pickwick—"from your pen I hope?"

"From the pen of my critic, sir," rejoined Pott, with dignity.

"An abstruse subject I should conceive," said Mr Pickwick.

"Very, sir," responded Pott, looking intensely sage. "He *crammed* for it, to use a technical but expressive term: he read up for the subject, at my desire, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*."

"Indeed!" said Mr Pickwick; "I was not aware that that valuable work contained any information respecting Chinese metaphysics."

"He read, sir," rejoined Pott, laying his hand on Mr Pickwick's knee, and looking round with a smile of intellectual superiority, "he read for metaphysics under the letter M, and for China under the letter C; and combined his information, sir!"

But Mr Dickens is a satirist of a sterner kind than the preceding extracts tend to show; and makes his lash fall smartly upon abuses of a graver character. The whole story of the action against Pickwick for breach of promise of marriage, from its ludicrous origin, to Pickwick's eventual release from prison, where he had been immured for refusal to pay the damages, is one of the most acute and pointed satires upon the state and administration of English law that ever appeared in the light and lively dress of fiction. The account of the trial is particularly good; and we would gladly set before our readers that exquisite specimen of forensic eloquence, the speech of the counsel for the plaintiff, were it not too long to be extracted entire, and that its curtailment would mar its effect. Instead of that, we will show more concisely how to browbeat a timid witness.

"Now, sir," said Mr Skimpin, "have the goodness to let his Lord-

ship and the jury know what your name is, will you?" And Mr Skimpin inclined his head on one side to listen with great sharpness to the answer, and glanced at the jury mean-while, as if to imply that he rather expected Mr Winkle's natural taste for perjury would induce him to give some name which did not belong to him.

"Winkle," replied the witness.

"What's your Christian name, sir?" angrily enquired the little judge.

"Nathaniel, sir."

"Daniel,—any other name?"

"Nathaniel, sir—my Lord, I mean."

"Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel?"

"No, my Lord, only Nathaniel—not Daniel at all."

"What did you tell me it was Daniel for, then, sir?" enquired the judge.

"I didn't, my Lord," replied Mr Winkle.

"You did, sir," replied the judge, with a severe frown. "How could I have got Daniel on my notes, unless you told me so, sir?"

"This argument was, of course, unanswerable."

"Mr Winkle has rather a short memory, my Lord," interposed Mr Skimpin, with another glance at the jury. "We shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, I dare say."

"You had better be careful, sir," said the little judge, with a sinister look at the witness.

Poor Mr Winkle bowed, and endeavoured to feign an easiness of manner, which, in his then state of confusion, gave him rather the air of a disconcerted pickpocket.

"Now, Mr Winkle," said Mr Skimpin, "attend to me, if you please, sir; and let me recommend you, for your own sake, to bear in mind his Lordship's injunctions to be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of Mr Pickwick, the defendant, are you not?"

"I have known Mr Pickwick now, as well as I recollect at this moment, nearly"—

"Pray, Mr Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not a particular friend of the defendant's?"

"I was just about to say, that"—

"Will you, or will you not, answer my question, sir?"

"If you don't answer the question, you'll be committed, sir," interposed the little judge, looking over his note-book.

"Come, sir," said Mr Skimpin, "yes or no, if you please."

"Yes, I am," replied Mr Winkle.

"Yes, you are. And why couldn't you say that at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff too—eh, Mr Winkle?"

"I don't know her; I've seen her."

"Oh, you don't know her, but you've seen her? Now, have the goodness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by *that*, Mr Winkle."

"I mean that I am not intimate with her, but that I have seen her when I went to call on Mr Pickwick, in Goswell Street."

"How often have you seen her, sir?"

“How often?”

“Yes, Mr Winkle, how often? I'll repeat the question for you a dozen times, if you require it, sir?” And the learned gentleman, with a firm and steady frown, placed his hands on his hips, and smiled suspiciously to the jury.

On this question there arose the edifying brow-beating, customary on such points. First of all, Mr Winkle said it was quite impossible for him to say how many times he had seen Mrs Bardell. Then he was asked if he had seen her twenty times, to which he replied, “Certainly,—more than that.” And then he was asked whether he hadn't seen her a hundred times—whether he couldn't swear that he had seen her more than fifty times—whether he didn't know that he had seen her at least seventy-five times, and so forth; the satisfactory conclusion which was arrived at, at last, being—that he had better take care of himself, and mind what he was about.

The imprisonment of Pickwick affords an opportunity of depicting the interior of a debtor's prison, and the manifold evils of that system, towards the abolition of which much, we trust, will have been effected by a statute of the past session. The picture is excellent, both in intention and execution, and as it bears strongly an air of truth, it is necessarily a painful one. We are told how poverty may be subjected to capital punishment by a civil process, in the following description of the last hours of a Chancery prisoner.

“He's been consumptive for a long time past,” said Mr Roker, “and he's taken wery bad in the breath to-night. The doctor said, six months ago, that nothing but change of air could save him.”

“Great Heaven!” exclaimed Mr Pickwick; “has this man been slowly murdered by the law for six months!”

“I don't know about that, sir,” replied Roker, weighing his hat by the brims in both hands. “I suppose he'd have been took the same wherever he was. He went into the infirmary this morning; the doctor says his strength is to be kept up as much as possible, and the warden's sent him wine and broth and that, from his own house. It's not the warden's fault, you know, sir.”

“Of course not,” replied Mr Pickwick, hastily.

“I'm afraid, however,” said Roker, shaking his head, “that it's all up with him; I offered Neddy two sixpenn'orths to one upon it just now, but he wouldn't take it, and quite right. Thankee, sir. Good night, sir.”

“Stay,” said Mr Pickwick, earnestly. “Where is this infirmary?”

“Just over where you slept, sir,” replied Roker. “I'll show you if you like to come.” Mr Pickwick snatched up his hat, without speaking, and followed at once.

The turnkey led the way in silence, and gently raising the latch of the room-door, motioned Mr Pickwick to enter. It was a large, bare, desolate room, with a number of stump bedsteads made of iron, on one of which lay stretched the shadow of a man; wan, pale, and ghastly. His

breathing was hard and thick, and he moaned painfully as it came and went. At the bedside sat a short old man in a cobbler's apron, who, by the aid of a pair of horn spectacles, was reading from the Bible aloud. It was the fortunate legatee.

'The sick man laid his hand upon his attendant's arm, and motioned him to stop. He closed the book, and laid it on the bed.

' "Open the window," said the sick man.

'He did so. The noise of carriages and carts, the rattle of wheels, the cries of men and boys; all the busy sounds of a mighty multitude instinct with life and occupation, blended into one deep murmur, floated into the room. Above the hoarse loud hum arose from time to time a boisterous laugh; or a scrap of some jingling song, shouted forth by one of the giddy crowd, would strike upon the ear for an instant, and then be lost amidst the roar of voices and the tramp of footsteps—the breaking of the billows of the restless sea of life that rolled heavily on without. These are melancholy sounds to a quiet listener at any time; but how melancholy to the watcher by the bed of death!

' "There is no air here," said the sick man, faintly. "The place pollutes it; it was fresh round about, when I walked there, years ago; but it grows hot and heavy in passing these walls. I cannot breathe it."

' "We have breathed it together a long time," said the old man.

' "Come, come."

'There was a short silence, during which the two spectators approached the bed.* The sick man drew a hand of his old fellow-prisoner towards him, and pressing it affectionately between both his own, retained it in his grasp.

' "I hope," he gasped, after a while—so faintly that they bent their ears close over the bed to catch the half-formed sounds his cold blue lips gave vent to—"I hope my merciful Judge will bear in mind my heavy punishment on earth. Twenty years, my friend, twenty years in this hideous grave. My heart broke when my child died, and I could not even kiss him in his little coffin. My loneliness since then, in all this noise and riot, has been very dreadful. May God forgive me! He has seen my solitary lingering death."

'He folded his hands, and murmuring something more they could not hear, fell into a sleep—only a sleep at first, for they saw him smile.

'They whispered together for a little time, and the turnkey stooping over the pillow, drew hastily back. "He has got his discharge, by God!" said the man.

'He had. But he had grown so like death in life, that they knew not when he died.'

It is useless to hope that this tragical fiction may be unsupported by truth, or be founded only on events which happened long ago. A London Newspaper of August 25, 1838, tells us that on the preceding day an inquest having been held at the Queen's Bench prison, on the body of a female debtor who had

been a prisoner there *more than sixteen years*, through a Chancery suit, the jury returned the following verdict—‘*Died of a nervous fever brought on through long confinement and excited feelings.*’

Mr Dickens is very successful as a delineator of those manners, habits, and peculiarities which are illustrative of particular classes and callings. He exhibits amusingly the peculiar turn of thought which belongs to each; and, as if he had been admitted behind the scenes, brings to light those artifices which members of a fraternity are careful to conceal from the world at large. For example, a medical practitioner in the country thus describes his arts of rising.

“‘Come,” said Mr Winkle, as the boy retired, “things are not quite so bad, as you would have me believe, either. There is *some* medicine to be sent out.”

‘Mr Bob Sawyer peeped into the shop to see that no stranger was within hearing, and leaning forward to Mr Winkle, said, in a low tone—

“He leaves it all at the wrong houses.”

Mr Winkle looked perplexed, and Bob Sawyer and his friend laughed.

“Don’t you see?” said Bob; “he goes up to a house, rings the area bell, pokes a packet of medicine without a direction into the servant’s hand, and walks off. Servant takes it into the dining-parlour; master opens it, and reads the label, ‘Draught to be taken at bed-time—pills as before—lotion as usual—the powder. From Sawyer’s, late Nockemorf’s. Physicians’ prescriptions carefully prepared:’ and all the rest of it. Shows it to his wife—*she* reads the label; it goes down to the servants—*they* read the label. Next day the boy calls: ‘Very sorry—his mistake—immense business—great many parcels to deliver.—Mr Sawyer’s compliments—late Nockemorf.’ The name gets known, and that’s the thing, my boy, in the medical way; bless your heart, old fellow, it’s better than all the advertising in the world. We have got *one* four-ounce bottle that’s been to half the houses in Bristol, and hasn’t done yet.”

“Dear me, I see,” observed Mr Winkle; “what an excellent plan!”

“Oh, Ben and I have hit upon a dozen such,” replied Bob Sawyer, with great glee. “The lamplighter has *eighteen* pence a week to pull the night-bell for ten minutes, every time he comes round; and my boy always rushes into church just before the psalms, when the people have got nothing to do but look about ’em, and calls me out, with horror and dismay depicted on his countenance. ‘Bless my soul,’ every body says, ‘somebody taken suddenly ill! Sawyer, late Nockemorf, sent for.’ What a business that young man has!”

Mr Dickens’s characters are sketched with a spirit and distinctness which rarely fail to convey immediately a clear impression of

the person intended. They are, however, not complete and finished delineations, but rather outlines, very clearly and sharply traced, which the reader may fill up for himself; and they are calculated not so much to represent the actual truth as to suggest it. Analyses of disposition, and explanations of motives will not be found, and, we may add, will be little required. His plan is, not to describe his personages, but to make them speak and act,—and it is not easy to misunderstand them. These remarks are not applicable to *all* his characters. Some are too shadowy and undefined,—some not sufficiently true to nature; in some the representations consist of traits too trivial or too few; and some are spoiled by exaggeration and caricature. Pickwick's companions, Winkle, Snodgrass, and Tupman, are very uninteresting personages,—having peculiarities rather than characters—useless incumbrances, which the author seems to have admitted hastily among his *dramatis personæ* without well knowing what to do with them. The swindler Jingle and his companion want reality; and the former talks a disjointed jargon, to which some likeness may be found in farces, but certainly none in actual life. The young ladies in the Pickwick Papers are nonentities. The blustering Dowler, and the Master of the Ceremonies at Bath, are mere caricatures. The medical students are coarsely and disagreeably drawn. Wardle, though a tolerably good country squire, is hardly a modern one; and it may be doubted if Mr Weller, senior, can be accepted as the representative of any thing more recent than the last generation of stage-coachmen.

On the other hand, there are many characters truly excellent. First stand Pickwick and his man Weller,—the modern Quixote and Sancho of Cockaigne. Pickwick is a most amiable and eccentric combination of irritability, benevolence, simplicity, shrewdness, folly, and good sense—frequently ridiculous, but never contemptible, and always inspiring a certain degree of respect even when placed in the most ludicrous situations, playing the part of butt and dupe. Weller is a character which we do not remember to have seen attempted before. He is a favourable, yet, in many respects, faithful representative of the Londoner of humble life,—rich in native humour, full of the confidence, and address, and knowledge of the world, which is given by circumstances to a dweller in cities, combined with many of the most attractive qualities of the English character,—such as writers love to show in the brave, frank, honest, light-hearted sailor. His legal characters, Sergeant Snubbin, Perker, Dodson, Fogg, and Pell, are touched, though slightly, yet all with spirit, and a strong appearance of truth. Greater skill in drawing characters is shown in 'Oliver Twist' and 'Nicholas Nickleby,' than in 'Pickwick.'

His Ralph Nickleby, and Mrs Nickleby, deserve to be noticed as peculiarly successful.

But Mr Dickens's forte perhaps lies less in drawing characters than in describing incidents. He seizes with great skill those circumstances which are capable of being graphically set before us; and makes his passing scenes distinctly present to the reader's mind. Ludicrous circumstances are those which he touches most happily; of which the *Pickwick Papers* afford many examples; such as the equestrian distresses of Pickwick and his companions, the pursuit of Jingle, and Pickwick's night adventures in the boarding-school garden,—incidents richly comic and worthy of Smollett; and which are narrated with Smollett's spirit, without his coarseness. His descriptions of scenery are also good, though in a minor degree; and among these the aspect of the town is perhaps better delineated than that of the country; and scenes which are of an unattractive kind with more force and effect than those which are susceptible of poetical embellishment.

Hitherto we have dwelt on the characteristics of the author rather than on the merits or demerits of any one of his works. The examination of them is of secondary importance, because the most popular among them owed its success, certainly not to its merits as a whole, but to the attractiveness of detached passages. The '*Pickwick Papers*' are, as the author admits in his preface, defective in plan, and want throughout that powerful aid which fiction derives from an interesting and well constructed plot. '*Nicholas Nickleby*' appears to be commenced with more attention to this important requisite in novel-writing; and if the author will relieve the painful sombreness of his scenes with a sufficient portion of sunshine, it will deserve to exceed the popularity of *Pickwick*. But '*Oliver Twist*,' a tale not yet completed, is calculated to give a more favourable impression of Mr Dickens's powers as a writer of fiction than any thing else which he has yet produced. There is more interest in the story, a plot better arranged, characters more skilfully and carefully drawn, without any diminution of spirit, and without that tone of humorous exaggeration which, however amusing, sometimes detracts too much from the truthfulness of many portions of the '*Pickwick Papers*.' The scene is laid in the humblest life: its hero is a friendless, nameless, parish orphan, born in a workhouse; at a time when workhouses were not subjected, as now, to the control of a central superintending board, and when attention was comparatively little directed to the condition of the poor.

'As Oliver gave this first testimony of the free and proper action of his lungs, the patchwork coverlet, which was carelessly flung over the

iron bedstead, rustled; the pale face of a young female was raised feebly from the pillow; and a faint voice imperfectly articulated the words "Let me see the child, and die."

'The surgeon had been sitting with his face turned towards the fire, giving the palms of his hands a warm, and a rub alternately; but as the young woman spoke, he rose, and, advancing to the bed's head, said with more kindness than might have been expected of him—

' "Oh, you must not talk about dying, yet."

' "Lor bless her dear heart, no!" interposed the nurse, hastily depositing in her pocket a green glass bottle, the contents of which she had been tasting in a corner with evident satisfaction. "Lor bless her dear heart, when she has lived as long as I have, sir, and had thirteen children of her own, and all on 'em dead except two, and them in the wurkus with me, she'll know better than to take on in that way, bless her dear heart! Think what it is to be a mother, there's a dear young lamb, do."

'Apparently this consolatory perspective of a mother's prospects failed in producing its due effect. The patient shook her head, and stretched out her hand towards the child.

'The surgeon deposited it in her arms. She imprinted her cold white lips passionately on its forehead, passed her hands over her face, gazed wildly round, shuddered, fell back—and died. They chafed her breasts, hands and temples; but the blood had frozen for ever. They talked of hope and comfort. They had been strangers too long.

' "It's all over, Mrs Thingummy," said the surgeon, at last.

' "Ah, poor dear; so it is!" said the nurse, picking up the cork of the green bottle which had fallen out on the pillow as she stopped to take up the child. "Poor dear!"

' "You needn't mind sending up to me, if the child cries, nurse," said the surgeon, putting on his gloves with great deliberation. "It's very likely it *will* be troublesome. Give it a little gruel if it is." He put on his hat, and, pausing by the bed-side on his way to the door, added, "She was a good-looking girl too; where did she come from?"

' "She was brought here last night," replied the old woman, "by the overseer's order. She was found lying in the street;—she had walked some distance, for her shoes were worn to pieces; but where she came from, or where she was going to, nobody knows."

'The surgeon leant over the body, and raised the left hand. "The old story," he said, shaking his head: "no wedding-ring, I see. Ah! good night."

Such are the disastrous circumstances under which the hero enters the world. A name is given him by the parochial beadle according to an alphabetical arrangement upon which that functionary greatly prides himself. After a few years of pretended care, but real neglect, the boy narrowly escapes being bound apprentice to a chimney-sweeper; and the parochial authorities, failing in their attempt to get him off their hands thus, contrive to place him with an undertaker. The first funeral to which Oliver accompanies his master is that of a pauper; and the

description of it, with its preliminaries and accessories, is so good a specimen of Mr Dickens's powers in the tragic department of fiction that we cannot forbear from extracting it. But, first, we must give the following introductory communication between the beadle and the undertaker.

'Half an hour after breakfast next morning Mr Bumble entered the shop, and supporting his cane against the counter, drew forth his large leathern pocket-book, from which he selected a small scrap of paper which he handed over to Sowerberry.

"Alia!" said the undertaker, glancing over it with a lively countenance; "an order for a coffin, eh?"

"For a coffin first, and a parochial funeral afterwards," replied Mr Bumble, fastening the strap of the leathern pocket-book, which, like himself, was very corpulent.

"Bayton," said the undertaker, looking from the scrap of paper to Mr Bumble; "I never heard the name before."

Bumble shook his head as he replied, "Obstinate people, Mr Sowerberry, very obstinate; proud, too, I'm afraid, sir."

"Proud, eh?" exclaimed Mr Sowerberry, with a sneer.—"Come, that's too much."

"Oh, it's sickening," replied the beadle; "perfectly antimonial, Mr Sowerberry."

"So it is," acquiesced the undertaker.

"We only heard of them the night before last," said the beadle; "and we shouldn't have known any thing about them then, only a woman who lodges in the same house made an application to the parochial committee for them to send the parochial surgeon to see a woman as was very bad. He had gone out to dinner; but his 'prentice, which is a very clever lad, sent 'em some medicine in a blacking-bottle, off-hand."

"Ah, there's promptness," said the undertaker.

"Promptness, indeed!" replied the beadle. "But what's the consequence; what's the ungrateful behaviour of these rebels, sir? Why the husband sends back word that the medicine won't suit his wife's complaint, and so she shan't take it—says she shan't take it, sir! Good, strong, wholesome medicine, as was given with great success to two Irish labourers, and a coal-heaver, only a week before—sent 'em for nothing, with a blacking bottle in,—and he sends back word that she shan't take it, sir!"

As the flagrant atrocity presented itself to Mr Bumble's mind in full force, he struck the counter sharply with his cane, and became flushed with indignation.

"Well," said the undertaker, "I ne—ver—did——"

"Never did, sir!" ejaculated the beadle,—"no, nor nobody never did; but, now she's dead, we've got to bury her, and that's the direction, and the sooner it's done, the better."

Oliver and his master then repair to the scene of death.

'There was neither knocker nor bell-handle at the open door where

Oliver and his master stopped; so, groping his way cautiously through the dark passage, and bidding Oliver keep close to him and not be afraid, the undertaker mounted to the top of the first flight of stairs, and, stumbling against a door on the landing, rapped at it with his knuckles.

‘It was opened by a young girl of thirteen or fourteen. The undertaker at once saw enough of what the room contained, to know it was the apartment to which he had been directed. He stepped in, and Oliver followed him.

‘There was no fire in the room; but a man was crouching mechanically over the empty stove. An old woman, too, had drawn a low stool to the cold hearth, and was sitting beside him. There were some ragged children in another corner; and in a small recess opposite the door there lay upon the ground something covered with an old blanket. Oliver shuddered as he cast his eyes towards the place, and crept involuntarily closer to his master; for, though it was covered up, the boy *felt* that it was a corpse.

‘The man’s face was thin and very pale; his hair and beard were grizzly, and his eyes were bloodshot. The old woman’s face was wrinkled, her two remaining teeth protruded over her under lip, and her eyes were bright and piercing. Oliver was afraid to look at either her or the man,—they seemed so like the rats he had seen outside.

‘“Nobody shall go near her,” said the man, starting fiercely up, as the undertaker approached the recess. “Keep back! d—n you, keep back, if you’ve a life to lose.”

‘“Nonsense! my good man,” said the undertaker, who was pretty well used to misery in all its shapes,—“nonsense!”

‘“I tell you,” said the man, clenching his hands, and stamping furiously on the floor,—“I tell you I won’t have her put into the ground. She couldn’t rest there. The worms would worry—not eat her,—she is so worn away.”

‘The undertaker offered no reply to this raving, but producing a tape from his pocket, knelt down for a moment by the side of the body.

‘“Ah!” said the man, bursting into tears, and sinking on his knees at the feet of the dead woman; “kneel down, kneel down—kneel round her every one of you, and mark my words. I say she starved to death. I never knew how bad she was, till the fever came upon her, and then her bones were starting through the skin. There was neither fire nor candle; she died in the dark—in the dark. She couldn’t even see her children’s faces, though we heard her gasping out their names. I begged for her in the streets, and they sent me to prison. When I came back, she was dying; and all the blood in my heart has dried up, for they starved her to death. I swear it before the God that saw it,—they starved her!”—He twined his hands in his hair, and with a loud scream rolled grovelling upon the floor, his eyes fixed, and the foam gushing from his lips.

‘The terrified children cried bitterly; but the old woman, who had hitherto remained as quiet as if she had been wholly deaf to all that passed, menaced them into silence; and having unloosed the man’s cra-

vat, who still remained extended on the ground, tottered towards the undertaker.

"She was my daughter," said the old woman, nodding her head in the direction of the corpse, and speaking with an idiotic leer, more ghastly than even the presence of death itself.—"Lord, Lord!—well, it is strange that I who gave birth to her, and was a woman then, should be alive and merry now, and she lying there, so cold and stiff! Lord, Lord!—to think of it;—it's as good as a play—as good as a play!"

As the wretched creature mumbled and chuckled in her hideous merriment, the undertaker turned to go away.

"Stop, stop!" said the old woman, in a loud whisper. "Will she be buried to-morrow—or next day—or to-night? I laid her out, and I must walk, you know. Send me a large cloak—a good warm one, for it is bitter cold. We should have cake and wine too before we go! Never mind: send some bread—only a loaf of bread and a cup of water. Shall we have some bread, dear?" she said eagerly, catching at the undertaker's coat, as he once more moved towards the door.

"Yes, yes," said the undertaker, "of course; any thing, every thing." He disengaged himself from the old woman's grasp, and, dragging Oliver after him, hurried away.

• The next day (the family having been mean-while relieved with a half-quartern loaf and a piece of cheese, left with them by Mr Bumble himself), Oliver and his master returned to the miserable abode, where Mr Bumble had already arrived, accompanied by four men from the workhouse, who were to act as bearers. An old black cloak had been thrown over the rags of the old woman and the man; the bare coffin, having been screwed down, was then hoisted on the shoulders of the bearers, and carried down stairs into the street.

"Now, you must put your best leg foremost, old lady," whispered Sowerberry in the old woman's ear; "we are rather late, and it won't do to keep the clergyman waiting. Move on, my men—as quick as you like."

Thus directed, the bearers trotted on, under their light burden, and the two mourners kept as near them as they could. Mr Bumble and Sowerberry walked at a good smart pace in front; and Oliver, whose legs were not as long as his master's, ran by the side.

There was not so great a necessity for hurrying as Mr Sowerberry had anticipated, however; for when they reached the obscure corner of the churchyard, in which the nettles grew, and the parish graves were made, the clergyman had not arrived, and the clerk, who was sitting by the vestry-room fire, seemed to think it by no means improbable that it might be an hour or so before he came. So they set the bier down on the brink of the grave; and the two mourners waited patiently in the damp clay with a cold rain drizzling down, while the ragged boys, whom the spectacle had attracted into the churchyard, played a noisy game at hide-and-seek among the tombstones, or varied their amusements by jumping backwards and forwards over the coffin. Mr

Sowerberry and Bumble, being personal friends of the clerk, sat by the fire with him, and read the paper.

‘At length, after the lapse of something more than an hour, Mr Bumble, and Sowerberry, and the clerk, were seen running towards the grave; and immediately afterwards the clergyman appeared, putting on his surplice as he came along. Mr Bumble then threshed a boy or two, to keep up appearances; and the reverend gentleman, having read as much of the burial-service as could be compressed into four minutes, gave his surplice to the clerk, and ran away again.

‘“Now, Bill,” said Sowerberry to the grave-digger, “fill up.”

‘It was no very difficult task, for the grave was so full that the uppermost coffin was within a few feet of the surface. The grave-digger shovelled in the earth, stamped it loosely down with his feet, shouldered his spade, and walked off, followed by the boys, who murmured very loud complaints at the fun being over so soon.

‘“Come, my good fellow,” said Bumble, tapping the man on the back, “they want to shut up the yard.”

‘The man, who had never once moved since he had taken his station by the grave side, started, raised his head, stared at the person who had addressed him, walked forward for a few paces, and then fell down in a fit. The crazy old woman was too much occupied in bewailing the loss of her cloak (which the undertaker had taken off) to pay him any attention; so they threw a can of cold water over him, and when he came to, saw him safely out of the churchyard, locked the gate, and departed on their different ways.

‘“Well, Oliver,” said Sowerberry, as they walked home, “how do you like it?”

‘“Pretty well, thank you, sir,” replied Oliver, with considerable hesitation. “Not very much, sir.”

‘“Ah, you ’ll get used to it in time, Oliver,” said Sowerberry. “Nothing when you *are* used to it, my boy.”

‘Oliver wondered in his own mind whether it had taken a very long time to get Mr Sowerberry used to it; but he thought it better not to ask the question, and walked back to the shop, thinking over all he had seen and heard.

This is admirably told. There is no unwise attempt to give force and impressiveness to the gloomy picture by dwelling long and painfully on loathsome details; or by an abundant use of exaggerated expressions. He has wisely trusted to those better means of producing effect—a skilful selection of circumstances, and an earnest simplicity of language. Oliver’s companion, a charity-school boy, attempts to tyrannize over him, with all the insolence of a base nature proud of finding himself in contact with one still weaker, and, as he thinks, humbler in station than himself. Oliver resists, is unjustly punished by his employer—runs away to London—is found, tired, houseless, penniless, and almost famished, by a young thief, who decoys him to the house of a Jew, a receiver of stolen goods, who keeps and trains

up boys for plunder. Here the unsuspecting Oliver, touched by the apparently disinterested kindness with which he is treated, is subjected to a cautious and gradual initiation into the practice of larceny.

“ Well,” said the Jew, glancing slyly at Oliver, and addressing himself to the Dodger, “ I hope you’ve been at work this morning, my dears.”

“ I had,” replied the Dodger.

“ As nails,” added Charley Bates.

“ Good boys, good boys!” said the Jew. “ What have *you* got, Dodger?”

“ A couple of pocket-books,” replied that young gentleman.

“ Lined?” enquired the Jew, with trembling eagerness.

“ Pretty well,” replied the Dodger, producing two pocket-books, one green and the other red.

“ Not so heavy as they might be,” said the Jew, after looking at the insides carefully; “ but very neat, and nicely made. Ingenious workman, ain’t he, Oliver?”

“ Very, indeed, sir,” said Oliver. At which Mr Charles Bates laughed uproariously, very much to the amazement of Oliver, who saw nothing to laugh at, in any thing that had passed.

“ And what have you got, my dear?” said Fagin to Charley Bates.

“ Wipes,” replied Master Bates; at the same time producing four pocket-handkerchiefs.

“ Well,” said the Jew, inspecting them closely; “ they’re very good ones—very. You haven’t marked them well, though, Charley; so the marks shall be picked out with a needle, and we’ll teach Oliver how to do it. Shall us, Oliver, eh?—Ha! ha! ha!”

“ If you please, sir,” said Oliver.

“ You’d like to be able to make pocket-handkerchiefs as easy as Charley Bates, wouldn’t you, my dear?” said the Jew.

“ Very much indeed, if you’ll teach me, sir,” replied Oliver.

Master Bates saw something so exquisitely ludicrous in this reply that he burst into another laugh; which laugh meeting the coffee he was drinking, and carrying it down some wrong channel, very nearly terminated in his premature suffocation.

“ He is so jolly green,” said Charley when he recovered, as an apology to the company for his unpolite behaviour.

The Dodger said nothing, but he smoothed Oliver’s hair down over his eyes, and said he’d know better by-and-by; upon which the old gentleman, observing Oliver’s colour mounting, changed the subject by asking whether there had been much of a crowd at the execution that morning. This made him wonder more and more, for it was plain from the replies of the two boys that they had both been there; and Oliver naturally wondered how they could possibly have found time to be so very industrious.

When the breakfast was cleared away, the merry old gentleman and the two boys played at a very curious and uncommon game, which was

performed in this way :—The merry old gentleman, placing a snuff-box in one pocket of his trousers, a note-case in the other, and a watch in his waistcoat-pocket, with a guard-chain round his neck, and sticking a mock diamond pin in his shirt, buttoned his coat tight round him, and, putting his spectacle-case and handkerchief in the pockets, trotted up and down the room with a stick, in imitation of the manner in which old gentlemen walk about the streets every hour in the day. Sometimes he stopped at the fire-place, and sometimes at the door, making belief that he was staring with all his might into shop-windows. At such times he would look constantly round him for fear of thieves, and keep slapping all his pockets in turn to see that he hadn't lost any thing, in such a very funny and natural manner, that Oliver laughed till the tears ran down his face. All this time the two boys followed him closely about, getting out of his sight so nimbly every time he turned round, that it was impossible to follow their motions. At last the Dodger trode upon his toes, or ran upon his boot accidentally, while Charley Bates stumbled up against him behind; and in that one moment they took from him, with the most extraordinary rapidity, snuff-box, note-case, watch-guard, chain, shirt-pin, pocket-handkerchief—even the spectacle-case. If the old gentleman felt a hand in any one of his pockets, he cried out where it was, and then the game began all over again.

‘When this game had been played a great many times, a couple of young ladies came to see the young gentlemen, one of whom was called Bet and the other Nancy. They wore a good deal of hair, not very neatly turned up behind, and were rather untidy about the shoes and stockings. They were not exactly pretty, perhaps; but they had a great deal of colour in their faces, and looked quite stout and hearty. Being remarkably free and agreeable in their manners, Oliver thought them very nice girls indeed, as there is no doubt they were.

‘These visitors stopped a long time. Spirits were produced, in consequence of one of the young ladies complaining of a coldness in her inside, and the conversation took a very convivial and improving turn. At length Charley Bates expressed his opinion that it was time to pad the hoof, which it occurred to Oliver must be French for going out; for directly afterwards the Dodger, and Charley, and the two young ladies went away together, having been kindly furnished with money to spend, by the amiable old Jew.

‘“There, my dear,” said Fagin, “that’s a pleasant life, isn’t it? They have gone out for the day.”

‘“Have they done work, sir?” enquired Oliver.

‘“Yes,” said the Jew; “that is, unless they should unexpectedly come across any when they are out; and they won’t neglect it if they do, my dear, depend upon it.

‘“Make ’em your models, my dear, make ’em your models,” said the Jew, tapping the fire-shovel on the hearth to add force to his words; “do every thing they bid you, and take their advice in all matters, especially the Dodger’s, my dear. He’ll be a great man himself, and make you one too, if you take pattern by him. Is my handkerchief hanging out of my pocket, my dear?” said the Jew, stopping short.

"Yes, sir," said Oliver.

"See if you can take it out, without my feeling it, as you saw them do when we were at play this morning."

Oliver held up the bottom of the pocket with one hand as he had seen the Dodger do, and drew the handkerchief lightly out of it with the other.

"Is it gone?" cried the Jew.

"Here it is, sir," said Oliver, showing it in his hand.

"You're a clever boy, my dear," said the playful old gentleman, patting Oliver on the head approvingly; "I never saw a sharper lad. Here's a shilling for you. If you go on in this way, you'll be the greatest man of the time. And now come here, and I'll show you how to take the marks out of the handkerchiefs."

Oliver wondered what picking the old gentleman's pocket in play had to do with his chances of being a great man; but thinking that the Jew, being so much his senior, must know best, followed him quietly to the table, and was soon deeply involved in his new study.

Oliver is at length allowed to accompany the two young pick-pockets in the pursuit of their vocation, the real nature of which he had never understood, and which he at length, to his horror, discovers. The young thieves slink off with their booty, leaving Oliver to be pursued, taken, and carried to a police-office, where a scene ensues which, we trust, is a very exaggerated representation of the mode in which the law was recently administered. Oliver is exonerated from the charge, and rescued from his horrible situation by the humanity of the person robbed, who gives him an asylum in his own house. Going out on an errand, he is kidnapped by the Jew's associates, and carried back to the Jew's house, where he is kept in strict confinement, under a hope that his spirit may at length be broken, and that, with a view to better his condition, he may become a willing participator in crime. Throughout all this part of the story the machinery of crime is very skilfully and strikingly unfolded. At length occurs the following dialogue between a housebreaker and the Jew.

"Now, my dear, about that crib at Chertsey; when is it to be done, Bill, eh—when is it to be done? Such plate, my dear, such plate!" said the Jew, rubbing his hands, and elevating his eyebrows in a rapture of anticipation.

"Not at all," replied Sikes, coldly.

"Not to be done at all!" echoed the Jew, leaning back in his chair.

"No, not at all," rejoined Sikes; "at least it can't be a put-up job, as we expected."

"Then it hasn't been properly gone about," said the Jew, turning pale with anger. "Don't tell me!"

"But I will tell you," retorted Sikes. "Who are you that's not to

be told? I tell you that Toby Crackit has been hanging about the place for a fortnight, and he can't get one of the servants into a line."

"Do you mean to tell me, Bill," said the Jew, softening as the other grew heated, "that neither of the two men in the house can be got over?"

"Yes, I do mean to tell you so," replied Sikes. "The old lady has had 'em these twenty year; and if you were to give 'em five hundred pound, they wouldn't be in it."

"But do you mean to say, my dear," remonstrated the Jew, "that the women can't be got over?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Sikes.

"Not by flash Toby Crackit?" said the Jew, incredulously. "Think what women are, Bill."

"No; not even by flash Toby Crackit," replied Sikes. "He says he's worn sham whiskers and a canary waistcoat the whole blessed time he's been loitering down there, and it's all of no use."

"He should have tried mustachios and a pair of military trousers, my dear," said the Jew, after a few moments' reflection.

"So he did," rejoined Sikes, "and they warn't of no more use than the other plant."

The Jew looked very blank at this information, and, after ruminating for some minutes with his chin sunk on his breast, raised his head, and said with a deep sigh that, if flash Toby Crackit reported aright, he feared the game was up.

"And yet," said the old man, dropping his hands on his knees, "it's a sad thing, my dear, to lose so much when we had set our hearts upon it."

"So it is," said Mr Sikes; "worse luck!"

A long silence ensued, during which the Jew was plunged in deep thought, with his face wrinkled into an expression of villany perfectly demoniacal. Sikes eyed him furtively from time to time; and Nancy, apparently fearful of irritating the housebreaker, sat with her eyes fixed upon the fire, as if she had been deaf to all that passed.

"Fagin," said Sikes, abruptly breaking the stillness that prevailed, "is it worth fifty shiners extra if it's safely done from the outside?"

"Yes," said the Jew, suddenly rousing himself as if from a trance.

"Is it a bargain?" enquired Sikes.

"Yes, my dear, yes," rejoined the Jew, grasping the other's hand, his eyes glistening and every muscle in his face working with the excitement that the enquiry had awakened.

"Then," said Sikes, thrusting aside the Jew's hand with some disdain, "let it come off as soon as you like. Toby and I were over the garden-wall the night afore last, sounding the panels of the doors and shutters: the crib's barred up at night like a jail, but there's one part we can crack, safe and softly."

"Which is that, Bill?" asked the Jew eagerly.

"Why," whispered Sikes, "as you cross the lawn"——

"Yes, yes," said the Jew, bending his head forward, with his eyes almost starting out of it.

"Umph!" cried Sikes, stopping short as the girl, scarcely moving her head, looked suddenly round and pointed for an instant to the Jew's face. "Never mind which part it is. You can't do it without me, I know; but it's best to be on the safe side when one deals with you."

"As you like, my dear, as you like," replied the Jew, biting his lip. "Is there no help wanted but yours and Tohy's?"

"None," said Sikes, "cept a centre-bit and a boy; the first we've both got; the second you must find us."

"A boy!" exclaimed the Jew. "Oh! then it is a panel, eh?"

"Never mind wot it is!" replied Sikes; "I want a boy, and he mustn't be a big un. Lord!" said Mr Sikes, reflectively, "if I'd only got that young boy of Ned, the chimbley-sweeper's!—he kept him small on purpose, and let him out by the job. But the father gets lagged, and then the Juvenile Delinquent Society comes, and takes the boy away from a trade where he was arning money, teaches him to read and write, and in time makes a 'prentice of him. And so they go on," said Mr Sikes, his wrath rising with the recollection of his wrongs,—“so they go on; and, if they'd got money enough (which it's a Providence they have not), we shouldn't have half-a-dozen boys left in the whole trade in a year or two.”

It is suggested that Oliver may be made serviceable, and he is consigned to the tender mercies of the burglars, to be used as their instrument on this occasion. The attempt fails; the burglars escape; Oliver is wounded and left; and once more his rescue from the fangs of his instructors in crime appears to be achieved.

We have given the foregoing faint outline chiefly for the purpose of making our extracts more intelligible—but it can afford very little idea of the interest of a story of which the merit lies chiefly in the details; and in which, moreover, there are sundry incidents which it is not necessary to mention here, which seem to point to the possible discovery of Oliver's parentage, and invest it with much of that mysterious interest which is always a useful ingredient in fiction. The author, however, must beware lest he converts a certain Mr Monks who figures in the latter chapters, into a mere melo-dramatic villain of romance. There is such perfect truthfulness in the generality of his characters, that deviations from nature are less tolerable than when found in other works. Unfinished as this tale still is, it is the best example which Mr Dickens has yet afforded of his power to produce a good novel; but it cannot be considered a conclusive one. The difficulties to which he is exposed in his present periodical mode of writing are, in some respects, greater than if he allowed himself a wider field, and gave his whole work to the public at once. But he would be subjected to a severer criticism if his fiction could be read

continuedly—if his power of maintaining a sustained interest could be tested—if his work could be viewed as a connected whole, and its object, plan, consistency, and arrangement brought to the notice of the reader at once. This ordeal cannot be passed triumphantly without the aid of other qualities than necessarily belong to the most brilliant sketcher of detached scenes. We do not, however, mean to express a doubt that Mr Dickens can write with judgment as well as with spirit. His powers of observation and description are qualities rarer, and less capable of being acquired, than those which would enable him to combine the scattered portions of a tale into one consistent and harmonious whole. If he will endeavour to supply whatever may be effected by care and study—avoid imitation of other writers—keep nature steadily before his eyes—and check all disposition to exaggerate—we know no writer who seems likely to attain higher success in that rich and useful department of fiction which is founded on faithful representations of human character, as exemplified in the aspects of English life.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of Sir William Knighton, G.C.H., Keeper of the Privy Purse during the Reign of His Majesty King George the Fourth, including his Correspondence with many Distinguished Personages.* By LADY KNIGHTON. 4to. London: 1838.

WE respect, of course, as every one must respect, the amiable feelings in which this publication originates; but we must altogether withhold from it the praise of sound discretion; and it is exactly what we have a right to complain of, when private feeling, how natural soever, impels individuals to come before the public needlessly and unfitly, that the critic's duty cannot be discharged without giving pain, where he had the least desire to annoy, in bosoms already suffering under sorrow for lost friends. But nothing can be more clear than the course prescribed to us in the present case, although few things can be more ungrateful. If Sir William Knighton be only regarded as a private man,—the tender husband of the widowed authoress, the exemplary parent of her children, a man irreproachable in all the relations of family and of friendship,—his memory deserves to be cherished in the circle which mourns so irreparable a loss; but his '*Memoirs*' have no title whatever to be brought before the world. If, on the other hand, his character as a public man,—one filling a high and important station in the sovereign's service,—he in question, then,

no doubt, the narrative of his life is full of interest, the world is well entitled to ask for it, and his family is fully justified in publishing it. But it also follows, that the whole story must be told; that his transactions must be detailed in full; that the reader must be put in a condition to know what he really did;—in other words, that a book must be prepared as different from the volume before us as it is possible to conceive. In this work not one thing is told of any importance whatever relating to Sir William Knighton's proceedings. Every thing is studiously left a blank; all that he was about, at all times, is as scrupulously concealed as if there were some reason for drawing over his life so impenetrable a veil: every thing is made a mystery of, as if there were something to conceal. Nor, let us add, can any thing be more injurious to the memory of a very worthy man than these perpetual omissions, this systematic obscurity. Things, very possibly of no account, thus acquire an ideal importance, as objects are magnified when dimly seen in the twilight. Plans, operations, journeys all over Europe, sudden trips to Windsor, letters calling on him to attend the King at a moment's warning, dark hints that a minute's delay may prove fatal, expressions of intense anxiety from the King that he may speedily return to England when such concerns are at stake—all this may relate to the most harmless trifles in the world, magnified into extreme importance by the anxiety and irritability of the spoilt children of fortune; to whom possibly they relate only in their capacity of grown-up, or rather grey-haired, children. Yet it must be confessed that the reader of this huge and empty volume would naturally enough draw a very opposite conclusion from the studied mystery and obscurity in which all but the announcement and title of things is wrapt; and the total absence, without one single exception, of explanation, as often as any allusion is made to any matter of apparent magnitude or interest. If, indeed, in extenuation of this absurd and worse than absurd proceeding (for it is blameable as tending to deception) it shall be urged that the events are too recent to permit full disclosures, by which many interests might still be affected, and some living persons be injured or offended, then the answer is quite obvious—that the same circumstance should have prescribed the suppression of the publication altogether; until such time as it could be with honesty, and without impropriety, fully and fairly made. As the work now stands, it is a mere empty tribute to the family vanity of letting the world see how much Sir William Knighton was conversant with persons of high rank and great name—above all, how entirely he enjoyed George the Fourth's confidence and friendship; and how he was continually employed by him in a number of things, every one of which is most care-

fully concealed—every one of which may have been, and we verily believe to have been, extremely trivial and harmless—but every one of which, it may, for any thing that this intended defence of his memory tells to the contrary, have been utterly improper that any but a responsible Minister should even be informed of; or that any man, whether in or out of the Government, should ever have intermeddled with at all. The ill-advised authors of this work have themselves to blame if the world shall prove less charitable than we are, and shall lean towards the alternative of the latter possibility.

Sir William Knighton appears to have been the issue of an imprudent marriage, which withdrew from his father the protection of his family. The objections made by the grandfather, a gentleman of some property in Devonshire, may be supposed to have been without foundation; for his mother is described as an excellent and sensible woman, to whom her children were much attached. Nevertheless, their circumstances were so reduced in consequence of the quarrel, that in one of his letters he represents a question as having been at one time raised, whether or not he and his infant sister should be thrown for support upon the parish. A legacy of five hundred pounds was, however, left by the grandfather, which contributed to Sir William's education; and he recovered a small estate, which, having been purchased after the date of the will, the uncle, in whose favour his father was disinherited, had no right to retain.

In his early years he was peculiarly fortunate; for he was placed under Dr Gooch, a skilful practitioner and humane man, who encouraged him and educated him for the medical profession. Of this gentleman he always speaks with great admiration and affection. Another practitioner of Plymouth, Mr Haminick (now Sir Stephen, and resident in London), is also most justly commended by him whenever he has occasion to mention him. Few greater ornaments either to the medical or surgical professions are, we believe, now to be found.

Dr Knighton's success in Plymouth was, from the first, such as might have satisfied a confined ambition; but his ambition was of far other dimensions. He soon removed to London, and after taking a house with a view to practice, found the rules of the College excluded him from it; and was obliged to part with both house and furniture, and proceed to Edinburgh, where he studied hard at his profession, and took his degree, which overcame the difficulty with the London College. It should be mentioned to his honour (which, however, with all else that is interesting, this book omits) that he received considerable kindness, while a student in our northern metropolis, from Dr Gooch

and another friend, to both of whom he showed himself fully grateful, by his strenuous exertions in their behalf as soon as he had it in his power to patronise them. Dr Gooch owed to his interest the appointment in the King's household, which he enjoyed till his death. An excellent letter from Northcote the painter was received by Dr Knighton while at Edinburgh; from which we extract an account of the delusion then prevailing respecting the 'young Roscius'; premising, that the powers of acting which children, at least boys, possess, were little known, or had been carelessly observed in those days, although no one could doubt them who had attended school exhibitions: and almost all schoolmasters were observed to think less of young Betty than others who witnessed his performances.

'The whole attention here has been of late entirely taken up by the young Roscius: he and Bonaparte now divide the world, though in our region he has by far the largest part. He has now fifty pounds a night; but when this short engagement is expired, he is to have a hundred pounds a night, and one or two benefits. He at present gets between four and five thousand a year. This is, I believe, the first instance that ever happened in the world since the creation, of a child so much under age getting such an income by any ability.

'I think he is very excellent; his gracefulness is unparalleled; and the violence of the desire to see him either on or off the stage is like a madness in the people. I have, by means of Mr Parker, had him to sit for a full-length portrait, which is now finished. I much wish you and Mrs Knighton could see it, as it is thought the best picture I have done, and a strong likeness; but I found him a most impatient, restless sitter. It is to be engraved by Heath in the line manner; the plate to be the sole property of the father of the boy. He is to give Heath eight hundred pounds for doing it, who will be more than a twelve-month working on it. He says he shall make it the finest plate that has ever been done in England, as he thinks the picture is better calculated for a print than any picture he ever saw.

'I hope you will not hurt your health by too close an application to your studies. From seven in the morning till five in the evening is much too long; and then to have nothing but oatmeal to live on, which is the only food to be got, they say, in Scotland.

'Perhaps you might like I should describe the picture which I have done of the young Roscius. It is a full-length figure, dressed in a black Vandyke dress, such as he has in acting the character of Hamlet; he is in the action of going up steps to a kind of altar, on which is placed the bust of Shakspeare; at the bottom of the steps is a tripod, with the smoke of incense burning; at the other side are the implements of tragedy, viz. dagger, cup, &c. I have seen a good deal of the young Roscius; have dined in his company several times; went to the Tower with him and Sir George and Lady Beaumont, where we spent the whole day in seeing sights; and it was curious to see what a mob of people gathered when he was known; and at the time he goes to the

playhouse, a much greater mob is seen than ever there was to see the King pass.'

Nothing appears to us so singular in Dr Knighton's history as the unabated confidence which he always felt in his success. He seems never to have doubted it for a moment, any more than if failure had been absolutely impossible. When he returned from Edinburgh, he immediately took the house in Hanover Square, in which he resided almost all his after life. In a year or two he had got into considerable practice; to which his very agreeable manners, and his great skill as an accoucheur mainly contributed; though his Devonshire connexions were also of material service. From the following observations, in one of his letters, we should be led to suppose that he never was deeply grounded in medical science; it seems, also, hardly possible that Dr Hunter, that is William, could be ignorant of his profession, though certainly John, his much more celebrated brother, is known to have been a man who owed immeasurably less to study than to the force of his natural genius.

'With respect to great learning in the study of physic, I hold it to be the most invaluable friend a man can have; not in the cure of diseases, because many an eminent physician, eminent really in the science, has been formed without it; as, for instance, the accurate Dr Hunter, who, Sir Francis Milman told me, could scarcely write a common prescription. The aid it gives, then, is a firmness and self-consequence to the mind in difficulties, which nothing can shake, lessen, or overturn. I need not tell you how little depends on learning in recommending you to the fashionable world as a physician; and I have often thought it was a fine answer of Diogenes, who, being asked in mockery why philosophers were the followers of rich men, and not rich men of philosophers, replied, "Because the one knew what they had need of, and the other did not."

From 1806, when he settled finally in London, to 1809, his success was progressive; and in the summer of the latter year, he was engaged by Lord Wellesley to accompany him in his famous mission to Spain. The Journal which he kept affords a few pages of some interest, though very much less than might have been expected from a well-informed man, which the Doctor probably was not; or from an acute and intelligent man, which he very certainly was. That he was any thing rather than an accurate thinker, except upon ordinary subjects, the following sample may show. Being informed that both Pitt and Fox had closely examined the Scriptures, in order to make up their mind as to the truth of revelation, he enters the matter thus in his diary. 'Sydenham informed me that — had told him 'that Mr Pitt and Fox had both examined the records of scrip-

'ture with scrupulous care, with a view of satisfying their minds 'as to a future state; that the result on Mr Pitt's mind was 'perfect conviction; but the effect on Mr Fox's he could not 'find out.' Nothing can be more inaccurate than to say that any one could examine the New Testament in order to find whether or not it proved the immortality of the soul; of which doctrine, being contained in the Scriptures, no human being ever could doubt. The question to determine which the examination was undertaken, of course, was as to the authenticity of the Book.

The Journal gives an account from Lord Wellesley of the great effects produced by Mr Pitt's celebrated speech on the Slave Trade; and alludes, in language which we will venture to say never was heard from the noble Marquis, to 'the ridicule of 'Lord Carhampton against the project of *emancipating* slaves;' as proving irresistible to the House, although Mr Pitt would not allow himself to laugh at his jokes. No specimen is given of what proved so effectual with all the House, except Mr Pitt. We believe it will be found to be this. Mr Beaufoy was in the chair of the committee of the whole House; and, according to his wont, had his hair plastered down close to his head; when Lord Carhampton, speaking of some other atrocities which were suffered to pass unrep rehended by the abolitionists, said, after describing them, 'Scenes like these would make even *your* hair stand 'on end, Mr Beaufoy.' This piece of very broad humour, nearly approaching to a practical joke, certainly produced the greatest merriment in the House; but that Mr Pitt refused to join in it, we imagine must be a mistake.

In the course of the Spanish journey which Dr Knighton made with Lord Wellesley, his rage against the newspaper press breaks out with much fierceness. 'We received the newspapers' (says he), 'and with them the periodical code of blasphemy and falsehood. It is not easy to convey to you the sensation produced 'in one's mind on reading the mistatements, the gross abuse, and 'direct lies, &c. contained in the public prints on the affairs of 'Spain.' He proceeds to give instances, certainly very strong ones, of the utter groundlessness of the stories propagated in these vehicles of intelligence respecting the mission of Lord Wellesley; and ends by declaring that the papers are written by 'wretches 'whose every principle is obnoxious to virtue.' We never saw such a furious attack, unless, perhaps, that of honest J. Reiske, the commentator, who, in his edition of the Greek Orators, thus salutes the 'gentlemen of the press.' 'Ejusmodi libelli menstrui 'sunt buccina Diaboli, vel Erynneos, aut Bellonæ, ut veteres 'loquebantur, cujus boatum cum audieris, suspiceris quis inflâ-
'rit.' And elsewhere the same very learned and excellent man

adds—‘*Venalibus ephemerum scriptoribus*’ (having already disposed of the monthly writers), ‘*quorum aut fames, aut invidia, aut gratia, aut studium partium, agit et gubernat stylum.*’ Let us, however, in freely admitting all that can be urged against the Periodical Press for its hastiness, its prejudices, its insolence, ask those who thus assail it, whether much of its errors and its offences be not inseparable from its very nature, and whether the question is not, ‘Are we to have periodical writings or ‘no?’ If, on a given day, a certain size of volume must be published, whether the editors are prepared with materials or not, the inevitable consequence must be, that the volume will sometimes be made up of inferior matter. But how is it if the bulk required is to be published every month? Then indeed, the *libelli menstrui* may well be expected to abound in errors, and to fall short of any thing valuable or interesting. Then what shall we say of the hard necessities of the *ephemerum scriptores*,—the authors of daily papers? Surely, if each day something must be said upon almost every subject that interests the world—if the

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus—

must be the ‘*farrago libelli*’—surely, surely, they who demand this supply for their breakfast-table, have no more right to complain of crude, and hasty, and ill-concocted matter, in a morning print, than they would have if they required fruits of the summer at Christmas-tide, or insisted on game being served up in March, to complain that the grapes were tasteless, or the grouse lean. But this is not all, nor any thing like it. Misrepresentations of fact are complained of; rash and wrong opinions are blamed; and doubtless the facts are frequently mistated, and the opinions are often wrong. But what would the readers say if no intelligence were ever given in the papers, except what the Gazette or the Parliamentary papers vouched for correct; and if no opinions were delivered until the thorough discussion of each subject in Parliamentary debates had settled what view of the matter was the soundest and the safest? It is quite clear—so clear that no doubt can possibly be entertained on the subject—that if we insist upon having daily chroniclers of the times, and daily discussers of all political questions, we must lay our account with many an error, both of fact and of opinion, being found to stud thickly the page of the Journalist.

All this we say without in the slightest degree pretending to justify the *wilful* breaches of veracity, or of justice, or of charity which daily are committed. Our vindication goes only to the unavoidable errors incident to the Journalist’s vocation. We firmly believe that these bear a very large proportion indeed to

the former and guilty class. We also can regard with no feelings but those of unqualified contempt and disgust, the conduct systematically pursued by some newspapers, who, though their best and only excuse is the necessary haste in which they must be written, never avail themselves of this defence; but having, from this circumstance, fallen into some error injurious to any person, or hurtful to any cause, wilfully persist in it against all evidence, against their own knowledge and conviction,—‘sinning against the light,’—and pervert every fact which they cannot help stating, and suppress every fact which they can venture to conceal, lest they should seem to confess having committed a mistake, in circumstances in which nothing but perfect infallibility could avoid repeated errors. This is too common a vice of the Press; it is by far the worst and most wicked part of its conduct.

The Doctor returned with Lord Wellesley in October 1809; and a paragraph of ten lines and a half disposes of the whole of his life between that period and the end of 1817; being precisely at the rate of one line and a quarter for each year. And yet this period embraces about the whole of his professional life! His going to Spain with Lord Wellesley was proof sufficient that he had only then entered on his profession, in which, indeed, he had been but three years even nominally employed; consequently the whole of his medical career is passed over in silence; for, having been introduced to the Regent by his patron Lord Wellesley, and having obtained a Baronetcy through the same powerful interest in 1812, he was, at the end of 1817, appointed Auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall; and from that period he gradually retired from practice, and became a courtier and a politician, although it was not till a few years later that he formally relinquished his profession. Such letters as the following show how indispensable he had soon become to George IV.

‘ My dear Knighton,

‘ Let me entreat of you, if you possibly can, to call upon me to-morrow morning, if your health will in any way admit of it, *at latest by eleven o’clock*. I am so overburthened, that I must *absolutely* see you.—Always most affectionately yours,

‘ G. R.’

The date of this short epistle makes its terms sufficiently expressive, ‘ Friday night, or rather Saturday morning, May 12, ‘ 13, 1820.’ This was at the moment when the King was most embarrassed by the expected arrival of his Royal Consort.

The editor of this volume has been led to state, doubtless from believing it, that ‘ Sir William having been in attendance on the ‘ Regent in the night when intelligence was brought of the termination of his father’s life, the fatal tidings were received by

‘the Prince with a burst of grief that was very affecting.’ If the participle were changed to the past tense, and *affected* substituted for ‘*affecting*,’ no one could doubt the statement; but, taken literally, it is utterly absurd. What! when George III. had been confined as a lunatic for near ten years, and when his son was hourly expecting, and thus prepared to hear of his death for twenty-four hours, to pretend that he could have suffered a paroxysm of grief on the arrival of the intelligence, is too ridiculous to deceive a child of four years old. Respect—a decent respect—for the memory of George IV. forbids us to believe so discreditable a piece of hypocrisy, as the whole scene must have been if it was ever enacted at all.

When we turn to the page or two after, and find his conduct at the unexpected death of his wife, whom his cruel, and perfidious, and unmanly treatment had brought to an untimely grave—the death of ‘Caroline of Brunswick, the murdered Queen of England,’—we find, indeed, an appalling contrast to the former passage. We have a letter dated, ‘Off Holyhead, August 10, 1821,’ in which the King thus writes:—

‘Dearest Friend,

‘As I know you like brevity in writing, I shall endeavour to be as concise as possible, and shall try to convey to you all the matter possible in the smallest compass.

‘I must first thank you for your kind letters, the last of which I have now just received. You need not be under any apprehension that every regard to decorum and decency will not be strictly observed.

‘I have now been at anchor in this harbour ever since Monday night at half-past eleven, when we received the first intimation of the Queen’s indisposition.’

Now, no man can doubt what the ‘*dearest friend*’ had written in his ‘*kind letters*.’ He must have conveyed something like this intelligence and advice—‘I have to inform you that the Queen ‘is given over, and you will soon hear of her decease. May I ‘beg and beseech of you to bridle any feelings of joy on the ‘occasion, and to comport yourself, as far as it is possible in such ‘circumstances, with decency and decorum.’ Accordingly, the tender husband informs his ‘*dearest friend*,’ whom he afterwards terms ‘*dear and best of friends*,’ that he has made arrangements of the most unexceptionably decorous kind for concealing his joy, and entering Dublin, whither he was then bound, in a private manner.

This was that famous expedition which he undertook for the purpose of talking over the Irish people, and making them take a few civil speeches and smiling looks, in lieu of Catholic Emancipation, which he was resolved to withhold, in breach of his

most solemn vows to them, and of cheap Government which he was unable to give if he would. It is needless to add, that his vain scheme had, with the Irish people and their leaders, a temporary success. Mr O'Connell, we have heard, was so charmed with the visit, that he proposed to found a society to be called the 'Society of the King's Letter'—(some trumpery string of empty and false flattery which he had written to his Irish subjects)—and headed a subscription to build his Majesty a new palace!

In this book, by far the most remarkable circumstance is the King's extraordinary regard for Sir William Knighton. Beside the constant expressions of the warmest attachment, there is a letter of sorrow at having given him some offence, very strange as coming from a monarch.

'You may easily imagine, warm and sincere as my affections are towards you, I have had but little rest since we separated last night. The feeling that I may possibly and unfortunately, in a hurried moment, when my mind and my heart were torn in fifty different ways from fifty different causes, have let an unjust or a hasty expression escape me to any one, but most especially to you, whom I so truly love, and who are so invaluable to me as my friend, is to me a sensation much too painful to be endured; therefore let me implore you to come to me, be it but for a moment, the very first thing you do this morning; for I shall hate myself until I have the opportunity of expressing personally to you those pure and genuine feelings of affection which will never cease to live in my heart so long as that heart itself continues to beat. I am much too unhappy *to say more, but that I am ever your affectionate friend,

G. R.

C. H.

'Wednesday morning, eight o'clock,

'July 11th, 1822.'

Many of the months that follow the King's expedition to Scotland in August 1822, appear to have been spent by Sir William Knighton in what the editor calls, 'confidential missions of interest to his Royal master.' On these, she says, 'he often travelled many nights together, without other rest than such as the carriage afforded.' But of what nature those missions were, to what matters they related—we are left altogether uninformed. Now, we will venture to predict with much confidence, that if she or any of Sir William's family were asked generally to what his missions related, the answer would be, to political affairs. If so, a very gross and unpardonable offence was committed by the King, in which Sir William was an accomplice; for the law of England is, that the King shall have no dealings whatever apart from his responsible advisers; and if he shall be suffered to confide state secrets to any physician whom he may please to have about his person, or any other private

and irresponsible favourite wholly unknown to the Constitution, there is an end of all security to the country that its affairs may not be grossly mismanaged, and its interests placed in extreme peril. If these things were indeed done by George IV., to and through Sir William Knighton, a grievous outrage was offered to the Constitution; and if the ostensible Ministers for the time being, the Cannings, and Liverpools, and Eldons of the day, knew of them, and consented to hold office while such doings, worthy of the worst despotisms of the Continent, were going on, there are no terms in which too great scorn of their meanness and subserviency can be expressed. It is much to be wished that no such matters should have occupied Sir William, and caused his frequent journeys, so mysteriously mentioned by the editor. These journeys may have related only to private and personal concerns; and in that case the Sovereign and his servant escape the condemnation of violating the most sacred principles of our Constitution; but the favourite ceases to hold a very dignified place in our eyes—for he becomes a mere agent of private work,—a character not certainly the most calculated to command our respect, and which a man might very well have sustained, who had neither studied and graduated at Edinburgh, nor attained the first rank among medical practitioners in London, nor been a really able, amiable, and accomplished member of society. Yet in one or other of these two positions is Sir William Knighton placed by this book which his family have published for his exaltation. It is no fault of ours that he is placed in such a dilemma. We dare to say it is no fault of many a sensible friend whom Lady Knighton has consulted before publishing her ill-advised work, and whose advice she has, according to the most approved female receipts, rejected when she found it unpalatable.

As how reluctantly George IV., with his self-indulgent habits, and in his nervous state, could be brought to do even the very little and easy business thrown upon him of signing papers, appears more than once in this work; which, with a singular disregard of every one's reputation except Sir William Knighton's, publishes all manner of letters, so that these shall only seem to do him honour. Mr Canning, in writing to Sir William, in the spring of 1826, says,—‘As his Majesty has found his hand, could you not submit, for his Majesty's signature, some of the Treasury warrants?’ ‘This is not my business otherwise than as the whole race of office-men look to the 5th of April (that is to say, for their pay), and will look in vain unless there be a Royal signature before that day to some one of the papers or parchments, I do not rightly know which.’ From hence we learn two things—first, that there was always the utmost difficulty in getting George IV.

to do any business, however pressing; and, secondly, that his Ministers, having on their shoulders the administration of our whole public affairs, chiefly desired their Royal master to exert himself, when the effort of the great man was wanted to facilitate the payment of wages.

We extract the following letter as a great curiosity in its way. It contains Sir William's opinion of the Apostle Paul, viewed in his character of a man of the world, a person of tact and conduct. The speed with which Sir William falls upon the part of the great Apostle's proceedings, in which his own forte lay, is very characteristic. We do not, however, think, that there appears any thing in Sir William's intellectual calibre, which gives him the right to say, 'I cannot sit down to talk with common minds,' &c. He seems, on the contrary, to have had as common a mind himself as ever man or woman, old or young, was endowed withal. A very amiable man, much attached to his family, willing to oblige his friends, full of gratitude for favours, extremely prone to respect the great, a most devoted servant to the greatest personage of all,—his understanding was neither naturally capacious, nor by cultivation enlarged beyond the most ordinary dimensions; although he had the tact of men who devote themselves to the acquirement of worldly wisdom, and the address and management which great assiduity, and much command of his feelings and passions, was sure to gain.

'I think I owe you a letter: it is a great happiness to me to write to you, for you are one of my principal comforts. I came to town last night, and although my evenings are lonely and silent, yet I so employ myself, that, like everything connected with time, they pass quickly away. I have scarcely been well since I left Hampshire; I have had continued colds, in consequence of which I have experienced what I consider an embarrassment about the heart: however, they say it is no such thing, and amongst the number is Sir Henry Hallford, which, as far as it goes is satisfactory. I am better to-day: after church, I walked out to see Wilkie, which has done me good. I cannot sit down to talk with common minds: it is a misfortune,—almost a vice; but, whatever the fault may be, I cannot help it. I have never cultivated the feeling; it was born with me. I remember, when a child, putting on my poor mother's white apron, and getting upon a chair to harangue the country domestics, because I thought I could improve them. This must have been at six years of age; so you see the early principle. Who fixed it there? I did not!

'My little drawing-room looks comfortable and companionable from my pictures. Every little specimen is a little history to me, and becomes a tale of time past. Ah! that quick passage of days leads rapidly to the grave. What then? What we must all hope for!—something better. I have been reading to-night St Paul's narrative, which I had in my hand for the morning portion of Scripture when at Blendworth.

I have been much struck at his worldly management throughout the whole of that business which led to his journey and residence at Rome. Common sense is evident throughout; and that sense separates itself in a remarkable manner from his spiritual conduct. Remark how admirably he contrives the distinction in all his conduct, words, and actions; taking the world as it was for the circumstances of the moment, and the great and momentous future results. This separation of conduct in relation to the words used is truly marvellous. One of the great points to be observed in life is to go so far, and no farther,—to stop at the right moment; in short, to be cautious of errors, and shun extremes.

‘This little note is written in a hand-gallop, as the thoughts will plainly evince. I shall have a busy day to-morrow; so good-night, dearest. Believe how much I love you.

‘W. K.’

Sir William was evidently an ill-educated man, and his ignorance extended even to the history of recent events: witness his speaking of the ‘Hall at Fontainebleau where Bonaparte dissolved ‘the National Convention.’ But, as often happens, he supplies by zeal his want of knowledge. Thus, he discovers that Lord Bacon was an infidel—a discovery, we believe, reserved for the age of Sir William Knighton. ‘He was,’ says he, ‘a very ‘intelligent observer of nature in every form’ (which he certainly was not), ‘but he wanted even the ordinary rules of the Christian creed, as connected with the moral principles. You may ‘suppose, then, what must have been his state as to spiritual ‘Christianity, which, in my opinion, is the only thing worth ‘resting upon.’

The following letter really seems to indicate that he was, at least on some occasions, employed in state affairs of a delicate and important nature by his patient and master:—

‘Windsor Castle, Jan. 28, 1829.

‘I begin to write to you this morning, before the second post comes in, by which I hope to hear from you or my dear ****. I am much better in health: this embarrassment is passing away; and lucky that it is so, for the King and the Duke of **** both asked me yesterday to go to Berlin immediately. However embarrassing and disagreeable such journeys are, both public and private, it was quite impossible for me to say no, because, in short, there is, I really believe, nobody else to be found at present that could undertake what is required, unless the Minister were to go himself, and that is impracticable. I did venture to observe to the King that I would gladly avoid such an expedition. His Majesty then said, ‘Is there any one else to whom you can entrust so important a matter? I told the ****,’ continued he, ‘that it was so disagreeable to me to have you from me, that it was quite painful; for, independent of other circumstances, I have the greatest confidence in you respecting my health, and I know you are honest in your advice. . . .’

‘I think his Majesty is surprised that his affairs have not become in-

volved during the last year, considering the very great expenses. I think also there has been so much going on, that the anxious thought has passed through his mind that perhaps there might be something wrong in his affairs.

‘I do not like to disturb dear William’s studies, nor will I take Joseph, because it will interfere with his comfort. I shall take Le Blanc with me, on whom I can thoroughly depend.

‘I am afraid I shall be absent a month or five weeks. I cannot travel at night at this season of the year, and the roads are heavy. If I get no unreasonable anxiety, the journey will do me no harm. I go up to town at daylight to-morrow morning. You may suppose what I have to do. Kiss my dear children. You shall hear from me again to-morrow.

‘Yours, &c.

W. K.’

But after the King’s death comes another mystery. Sir William’s journeys are not over. He is obliged to set out again and visit Paris ‘for the conclusion of some affairs connected with ‘his late situation with his Majesty;’—that is, private affairs of the King, for Sir William’s situation was that of Private Secretary. Now what affairs could our King have to transact at Paris? It is impossible to fathom their nature from the meagre hints and mysterious allusions contained in these pages; but also it is impossible to conceive any thing more strange than an English sovereign having private, and important, and evidently delicate concerns in Paris. There are four or five different secret expeditions of Sir William’s to Paris mentioned in the course of this jejune and unsatisfactory narrative, during George IV.’s lifetime. This journey, after the King’s death, gives Sir William an opportunity of venting his violent national and religious prejudices against the French. They have no religion, it seems. ‘The ‘truth is, that they have no Sabbath, and no religion; at least as ‘they keep not the one, they do not practise the other.’ Then they have no morality, and a queer proof is given. ‘It is a ‘curious fact that the lower classes who seldom or never steal, ‘should have no integrity of mind; whilst the English have integrity of mind, and yet scruple not to thief whenever an opportunity comes in their way. To sum up all, property in France ‘is almost constantly secure from theft, whilst in England double ‘doors and double locks give you no security.’ So, being unable to sleep on the road the night he left Paris, his thoughts ran upon the vices of that capital. ‘A greater abomination ‘of sin and wickedness cannot exist on earth. There is a ‘perpetual tumult and scramble, as it were, for some new device ‘to cultivate and develope with earnest zeal all the base and ‘sinful passions that belong to the worst parts of human nature.’ One is apt to wonder that he never should have fallen a musing, on his road between London and Windsor, on the kind of mass

which he had left behind him, from St James's, through St Giles's, all the way to Whitechapel, Gravel Lane, and Ratcliffe Highway.

The wise and virtuous conduct of the Duke of Wellington upon the question of the King dining in the City, November 1830, is thus stated from his own lips in Sir William's diary for that month; and we cite the words as worthy of the truly illustrious speaker: 'I would have gone, if the law had been equal to protect me; but that was not the case. Fifty dragoons on horseback would have done it; but that was a military force. If firing had begun, who could tell where it was to end? I know what street firing is: one guilty person would fall, and ten innocent be destroyed. Would this have been wise or humane, for a little bravado, or that the country might not be alarmed for a day or two? It is all over now, and in another week or two will be forgotten.'

The remaining part of Sir William's life appears to have been spent very much in the care of his health, which was gradually undermined by an organic disease of the heart. Constant but moderate journeys were recommended, with a view to afford him relief, probably by promoting sleep, and facilitating digestion. He frequently went to the Continent in the course of these excursions, and once travelled up the Rhine, and through Basil, into Switzerland. At Mentz, he met with some intelligent persons who gave him an account of young Napoleon, of whom they had seen much. It is worth transcribing.

'I have collected from some intelligent individuals who had an opportunity of knowing and witnessing the character of the son of Bonaparte, the Duke of Reichstadt, lately dead, that he was a youth of great intellectual promise. His education had been very much narrowed in the first years of his growing up. The name of his father was never mentioned; no resemblance of him hung in his rooms; all books containing his campaigns and his history were studiously kept from the youth. This plan was continued for some time, when a change took place, the reverse of that which in his earlier years was adopted. The result was, that his father became the object of his absolute idolatry. His actions, his looks, his thoughts, were all fashioned in imitation of his father. He thought it beneath him to attend balls, except upon very great occasions, lest it should bring him into too close a contact with the general mass of society. Upon the same principle, he had no intimacies with women, although those of rank and fashion endeavoured to attract his notice. He had collected knowledge, which, from the course of his education, no one knew how he had acquired: he was intimately acquainted with French literature, and, upon occasions, proved how thoroughly he was versed in its beauties, by the most apt and ready quotations. He disliked all those whom he considered as accessory to the downfall of Napoleon, and his confinement at St Helena.

‘When the French Minister was accredited to the court of Vienna from the new dynasty of Louis Philippe, there was a discussion whether the Duke de Reichstadt was, in conjunction with all the people of rank and station, to pay his compliments to the new French Minister. The Emperor said, “Let him do as he likes.” “Then,” said the young Duke, “I shall not go; for this Louis Philippe is but a thing like myself, and I have no desire to pay my court to him through his representative.”

‘The upper part of his face, it seems, was like Bonaparte; the lower part resembled the Austrian family. The Emperor was very fond of him, and there was a general grief throughout the palace when his death took place. He suffered much, but was never heard to utter a complaint; he was only known to say to an obscure servant, “They little know how much I suffer; but I think it beneath me to make those sufferings known by lamentations.” He died of consumption, which commenced about a year before it destroyed him. It is supposed that, being in the habit of rising at a very early hour to drill his battalion, and imprudently bathing after the execution of this duty, when under the influence of a full perspiration, his chest became affected, which terminated in death. It appears to have been one of his notions that no care should be taken of the body, and that it was unmanly not to run all risks, or to beware of this or that. In short, had he lived, ambition was his ruling passion; and it is not very difficult to foresee what that might have led to at no very distant period.’

Another memorandum in this volume is curious, as exceedingly characteristic of a very different kind of person. Many of our readers may have heard of Andrew Dickie, a gentleman of great honesty, and respectability in his station, which was that of confidential clerk, and afterwards partner in the great house of Messrs Coutts and Co., bankers in London. When on his deathbed, he sent for Sir William Knighton, who found him fast approaching to his latter end, but in perfect possession of his faculties. He squeezed Sir William’s hand, of which he kept hold affectionately during the whole interview. The following passage will show ‘the ruling passion strong in death;’ for the topics of praise and admiration are all closely connected with keeping accounts at a banker’s, which seems to have been the only test of either sense or virtue in this worthy man’s estimation.

‘Mr Dickie then entered on matters of business relating to the affairs of the late and present King. He afterwards spoke with great kindness of Sir G—— H——; said he was a good man, and most useful man of business. He stated that he had signed the executors’ account of his late Majesty, and added, that no accounts were ever more carefully or more scrupulously kept than those of his late Majesty’s Privy Purse. He then went on to state that he was at peace with all the world. He wept once whilst talking to me, and bade me farewell with the most sincere emphasis of affection.’

When a person is so much under the influence of religious impressions, as to believe any thing that happens to be a special interposition of Providence, we are little disposed to criticise austere, or to throw any damp upon so wholesome and amiable a feeling; nevertheless the subject is far too important to suffer that it should be debased by grossly injudicious treatment, and by errors and inconsistencies so glaring as to revolt any really religious and contemplative mind. What, for instance, can exceed the following error which occurs in a letter to a friend. A servant had received a severe injury by a gun of Sir William's son's bursting in his hand. Hear the moral which he draws from this accident:—'I am sorry for poor I ——'s accident. I do not understand what business he had with William's gun: the guns of gentlemen are generally considered as not to be used without permission or some specific order. This affair, however, I consider to come under the head of a particular Providence, for dear William might have used the gun next year, and the most disastrous results might have arisen. God be praised, and make me duly sensible of His great and continual mercies!' Now, did it never strike Sir William, that Providence might have as much care for 'poor B.'—though a servant, as for '*dear William*,' his son?

We have bestowed upon this work a space and an attention rather suited to the interest of its title than the value of its contents. But in the course of the examination which we have given it, occasion has been offered of bringing some interesting particulars before the reader, and of discussing briefly one or two important questions.

ART. V.—*Memoirs of the Life, Works, and Correspondence of Sir William Temple.* By the Right Hon. THOMAS PEREGRINE COURTENAY. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1836.

MR COURTENAY has long been well known to politicians as an industrious and useful official man, and as an upright and consistent member of Parliament. He has been one of the most moderate, and, at the same time, one of the least pliant members of the Conservative party. His conduct has, on some questions, been so Whiggish, that both those who applauded and those who condemned it have questioned his claim to be considered as a

Tory. But his Toryism, such as it is, he has held fast through all changes of fortune and fashion; and he has at last retired from public life, leaving behind him, to the best of our belief, no personal enemy, and carrying with him the respect and good-will of many who strongly dissent from his opinions.

This book, the fruit of Mr Courtenay's leisure, is introduced by a preface, in which he informs us, that the assistance furnished to him from various quarters 'has taught him the superiority of literature to politics for developing the kindlier feelings, and 'conducting to an agreeable life.' We are truly glad that Mr Courtenay is so well satisfied with his new employment, and we heartily congratulate him on having been driven by events to make an exchange which, advantageous as it is, few people make while they can avoid it. He has little reason, in our opinion, to envy any of those who are still engaged in a pursuit, from which, at most, they can only expect that, by relinquishing liberal studies and social pleasures,—by passing nights without sleep, and summers without one glimpse of the beauty of nature,—they may attain that laborious, that invidious, that closely watched slavery which is mocked with the name of Power.

The volumes before us are fairly entitled to the praise of diligence, care, good sense, and impartiality; and these qualities are sufficient to make a book valuable, but not quite sufficient to make it readable. Mr Courtenay has not sufficiently studied the arts of selection and compression. The information with which he furnishes us must still, we apprehend, be considered as so much raw material. To manufacturers it will be highly useful, but it is not yet in such a form that it can be enjoyed by the idle consumer. To drop metaphor, we are afraid that this work will be less acceptable to those who read for the sake of reading, than to those who read in order to write.

We cannot help adding, though we are extremely unwilling to quarrel with Mr Courtenay about politics, that the book would not be at all the worse if it contained fewer snarls against the Whigs of the present day. Not only are these passages out of place, but some of them are intrinsically such that they would become the editor of a third-rate party Newspaper better than a gentleman of Mr Courtenay's talents and knowledge. For example, we are told that 'it is a remarkable circumstance, familiar to those who are acquainted with history, but suppressed by the new Whigs, that the liberal politicians of the seventeenth century and the greater part of the eighteenth, never extended their liberality to the native Irish or the professors of the ancient religion.' What schoolboy of fourteen is ignorant of this remarkable cir-

cumstance? What Whig, new or old, was ever such an idiot as to think that it could be suppressed? Really we might as well say that it is a remarkable circumstance, familiar to people well read in history, but carefully suppressed by the Clergy of the Established Church, that in the fifteenth century England was Catholic. We are tempted to make some remarks on another passage, which seems to be the peroration of a speech intended to have been spoken against the Reform bill: but we forbear.

We doubt whether it will be found that the memory of Sir William Temple owes much to Mr Courtenay's researches. Temple is one of those men whom the world has agreed to praise highly without knowing much about them, and who are therefore more likely to lose than to gain by a close examination. Yet he is not without fair pretensions to the most honourable place among the statesmen of his time. A few of them equalled or surpassed him in talents; but they were men of no good repute for honesty. A few may be named whose patriotism was purer, nobler, and more disinterested than his; but they were men of no eminent ability. Morally, he was above Shaftesbury; intellectually, he was above Russell.

To say of a man that he occupied a high position in times of misgovernment, of corruption, of civil and religious faction, and that, nevertheless, he contracted no great stain, and bore no part in any great crime;—that he won the esteem of a profligate Court and of a turbulent people, without being guilty of any disgraceful subserviency to either,—seems to be very high praise; and all this may with truth be said of Temple.

Yet Temple is not a man to our taste. A temper not naturally good, but under strict command,—a constant regard to decorum,—a rare caution in playing that mixed game of skill and hazard, human life,—a disposition to be content with small and certain winnings rather than to go on doubling the stake,—these seem to us to be the most remarkable features of his character. This sort of moderation, when united, as in him it was, with very considerable abilities, is, under ordinary circumstances, scarcely to be distinguished from the highest and purest integrity; and yet may be perfectly compatible with laxity of principle, with coldness of heart, and with the most intense selfishness. Temple, we fear, had not sufficient warmth and elevation of sentiment to deserve the name of a virtuous man. He did not betray or oppress his country: nay, he rendered considerable services to her; but he risked nothing for her. No temptation which either the King or the Opposition could hold out ever induced him to come forward as the supporter either of arbitrary or of factious mea-

sures. But he was most careful not to give offence by strenuously opposing such measures. He never put himself prominently before the public eye, except at conjunctures when he was almost certain to gain, and could not possibly lose;—at conjunctures when the interest of the State, the views of the Court, and the passions of the multitude all appeared for an instant to coincide. By judiciously availing himself of several of these rare moments he succeeded in establishing a high character for wisdom and patriotism. When the favourable crisis was passed, he never risked the reputation which he had won. He avoided the great offices of State with a caution almost pusillanimous, and confined himself to quiet and secluded departments of public business, in which he could enjoy moderate but certain advantages without incurring envy. If the circumstances of the country became such that it was impossible to take any part in politics without some danger, he retired to his Library and his Orchard; and, while the nation groaned under oppression, or resounded with tumult and with the din of civil arms, amused himself by writing Memoirs and tying up Apricots. His political career bore some resemblance to the military career of Louis XIV. Louis, lest his royal dignity should be compromised by failure, never repaired to a siege, till it had been reported to him by the most skilful officers in his service that nothing could prevent the fall of the place. When this was ascertained, the monarch, in his helmet and cuirass, appeared among the tents, held councils of war, dictated the capitulation, received the keys, and then returned to Versailles to hear his flatterers repeat that Turenne had been beaten at Mariendal, that Condé had been forced to raise the siege of Arras, and that the only warrior whose glory had never been obscured by a single check was Louis the Great! Yet Condé and Turenne will always be considered as captains of a very different order from the invincible Louis; and we must own that many statesmen who have committed very great faults, appear to us to be deserving of more esteem than the faultless Temple. For in truth his faultlessness is chiefly to be ascribed to his extreme dread of all responsibility;—to his determination rather to leave his country in a scrape than to run any chance of being in a scrape himself. He seems to have been averse from danger; and it must be admitted, that the dangers to which a public man was exposed, in those days of conflicting tyranny and sedition, were of the most serious kind. He could not bear discomfort, bodily or mental. His lamentations when, in the course of his diplomatic journeys, he was put a little out of his way, and forced, in the vulgar phrase,

to rough it, are quite amusing. He talks of riding a day or two on a bad Westphalian road, of sleeping on straw for one night, of travelling in winter when the snow lay on the ground, as if he had gone on an expedition to the North Pole or to the source of the Nile. This kind of valetudinarian effeminacy, this habit of coddling himself, appears in all parts of his conduct. He loved fame, but not with the love of an exalted and generous mind. He loved it as an end, not at all as a means;—as a personal luxury, not at all as an instrument of advantage to others. He scraped it together and treasured it up with a timid and niggardly thrift; and never employed the hoard in any enterprise, however virtuous and honourable, in which there was hazard of losing one particle. No wonder if such a person did little or nothing which deserves positive blame. But much more than this may justly be demanded of a man possessed of such abilities, and placed in such a situation. Had Temple been brought before Dante's infernal tribunal, he would not have been condemned to the deeper recesses of the abyss. He would not have been boiled with Dundee in the crimson pool of Bulicame, or hurled with Danby into the seething pitch of Malebolge, or congealed with Churchill in the eternal ice of Giudecca; but he would perhaps have been placed in the dark vestibule next to the shade of that inglorious pontiff—

‘Che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto.’

Of course a man is not bound to be a politician any more than he is bound to be a soldier: and there are perfectly honourable ways of quitting both politics and the military profession. But neither in the one way of life, nor in the other, is any man entitled to take all the sweet and leave all the sour. A man who belongs to the army only in time of peace,—who appears at reviews in Hyde Park, escorts the Sovereign with the utmost valour and fidelity to and from the House of Lords, and retires as soon as he thinks it likely that he may be ordered on an expedition,—is justly thought to have disgraced himself. Some portion of the censure due to such a holiday-soldier may justly fall on the mere holiday-politician, who flinches from his duties as soon as those duties become difficult and disagreeable;—that is to say, as soon as it becomes peculiarly important that he should resolutely perform them.

But though we are far indeed from considering Temple as a perfect statesman, though we place him below many statesmen who have committed very great errors, we cannot deny that, when compared with his contemporaries, he makes a highly respectable

appearance. The reaction which followed the victory of the popular party over Charles the First, had produced a hurtful effect on the national character; and this effect was most discernible in the classes and in the places which had been most strongly excited by the recent revolution. The deterioration was greater in London than in the country, and was greatest of all in the courtly and official circles. Almost all that remained of what had been good and noble in the Cavaliers and Roundheads of 1642, was now to be found in the middling orders. The principles and feelings which prompted the 'Grand Remonstrance' were still strong among the sturdy yeomen, and the decent God-fearing merchants. The spirit of Derby and Capel still glowed in many sequestered manor-houses; but among those political leaders who, at the time of the Restoration were still young, or in the vigour of manhood, there was neither a Southampton nor a Vane, neither a Falkland nor a Hampden. That pure, fervent, and constant loyalty which, in the preceding reign, had remained unshaken on fields of disastrous battle, in foreign garrets and cellars, and at the bar of the High Court of Justice, was scarcely to be found among the rising courtiers. As little, or still less, could the new chiefs of parties lay claim to the great qualities of the statesmen who had stood at the head of the Long Parliament. Hampden, Pym, Vane, Cromwell are discriminated from the ablest politicians of the succeeding generation, by all the strong lineaments which distinguish the men who produce revolutions from the men whom revolutions produce. The leader in a great change, the man who stirs up a reposing community, and overthrows a deeply-rooted system, may be a very depraved man; but he can scarcely be destitute of some moral qualities which extort even from enemies a reluctant admiration,—fixedness of purpose, intensity of will, enthusiasm which is not the less fierce or persevering, because it is sometimes disguised under the semblance of composure, and which bears down before it the force of circumstances and the opposition of reluctant minds. These qualities, variously combined with all sorts of virtues and vices, may be found, we think, in most of the authors of great Civil and Religious movements,—in Cæsar, in Mahomet, in Hildebrand, in Dominic, in Luther, in Robespierre; and these qualities were found, in no scanty measure, among the chiefs of the party which opposed Charles the First. The character of the men whose minds are formed in the midst of the confusion which follows a great revolution is generally very different. Heat, the natural philosophers tell us, produces rarefaction of the air, and rarefaction of the air produces cold. So zeal makes revolutions, and revolutions

make men zealous for nothing. The politicians of whom we speak, whatever may be their natural capacity or courage, are almost always characterised by a peculiar levity, a peculiar inconstancy, an easy, apathetic way of looking at the most solemn questions, a willingness to leave the direction of their course to fortune and popular opinion, a notion that one public cause is pretty nearly as good as another, and a firm conviction that it is much better to be the hireling of the worst cause than to be a martyr to the best.

This was most strikingly the case with the English statesmen of the generation which followed the Restoration. They had neither the enthusiasm of the Cavalier, nor the enthusiasm of the Republican. They had been early emancipated from the dominion of old usages and feelings; yet they had not acquired a strong passion for innovation. Accustomed to see old establishments shaking, falling, lying in ruins all around them,—to live under a succession of constitutions, of which the average duration was about a twelvemonth,—they had no religious reverence for prescription;—nothing of that frame of mind which naturally springs from the habitual contemplation of immemorial antiquity and immovable stability. Accustomed, on the other hand, to see change after change welcomed with eager hope and ending in disappointment,—to see shame and confusion of face follow the extravagant hopes and predictions of rash and fanatical innovators,—they had learned to look on professions of public spirit, and on schemes of reform, with distrust and contempt. They sometimes talked the language of devoted subjects—sometimes that of ardent lovers of their country. But their secret creed seems to have been, that loyalty was one great delusion, and patriotism another. If they really entertained any predilection for the monarchical or for the popular part of the constitution,—for episcopacy or for presbyterianism,—that predilection was feeble and languid; and instead of overcoming, as in the times of their fathers, the dread of exile, confiscation, and death, was rarely of proof to resist the slightest impulse of selfish ambition or of selfish fear. Such was the texture of the Presbyterianism of Lauderdale, and of the speculative Republicanism of Halifax. The sense of political honour seemed to be extinct. With the great mass of mankind, the test of integrity in a public man is consistency. This test, though very defective, is perhaps the best that any, except very acute, or very near observers, are capable of applying; and does undoubtedly enable the people to form an estimate of the characters of the Great, which, on the whole, approximates to correctness. But during the latter part of the seventeenth century, inconsistency

had necessarily ceased to be a disgrace; and a man was no more taunted with it, than he is taunted with being black at Timbuctoo. Nobody was ashamed of avowing what was common to him with the whole nation. In the short space of about seven years, the supreme power had been held by the Long Parliament, by a Council of Officers, by Barebone's Parliament, by a Council of Officers again, by a Protector according to the Instrument of Government, by a Protector according to the humble petition and advice, by the Long Parliament again, by a third Council of Officers, by the Long Parliament a third time, by the Convention, and by the King. In such times, consistency is so inconvenient to a man who affects it, and to all who are connected with him, that it ceases to be regarded as a virtue, and is considered as impracticable obstinacy and idle scrupulosity. Indeed, in such times, a good citizen may be bound in duty to serve a succession of Governments. Blake did so in one profession, and Hale in another; and the conduct of both has been approved by posterity. But it is clear that when inconsistency with respect to the most important public questions has ceased to be a reproach, inconsistency with respect to questions of minor importance is not likely to be regarded as dishonourable. In a country in which many very honest people had, within the space of a few months, supported the Government of the Protector, that of the Rump, and that of the King, a man was not likely to be ashamed of abandoning his party for a place, or of voting for a bill which he had opposed.

The public men of the times which followed the Restoration were by no means deficient in courage or ability; and some kinds of talent appear to have been developed amongst them to a remarkable—we might almost say, to a morbid and unnatural degree. Neither Theramenes in ancient, nor Talleyrand in modern times, had a finer perception of all the peculiarities of character, and of all the indications of coming change, than some of our countrymen of those days. Their power of reading things of high import, in signs which to others were invisible or intelligible, resembled magic. But the curse of Reuben was upon them all: 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.'

This character is susceptible of innumerable modifications, according to the innumerable varieties of intellect and temper in which it may be found. Men of unquiet minds and violent ambition followed a fearfully eccentric course—darted wildly from one extreme to another—served and betrayed all parties in turn—showed their unblushing foreheads alternately in the van of the most corrupt administrations and of the most factious opposi-

tions—were privy to the most guilty mysteries, first of the Cabal, and then of the Rye-House Plot—abjured their religion to win their sovereign's favour, while they were secretly planning his overthrow—shrived themselves to Jesuits with letters in ciphers from the Prince of Orange in their pockets—corresponded with the Hague whilst in office under James—began to correspond with St Germain's as soon as they had kissed hands for office under William. But Temple was not one of these. He was not destitute of ambition. But his was not one of those souls within which unsatisfied ambition anticipates the tortures of hell, gnaws like the worm which dieth not, and burns like the fire which is not quenched. His principle was to make sure of safety and comfort, and to let greatness come if it would. It came: he enjoyed it: and, in the very first moment in which it could no longer be enjoyed without danger and vexation, he contentedly let it go. He was not exempt, we think, from the prevailing political immorality. His mind took the contagion, but took it *ad modum recipientis*;—in a form so mild that an undiscerning judge might doubt whether it were indeed the same fierce pestilence that was raging all around. The malady partook of the constitutional languor of the patient. The general corruption, mitigated by his calm and unadventurous temperament, showed itself in omissions and desertions, not in positive crimes; and his inactivity, though sometimes timorous and selfish, becomes respectable when compared with the malevolent and perfidious restlessness of Shaftesbury and Sunderland.

Temple sprang from a family which, though ancient and honourable, had, before his time, been scarcely mentioned in our history; but which, long after his death, produced so many eminent men, and formed such distinguished alliances, that it exercised, in a regular and constitutional manner, an influence in the state scarcely inferior to that which, in widely different times, and by widely different arts, the house of Neville attained in England, and that of Douglas in Scotland. During the latter years of George II., and through the whole reign of George III., members of that widely spread and powerful connexion were almost constantly at the head either of the Government or of the Opposition. There were times when the 'cousin-hood,' as it was once nicknamed, would of itself have furnished almost all the materials necessary for the construction of an efficient Cabinet. Within the space of fifty years, three First Lords of the Treasury, three Secretaries of State, two Keepers of the Privy Seal, and four First Lords of the Admiralty were appointed from among the sons and grandsons of the Countess Temple.

So splendid have been the fortunes of the main stock of the Temple family, continued by female succession. William Temple, the first of the line who attained to any great historical eminence, was of a younger branch. His father, Sir John Temple, was Master of the Rolls in Ireland, and distinguished himself among the Privy Councillors of that kingdom by the zeal with which, at the commencement of the struggle between the Crown and the Long Parliament, he supported the popular cause. He was arrested by order of the Duke of Ormond, but regained his liberty by an exchange, repaired to England, and there sate in the House of Commons as burgess for Chichester. He attached himself to the Presbyterian party, and was one of those moderate members who, at the close of the year 1648, voted for treating with Charles on the basis to which that Prince had himself agreed, and who were, in consequence, turned out of the House, with small ceremony, by Colonel Pride. Sir John seems, however, to have made his peace with the victorious Independents; for, in 1653, he resumed his office in Ireland.

Sir John Temple was married to a sister of the celebrated Henry Hammond, a learned and pious divine, who took the side of the King with very conspicuous zeal during the civil war, and was deprived of his preferment in the church after the victory of the Parliament. On account of the loss which Hammond sustained on this occasion, he has the honour of being designated, in the cant of that new brood of Oxonian sectaries who unite the worst parts of the Jesuit to the worst parts of the Orangeman, as Hammond, Presbyterian, Doctor, and Confessor.

William Temple, Sir John's eldest son, was born in London, in the year 1628. He received his early education under his maternal uncle, was subsequently sent to school at Bishop-Stortford, and, at seventeen, began to reside at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where the celebrated Cudworth was his tutor. The times were not favourable to study. The Civil War disturbed even the quiet cloisters and bowling-greens of Cambridge, produced violent revolutions in the government and discipline of the colleges, and unsettled the minds of the students. Temple forgot at Emmanuel all the little Greek which he had brought from Bishop-Stortford, and never retrieved the loss;—a circumstance which would hardly be worth noticing but for the almost incredible fact, that, fifty years later, he was so absurd as to set up his own authority against that of Bentley on questions of Greek history and philology. He made no proficiency either in the old philosophy which still lingered in the schools of Cambridge, or in the new philosophy of which Lord Bacon was the founder. But to the end of his life he continued to speak of the former with igno-

rant admiration, and of the latter with equally ignorant contempt.

After residing at Cambridge two years, he departed without taking a degree, and set out upon his travels. He seems then to have been a lively, agreeable young man of fashion, not by any means deeply read, but versed in all the superficial accomplishments of a gentleman, and acceptable in all polite societies. In politics he professed himself a Royalist. His opinions on religious subjects seem to have been such as might be expected from a young man of quick parts, who had received a rambling education, who had not thought deeply, who had been disgusted by the morose austerity of the Puritans, and who, surrounded from childhood by the hubbub of conflicting sects, might easily learn to feel an impartial contempt for them all.

On his road to France he fell in with the son and daughter of Sir Peter Osborne. Sir Peter was governor of Guernsey for the King, and the young people were, like their father, warm for the royal cause. At an inn where they stopped in the Isle of Wight, the brother amused himself with inscribing on the windows his opinion of the ruling powers. For this instance of malignancy the whole party were arrested, and brought before the governor. The sister, trusting to the tenderness which, even in those troubled times, scarcely any gentleman of any party ever failed to show where a woman was concerned, took the crime on herself, and was immediately set at liberty with her fellow-travellers.

This incident, as was natural, made a deep impression on Temple. He was only twenty. Dorothy Osborne was twenty-one. She is said to have been handsome; and there remains abundant proof that she possessed an ample share of the dexterity, the vivacity, and the tenderness of her sex. Temple soon became, in the phrase of that time, her servant, and she returned his regard. But difficulties as great as ever expanded a novel to the fifth volume opposed their wishes. When the courtship commenced, the father of the hero was sitting in the Long Parliament; the father of the heroine was holding Guernsey for King Charles. Even when the war ended, and Sir Peter Osborne returned to his seat at Chicksands, the prospects of the lovers were scarcely less gloomy. Sir John Temple had a more advantageous alliance in view for his son. Dorothy Osborne was in the mean-time besieged by as many suitors as were drawn to Belmont by the fame of Portia. The most distinguished on the list was Henry Cromwell. Destitute of the capacity, the energy, the magnanimity of his illustrious father, destitute also

of the meek and placid virtues of his elder brother, this young man was perhaps a more formidable rival in love than either of them would have been. Mrs Hutchinson, speaking the sentiments of the grave and aged, describes him as an 'insolent 'foole,' and a 'debauch'd ungodly cavalier.' These expressions probably mean that he was one who, among young and dissipated people, would pass for a fine gentleman. Dorothy was fond of dogs of larger and more formidable breed than those which lie on modern hearth-rugs; and Henry Cromwell promised that the highest functionaries at Dublin should be set to work to procure her a fine Irish greyhound. She seems to have felt his attentions as very flattering, though his father was then only Lord-General, and not yet Protector. Love, however, triumphed over ambition, and the young lady appears never to have regretted her decision; though, in a letter written just at the time when all England was ringing with the news of the violent dissolution of the Long Parliament, she could not refrain from reminding Temple, with pardonable vanity, 'how great she might have 'been, if she had been so wise as to have taken hold of the offer 'of H. C.'

Nor was it only the influence of rivals that Temple had to dread. The relations of his mistress regarded him with personal dislike, and spoke of him as an unprincipled adventurer, without honour or religion, ready to render service to any party for the sake of preferment. This is, indeed, a very distorted view of Temple's character. Yet a character, even in the most distorted view taken of it by the most angry and prejudiced minds, generally retains something of its outline. No caricaturist ever represented Mr Pitt as a Falstaff, or Mr Fox as a skeleton; nor did any libeller ever impute parsimony to Sheridan, or profusion to Marlborough. It must be allowed that the turn of mind which the eulogists of Temple have dignified with the appellation of philosophical indifference, and which, however becoming it may be in an old and experienced statesman, has a somewhat ungraceful appearance in youth, might easily appear shocking to a family who were ready to fight or suffer martyrdom for their exiled King, and their persecuted church. The poor girl was exceedingly hurt and irritated by these imputations on her lover, defended him warmly behind his back, and addressed to himself some very tender and anxious admonitions, mingled with assurances of her confidence in his honour and virtue. On one occasion she was most highly provoked by the way in which one of her brothers spoke of Temple: 'We talked ourselves weary,' she says;—'he renounced me, and I defied him.'

Nearly seven years did this arduous wooing continue. We are not accurately informed respecting Temple's movements during that time. But he seems to have led a rambling life, sometimes on the Continent, sometimes in Ireland, sometimes in London. He made himself master of the French and Spanish languages, and amused himself by writing Essays and Romances—an employment which at least served the purpose of forming his style. The specimen which Mr Courtenay has preserved of these early compositions is by no means contemptible. Indeed, there is one passage on *Like and Dislike* which could have been produced only by a mind habituated carefully to reflect on its own operations, and which reminds us of the best things in Montaigne.

He appears to have kept up a very active correspondence with his mistress. His letters are lost, but hers have been preserved; and many of them appear in these volumes. Mr Courtenay expresses some doubt whether his readers will think him justified in inserting so large a number of these epistles. We only wish that there were twice as many. Very little indeed of the diplomatic correspondence of that generation is so well worth reading. There is a vile phrase of which bad historians are exceedingly fond—'the dignity of history.' One writer is in possession of some anecdotes which would illustrate most strikingly the operation of the Mississippi scheme on the manners and morals of the Parisians. But he suppresses those anecdotes, because they are too low for the dignity of history. Another is strongly tempted to mention some facts indicating the horrible state of the prisons of England two hundred years ago. But he hardly thinks that the sufferings of a dozen felons pigging together on bare bricks in a hole fifteen feet square would form a subject suited to the dignity of history. Another, from respect for the dignity of history, publishes an account of the reign of George II., without ever mentioning Whitfield's preaching in Moorfields. How should a writer, who can talk about senates, and congresses of sovereigns, and pragmatic sanctions, and ravelines, and counterscarps, and battles where ten thousand men are killed, and six thousand men, with fifty stand of colours and eighty guns taken, stoop to the Stock-Exchange, to Newgate, to the theatre, to the tabernacle?

Tragedy has its dignity as well as history; and how much the tragic art has owed to that dignity any man may judge who will compare the majestic Alexandrines in which the 'Seigneur Oreste' and 'Madame Andromaque' utter their complaints, with the chattering of the fool in 'Lear,' and of the nurse in 'Romeo and Juliet.'

That a historian should not record trifles, that he should confine himself to what is important, is perfectly true. But many writers seem never to have considered on what the historical importance of an event depends. They seem not to be aware that the importance of a fact, when that fact is considered with reference to its immediate effects, and the importance of the same fact, when that fact is considered as part of the materials for the construction of a science, are two very different things. The quantity of good or evil which a transaction produces is by no means necessarily proportioned to the quantity of light which that transaction affords as to the way in which good or evil may hereafter be produced. The poisoning of an emperor is in one sense a far more serious matter than the poisoning of a rat. But the poisoning of a rat may be an era in chemistry; and an emperor may be poisoned by such ordinary means, and with such ordinary symptoms, that no scientific journal would notice the occurrence. An action for a hundred thousand pounds is in one sense a more momentous affair than an action for fifty pounds. But it by no means follows that the learned gentlemen who report the proceedings of the courts of law ought to give a fuller account of an action for a hundred thousand pounds, than of an action for fifty pounds. For a cause, in which a large sum is at stake, may be important only to the particular plaintiff and the particular defendant. A cause, on the other hand, in which a small sum is at stake, may establish some great principle interesting to half the families in the kingdom. The case is exactly the same with that class of subjects of which historians treat. To an Athenian, in the time of the Peloponnesian war, the result of the battle of Delium was far more important than the fate of the comedy of the 'Knights.' But to us the fact that the comedy of the 'Knights' was brought on the Athenian stage with success is far more important than the fact that the Athenian phalanx gave way at Delium. Neither the one event nor the other has now any intrinsic importance. We are in no danger of being speared by the Thebans. We are not quizzed in the 'Knights.' To us, the importance of both events consists in the value of the general truth which is to be learned from them. What general truth do we learn from the accounts which have come down to us of the battle of Delium? Very little more than this, that when two armies fight it is not improbable that one of them will be very soundly beaten—a truth which it would not, we apprehend, be difficult to establish, even if all memory of the battle of Delium were lost among men. But a man who becomes acquainted with the comedy of the 'Knights', and with the history of that comedy, at once feels his mind

enlarged. Society is presented to him under a new aspect. He may have read and travelled much. He may have visited all the countries of Europe, and the civilized nations of the East. He may have observed the manners of many barbarous races. But here is something altogether different from every thing which he has seen either among polished men, or among savages. Here is a community politically, intellectually, and morally unlike any other community of which he has the means of forming an opinion. This is the really precious part of history,—the corn which some threshers carefully sever from the chaff, for the purpose of gathering the chaff into the garner, and flinging the corn into the fire.

Thinking thus, we are glad to learn so much, and would willingly learn more, about the loves of Sir William and his mistress. In the seventeenth century, to be sure, Louis XIV. was a much more important person than Temple's sweetheart. But death and time equalize all things. Neither the great King, nor the beauty of Bedfordshire—neither the gorgeous paradise of Marli nor Mistress Osborne's favourite walk 'in the common that lay hard by the house, where a great many young wenches used to keep sheep and cows and sit in the shade singing of ballads,'—is any thing to us. Louis and Dorothy are alike dust. A cotton-mill stands on the ruins of Marli, and the Osbornes have ceased to dwell under the ancient roof of Chicksands. But of that information, for the sake of which alone it is worth while to study remote events, we find so much, in the love-letters which Mr Courtenay has published, that we would gladly purchase equally interesting billets with ten times their weight in state-papers taken at random. To us surely it is as useful to know how the young ladies of England employed themselves a hundred and eighty years ago,—how far their minds were cultivated, what were their favourite studies, what degree of liberty was allowed to them, and what use they made of that liberty, what accomplishments they most valued in men, and what proofs of tenderness delicacy permitted them to give to favoured suitors,—as to know all about the seizure of Franche Comté and the treaty of Nimeguen. The mutual relations of the two sexes seem to us to be at least as important as the mutual relations of any two governments in the world; and a series of letters written by a virtuous, amiable, and sensible girl, and intended for the eye of her lover alone, can scarcely fail to throw some light on the relations of the sexes; whereas it is perfectly possible, as all who have made any historical researches can attest, to read bale after bale of despatches and protocols without catching one glimpse of light about the relations of Governments.

Mr Courtenay proclaims that he is one of Dorothy Osborne's devoted servants, and expresses a hope that the publication of her letters will add to the number. We must declare ourselves his rivals. She really seems to have been a very charming young woman—modest, generous, affectionate, intelligent, and sprightly;—a Royalist, as was to be expected from her connexions, without any of that political asperity which is as unwomanly as a long beard,—religious, and occasionally gliding into a very pretty and endearing sort of preaching, yet not too good to partake of such diversions as London afforded under the melancholy rule of the Puritans, or to giggle a little at a ridiculous sermon from a divine who was thought to be one of the great lights of the Assembly at Westminster,—with a little turn for coquetry, which was yet perfectly compatible with warm and disinterested attachment, and a little turn for satire, which yet seldom passed the bounds of good-nature. She loved reading; but her studies were not those of Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey. She read the verses of Cowley and Lord Broghill, French Memoirs recommended by her lover, and the Travels of Fernando Mendez Pinto. But her favourite books were those ponderous French Romances which modern readers know chiefly from the pleasant satire of Charlotte Lennox. She could not, however, help laughing at the vile English into which they were translated. Her own style is very agreeable; nor are her letters at all the worse for some passages in which raillery and tenderness are mixed in a very engaging namby-pamby.

When at last the constancy of the lovers had triumphed over all the obstacles which kinsmen and rivals could oppose to their union, a yet more serious calamity befell them. Poor Mistress Osborne fell ill of the small-pox, and, though she escaped with life, lost all her beauty. To this most severe trial the affection and honour of the lovers of that age was not unfrequently subjected. Our readers probably remember what Mrs Hutchinson tells us of herself. The lofty Cornelia-like spirit of the aged matron seems to melt into a long forgotten softness when she relates how her beloved Colonel 'married her as soon as she was 'able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her 'were affrighted to look on her. But God,' she adds, with a not ungraceful vanity, 'recompensed his justice and constancy, 'by restoring her as well as before.' Temple showed on this occasion the same 'justice and constancy' which did so much honour to Colonel Hutchinson. The date of the marriage is not exactly known. But Mr Courtenay supposes it to have taken place about the end of the year 1654. From this time we lose

sight of Dorothy, and are reduced to form our opinion of the terms on which she and her husband were from very slight indications which may easily mislead us.

Temple soon went to Ireland and resided with his father, partly in Dublin, partly in the county of Carlow. Ireland was probably then a more agreeable residence for the higher classes, as compared with England, than it has ever been before or since. In no part of the empire were the superiority of Cromwell's abilities and the force of his character so signally displayed. He had not the power, and probably had not the inclination to govern that island in the best way. The rebellion of the aboriginal race had excited in England a strong religious and national aversion to them; nor is there any reason to believe that the Protector was so far beyond his age as to be free from the prevailing sentiment. He had vanquished them: he knew that they were in his power; and he regarded them as a band of malefactors and idolaters, who were mercifully treated if they were not smitten with the edge of the sword. On those who resisted he had made war as the Hebrews made war on the Canaanites. Drogheda was as Jericho; and Wexford as Ai. To the remains of the old population the conqueror granted a peace, such as that which Joshua granted to the Gibeonites. He made them hewers of wood and drawers of water. But, good or bad, he could not be otherwise than great. Under favourable circumstances, Ireland would have found in him a most just and beneficent ruler. She found in him a tyrant;—not a small, teasing, tyrant, such as those who have so long been her curse and her shame,—but one of those awful tyrants who, at long intervals, seem to be sent on earth, like avenging angels, with some high commission of destruction and renovation. He was no man of half measures, of mean affronts and ungracious concessions. His Protestant ascendancy was not an ascendancy of ribbands, and fiddles, and statues, and processions. He would never have dreamed of abolishing penal laws against the Irish Catholics, and withholding from them the elective franchise—of giving them the elective franchise and excluding them from Parliament—of admitting them to Parliament, and refusing to them a full and equal participation in all the blessings of society and government. The thing most alien from his clear intellect and his commanding spirit was petty persecution. He knew how to tolerate, and he knew how to destroy. His administration in Ireland was an administration on what are now called Orange principles,—followed out most ably, most steadily, most undauntedly, most unrelentingly, to every extreme consequence to which those prin-

ciples lead ; and it would, if continued, inevitably have produced the effect which he contemplated,—an entire decomposition and reconstruction of society. He had a great and definite object in view,—to make Ireland thoroughly English,—to make it another Yorkshire or Norfolk. Thinly peopled as Ireland then was, this end was not unattainable ; and there is every reason to believe that if his policy had been followed during fifty years this end would have been attained. Instead of an emigration, such as we now see from Ireland to England, there was, under his government, a constant and large emigration from England to Ireland. This tide of population ran almost as strongly as that which now runs from Massachusetts and Connecticut to the states behind the Ohio. The native race was driven back before the advancing van of the Anglo-Saxon population, as the American Indians or the tribes of Southern Africa are now driven back before the white settlers. Those fearful phenomena which have almost invariably attended the planting of civilized colonies in uncivilized countries, and which had been known to the nations of Europe only by distant and questionable rumour, were now publicly exhibited in their sight. The words, ‘ extirpation,’ ‘ eradication,’ were often in the mouths of the English back-settlers of Leinster and Munster—cruel words—yet, in their cruelty, containing more mercy than much softer expressions which have since been sanctioned by universities, and cheered by Parliaments. For it is in truth more merciful to extirpate a hundred thousand people at once, and to fill the void with a well-governed population, than to misgovern millions through a long succession of generations. We can much more easily pardon tremendous severities inflicted for a great object, than an endless series of paltry vexations and oppressions inflicted for no rational object at all.

Ireland was fast becoming English. Civilisation and wealth were making rapid progress in almost every part of the island. The effects of that iron despotism are described to us by a hostile witness in very remarkable language. ‘ Which is more wonderful,’ says Lord Clarendon, ‘ all this was done and settled within little more than two years, to that degree of perfection that there were many buildings raised for beauty as well as use, orderly and regular plantations of trees, and fences and inclosures raised throughout the kingdom, purchases made by one from another at very valuable rates, and jointures made upon marriages, and all other conveyances and settlements executed, as in a kingdom at peace within itself, and where no doubt could be made of the validity of titles.’

All Temple's feelings about Irish questions were those of a colonist, and a member of the dominant caste. He troubled himself as little about the welfare of the remains of the old Celtic population, as an English farmer on the Swan river troubles himself about the New Hollanders, or a Dutch boor at the Cape about the Caffres. The years which he passed in Ireland, while the Cromwellian system was in full operation, he always described as 'years of great satisfaction.' Farming, gardening, county business, and studies rather entertaining than profound, occupied his time. In politics he took no part, and many years after he attributed this inaction to his love of the ancient constitution which, he said, 'would not suffer him to enter into public affairs till the way was plain for the King's happy restoration.' It does not appear, indeed, that any offer of employment was made to him. If he really did refuse any preferment, we may, without much breach of charity, attribute the refusal rather to the caution which, during his whole life, prevented him from running any risk, than to the fervour of his loyalty.

In 1660 he made his first appearance in public life. He sat in the Convention which, in the midst of the general confusion that preceded the Restoration, was summoned by the chiefs of the army of Ireland to meet in Dublin. After the King's return an Irish Parliament was regularly convoked, in which Temple represented the county of Carlow. The details of his conduct in this situation are not known to us. But we are told in general terms, and can easily believe, that he showed great moderation, and great aptitude for business. It is probable that he also distinguished himself in debate; for many years afterwards he remarked that 'his friends in Ireland used to think that if he had any talent at all, it lay in that way.'

In May 1663, the Irish Parliament was prorogued, and Temple repaired to England with his wife. His income amounted to about five hundred pounds a-year; a sum which was then sufficient for the wants of a family mixing in fashionable circles. He passed two years in London, where he seems to have led that easy, lounging life which was best suited to his temper.

He was not, however, unmindful of his interest. He had brought with him letters of introduction from the Duke of Ormond, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, to Clarendon, and to Henry Bennet, Lord Arlington, who was Secretary of State. Clarendon was at the head of affairs. But his power was visibly declining, and was certain to decline more and more every day. An observer much less discerning than Temple might easily perceive that the Chancellor was a man who belonged to a by-

gone world ;—a representative of a past age, of obsolete modes of thinking, of unfashionable vices, and of more unfashionable virtues. His long exile had made him a stranger in the country of his birth. His mind, heated by conflict and by personal suffering, was far more set against popular and tolerant courses than it had been at the time of the breaking out of the Civil War. He pined for the decorous tyranny of the old Whitehall ; for the days of that sainted King who deprived his people of their money and their ears, but let their wives and daughters alone ; and could scarcely reconcile himself to a Court with a mistress and without a Star Chamber. By taking this course he made himself every day more odious, both to the sovereign, who loved pleasure much more than prerogative, and to the people, who dreaded royal prerogatives much more than royal pleasures ; and was at last more detested by the Court than any chief of the Opposition, and more detested by the Parliament than any pander of the Court.

Temple, whose great maxim was to offend no party, was not likely to cling to the falling fortunes of a Minister, the study of whose life was to offend all parties. Arlington, whose influence was gradually rising as that of Clarendon diminished, was the most useful patron to whom a young adventurer could attach himself. This statesman, without virtue, wisdom, or strength of mind, had raised himself to greatness by superficial qualities, and was the mere creature of the time, the circumstances, and the company. The dignified reserve of manners which he had acquired during a residence in Spain provoked the ridicule of those who considered the usages of the French Court as the only standard of good-breeding, but served to impress the crowd with a favourable opinion of his sagacity and gravity. In situations where the solemnity of the Escorial would have been out of place, he threw it aside without difficulty, and conversed with great humour and vivacity. While the multitude were talking of ‘ Bennet’s grave looks,’* his mirth made his presence always welcome in the royal closet. While, in the antechamber, Buckingham was mimicking the pompous Castilian strut of the Secretary, for the diversion of Mistress Stuart, this stately Don was ridiculing Clarendon’s sober counsels to the King within, till his Majesty cried with laughter, and the Chancellor with vexation. There perhaps never was a man whose outward demeanour made such different impressions on different people. Count Hamilton,

* ‘ Bennet’s grave looks were a pretence’ is a line in one of the best political poems of that age.

for example, describes him as a stupid formalist, who had been made Secretary solely on account of his mysterious and important looks. Clarendon, on the other hand, represents him as a man whose "best faculty was raillery," and who was 'for his 'pleasant and agreeable humour acceptable unto the King.' The truth seems to be, that, destitute as he was of all the higher qualifications of a minister, he had a wonderful talent for becoming, in outward semblance, all things to all men. He had two aspects; a busy and serious one for the public, whom he wished to awe into respect; and a gay one for Charles, who thought that the greatest service which could be rendered to a prince was to amuse him. Yet both these were masks, which he laid aside when they had served their turn. Long after, when he had retired to his deer-park and fish-ponds in Suffolk, and had no motive to act the part either of the hidalgo or of the buffoon, Evelyn, who was neither an unpractised nor an undiscerning judge, conversed much with him, and pronounced him to be a man of singularly polished manners and of great colloquial powers.

Clarendon, proud and imperious by nature, soured by age and disease, and relying on his great talents and services, sought out no new allies. He seems to have taken a sort of morose pleasure in slighting and provoking all the rising talent of the kingdom. His connexions were almost entirely confined to the small circle, every day becoming smaller, of old cavaliers who had been friends of his youth, or companions of his exile. Arlington, on the other hand, beat up every where for recruits. No man had a greater personal following, and no man exerted himself more to serve his adherents. It was a kind of habit with him to push up his dependents to his own level; and then to complain bitterly of their ingratitude because they did not choose to be his dependents any longer. It was thus that he quarrelled with two successive Treasurers, Clifford and Danby. To Arlington Temple attached himself, and was not sparing of warm professions of affection, or even, we grieve to say, of gross and almost profane adulation. In no long time he obtained his reward.

England was in a very different situation with respect to foreign powers from that which she had occupied during the splendid administration of the Protector. She was engaged in war with the United Provinces, then governed with almost regal power by the Grand Pensionary, John De Witt; and though no war had ever cost the kingdom so much, none had ever been more feebly and meanly conducted. France had espoused the interests of the States-General. Denmark seemed likely to take the same side. Spain, indignant at the close political and matrimonial

alliance which Charles had formed with the House of Braganza, was not disposed to lend him any assistance. The Great Plague of London had suspended trade, had scattered the ministers and nobles, had paralysed every department of the public service, and had increased the gloomy discontent which misgovernment had begun to excite throughout the nation. One continental ally England possessed—the Bishop of Munster; a restless and ambitious prelate, bred a soldier, and still a soldier in all his tastes and passions. He hated the Dutch, who had interfered in the affairs of his see, and declared himself willing to risk his little dominions for the chance of revenge. He sent, accordingly, a strange kind of ambassador to London—a Benedictine monk, who spoke bad English, and looked, says Lord Clarendon, ‘like a carter.’ This person brought a letter from the Bishop, offering to make an attack by land on the Dutch territory. The English Ministers eagerly caught at the proposal, and promised a subsidy of 500,000 rix-dollars to their new ally. It was determined to send an English agent to Munster; and Arlington, to whose department the business belonged, fixed on Temple for this post.

Temple accepted the commission, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his employers, though the whole plan ended in nothing; and the Bishop, after pocketing an instalment of his subsidy, made haste to conclude a separate peace. Temple, at a later period, looked back with no great satisfaction to this part of his life; and excused himself for undertaking a negotiation from which little good could result, by saying that he was then young and very new in business. In truth, he could hardly have been placed in a situation where the eminent diplomatic talents which he possessed could have appeared to less advantage. He was ignorant of the German language, and did not easily accommodate himself to the manners of the people. He could not bear much wine; and none but a hard drinker had any chance of success in Westphalian society. Under all these disadvantages, however, he gave so much satisfaction that he was created a baronet, and appointed resident at the viceregal court of Brussels.

Brussels suited Temple far better than the palaces of the boar-hunting and wine-bibbing princes of Germany. He now occupied the most important post of observation in which a diplomatist could be stationed. He was placed in the territory of a great neutral power, between the territories of the two great powers which were at war with England. From this excellent school he soon came forth the most accomplished negotiator of his age.

In the mean-time the Government of Charles had suffered a

succession of humiliating disasters. The extravagance of the Court had dissipated all the means which Parliament had supplied for the purpose of carrying on offensive hostilities. It was determined to wage only a defensive war; and even for defensive war the vast resources of England, managed by triflers and public robbers, were found insufficient. The Dutch insulted the British coasts, sailed up the Thames, took Sheerness, and carried their ravages to Chatham. The blaze of the ships burning in the river was seen at London; it was rumoured that a foreign army had landed at Gravesend; and military men seriously proposed to abandon the Tower. To such a depth of infamy had maladministration reduced that proud and victorious nation, which a few years before had dictated its pleasure to Mazarin, to the States-General, and to the Vatican. Humbled by the events of the war, and dreading the just anger of Parliament, the English Ministry hastened to huddle up a peace with France and Holland at Breda.

But a new scene was about to open. It had already been for some time apparent to discerning observers, that England and Holland were threatened by a common danger, much more formidable than any which they had reason to apprehend from each other. The old enemy of their independence and of their religion was no longer to be dreaded. The sceptre had passed away from Spain. That mighty empire, on which the sun never set, which had crushed the liberties of Italy and Germany, which had occupied Paris with its armies, and covered the British seas with its sails, was at the mercy of every spoiler; and Europe saw with dismay the rapid growth of a new and more formidable power. Men looked to Spain and saw only weakness disguised and increased by pride,—dominions of vast bulk and little strength; tempting, unwieldy, and defenceless,—an empty treasury,—a haughty, sullen, and torpid nation,—a child on the throne,—factions in the council,—ministers who served only themselves, and soldiers who were terrible only to their countrymen. Men looked to France, and saw a large and compact territory,—a rich soil,—a central situation,—a bold, alert, and ingenious people,—large revenues,—numerous and disciplined troops,—an active and ambitious prince, in the flower of his age, surrounded by generals of unrivalled skill. The projects of Louis could be counteracted only by ability, vigour, and union on the part of his neighbours. Ability and vigour had hitherto been found in the councils of Holland alone, and of union there was no appearance in Europe. The question of Portuguese independence separated England from Spain. Old grudges, recent hostilities, maritime pretensions, commer-

cial competition separated England as widely from the United Provinces. #

The great object of Louis, from the beginning to the end of his reign, was the acquisition of those large and valuable provinces of the Spanish monarchy which lay contiguous to the eastern frontier of France. Already, before the conclusion of the treaty of Breda, he had invaded those provinces. He now pushed on his conquests with scarcely any resistance. Fortress after fortress was taken. Brussels itself was in danger; and Temple thought it wise to send his wife and children to England. But his sister, Lady Giffard, who had been some time his inmate, and who seems to have been a more important personage in his family than his wife, still remained with him.

De Witt saw the progress of the French arms with painful anxiety. But it was not in the power of Holland alone to save Flanders; and the difficulty of forming an extensive coalition for that purpose appeared almost insuperable. Louis, indeed, affected moderation. He declared himself willing to agree to a compromise with Spain. But these offers were undoubtedly mere professions, intended to quiet the apprehensions of the neighbouring powers; and, as his position became every day more and more advantageous, it was to be expected that he would rise in his demands.

Such was the state of affairs when Temple obtained from the English Ministry permission to make a tour in Holland incognito. In company with Lady Giffard he arrived at the Hague. He was not charged with any public commission, but he availed himself of this opportunity of introducing himself to De Witt. 'My only business, sir,' he said, 'is to see the things which are most considerable in your country, and I should execute my design very imperfectly if I went away without seeing you.' De Witt, who from report had formed a high opinion of Temple, was pleased by the compliment, and replied with a frankness and cordiality which at once led to intimacy. The two statesmen talked calmly over the causes which had estranged England from Holland, congratulated each other on the peace, and then began to discuss the new dangers which menaced Europe. Temple, who had no authority to say any thing on behalf of the English Government, expressed himself very guardedly. De Witt, who was himself the Dutch Government, had no reason to be reserved. He openly declared that his wish was to see a general coalition formed for the preservation of Flanders. His simplicity and openness amazed Temple, who had been accustomed to the affected solemnity of his patron, the Secretary, and to the eternal doublings and evasions which passed for great feats

of statesmanship among the Spanish politicians at Brussels. 'Whoever,' he wrote to Arlington, 'deals with M. De Witt must go the same plain way that he pretends to in his negotiations, without refining or colouring, or offering shadow for substance.' He was scarcely less struck by the modest dwelling and frugal table of the first citizen of the richest state in the world. While Clarendon was amazing London with a dwelling more sumptuous than the palace of his master, while Arlington was lavishing his ill-gotten wealth on the decoys and orange-gardens and interminable conservatories of Euston,—the great statesman who had frustrated all their plans of conquest, and the roar of whose guns they had heard with terror even in the galleries of Whitehall, kept only a single servant, walked about the streets in the plainest garb, and never used a coach except for visits of ceremony.

Temple sent a full account of his interview with De Witt to Arlington, who, in consequence of the fall of the Chancellor, now shared with the Duke of Buckingham the principal direction of affairs. Arlington showed no disposition to meet the advances of the Dutch Minister. Indeed, as was amply proved a few years later, both he and his master were perfectly willing to purchase the means of misgoverning England by giving up, not only Flanders, but the whole continent, to France. Temple, who distinctly saw that a moment had arrived at which it was possible to reconcile his country with Holland,—to reconcile Charles with the Parliament,—to bridle the power of Louis,—to efface the shame of the late ignominious war,—to restore England to the same place in Europe which she had occupied under Cromwell, became more and more urgent in his representations. Arlington's replies were for some time couched in cold and ambiguous terms. But the events which followed the meeting of the Parliament, in the autumn of 1667, appear to have produced an entire change in his views. The discontent of the nation was deep and general. The Administration was attacked in all its parts. The King and the Ministers laboured, not unsuccessfully, to throw on Clarendon the blame of past miscarriages; but though the Commons were resolved that the late Chancellor should be the first victim, it was by no means clear that he would be the last. The Secretary was personally attacked with great bitterness in the course of the debates. One of the resolutions of the Lower House against Clarendon could be understood only as a censure of the foreign policy of the Government, as too favourable to France. To these events chiefly we are inclined to attribute the change which at this crisis took place in the measures of England. The Ministry seem to have felt that, if they wished to derive any ad-

vantage from Clarendon's downfall, it was necessary for them to abandon what was supposed to be Clarendon's system; and by some splendid and popular measure to win the confidence of the nation. Accordingly, in December 1667, Temple received a despatch containing instructions of the highest importance. The plan which he had so strongly recommended was approved; and he was directed to visit De Witt as speedily as possible, and to ascertain whether the States were willing to enter into an offensive and defensive league with England against the projects of France. Temple, accompanied by his sister, instantly set out for the Hague, and laid the propositions of the English Government before the Grand Pensionary. The Dutch statesman answered with his characteristic straightforwardness, that he was fully ready to agree to a defensive alliance, but that it was the fundamental principle of the foreign policy of the States to make no offensive league under any circumstances whatsoever. With this answer Temple hastened from the Hague to London, had an audience of the King, related what had passed between himself and De Witt, exerted himself to remove the unfavourable opinion which had been conceived of the Grand Pensionary at the English court, and had the satisfaction of succeeding in all his objects. On the evening of the 1st of January 1668, a council was held, at which Charles declared his resolution to unite with the Dutch on their own terms. Temple and his indefatigable sister immediately sailed again for the Hague, and, after weathering a violent storm in which they were very nearly lost, arrived in safety at the place of their destination.

On this occasion, as on every other, the dealings between Temple and De Witt were singularly fair and open. When they met, Temple began by recapitulating what had passed at their last interview. De Witt, who was as little given to lying with his face as with his tongue, marked his assent by his looks while the recapitulation proceeded; and when it was concluded, answered that Temple's memory was perfectly correct, and thanked him for proceeding in so exact and sincere a manner. Temple then informed the Grand Pensionary that the King of England had determined to close with the proposal of a defensive alliance. De Witt had not expected so speedy a resolution; and his countenance indicated surprise as well as pleasure. But he did not retract; and it was speedily arranged that England and Holland should unite for the purpose of compelling Louis to abide by the compromise which he had formerly offered. The next object of the two statesmen was to induce another Government to become a party to their league. The victories of Gustavus and Torstenson, and the political talents of Oxenstiern,

had obtained for Sweden a consideration in Europe disproportioned to her real power. The princes of Northern Germany stood in great awe of her. And De Witt and Temple agreed that if she could be induced to accede to the league, 'it would be too strong a bar for France to venture on.' Temple went that same evening to Count Dona, the Swedish Minister at the Hague; took a seat in the most unceremonious manner; and, with that air of frankness and good-will by which he often succeeded in rendering his diplomatic overtures acceptable, explained the scheme which was in agitation. Dona was greatly pleased and flattered. He had not powers which would authorize him to conclude a treaty of such importance. But he strongly advised Temple and De Witt to do their part without delay, and seemed confident that Sweden would accede. The ordinary course of public business in Holland was too slow for the present emergency; and De Witt appeared to have some scruples about breaking through the established forms. But the urgency and dexterity of Temple prevailed. The States-General took the responsibility of executing the treaty with a celerity unprecedented in the annals of the federation, and indeed inconsistent with its fundamental laws. The state of public feeling was, however, such in all the provinces, that this irregularity was not merely pardoned but applauded. When the instrument had been formally signed, the Dutch Commissioners embraced the English Plenipotentiary with the warmest expressions of kindness and confidence. 'At Breda,' exclaimed Temple, 'we embraced as friends —here as brothers.'

This memorable negotiation occupied only five days. De Witt complimented Temple in high terms on having effected in so short a time what must, under other management, have been the work of months; and Temple, in his despatches, spoke in equally high terms of De Witt. 'I must add these words, to do M. de Witt right, that I found him as plain, as direct and square in the course of this business as any man could be, though often stiff in points where he thought any advantage could accrue to his country; and have all the reason in the world to be satisfied with him; and for his industry, no man had ever more I am sure. For these five days at least, neither of us spent any idle hours, neither day nor night.'

Sweden willingly acceded to the league, which is known in history by the name of the Triple Alliance; and after some signs of ill-humour on the part of France, a general pacification was the result.

The Triple Alliance may be viewed in two lights—as a measure of foreign policy, and as a measure of domestic policy—and

under both aspects: it seems to us deserving of all the praise which has been bestowed upon it.

Dr Lingard, who is undoubtedly a very able and well informed writer, but whose great fundamental rule of judging seems to be, that the popular opinion on a historical question cannot possibly be correct, speaks very slightly of this celebrated treaty; and Mr Courtenay, who by no means regards Temple with that profound veneration which is generally found in biographers, has conceded, in our opinion, far too much to Dr Lingard.

The reasoning of Dr Lingard is simply this:—The Triple Alliance only compelled Louis to make peace on the terms on which, before the alliance was formed, he had offered to make peace. How can it then be said that this alliance arrested his career, and preserved Europe from his ambition? Now, this reasoning is evidently of no force at all, except on the supposition that Louis would have held himself bound by his former offers, if the alliance had not been formed; and, if Dr Lingard thinks this a reasonable supposition, we should be disposed to say to him, in the words of that great politician, Mrs Western—‘In deed, brother, you would make a fine plenipo to negotiate with the French. They would soon persuade you that they take towns out of mere defensive principles.’ Our own impression is, that Louis made his offer only in order to avert some such measure as the Triple Alliance, and adhered to it only in consequence of that alliance. He had refused to consent to an armistice. He had made all his arrangements for a winter campaign. In the very week in which Temple and the States concluded their agreement at the Hague, Franche Comté was attacked by the French armies; and in three weeks the whole province was conquered. This prey Louis was compelled to disgorge. And what compelled him? Did the object seem to him small or contemptible? On the contrary, the annexation of Franche Comté to his kingdom was one of the favourite projects of his life. Was he withheld by regard for his word? Did he, who never in any other transaction of his reign showed the smallest respect for the most solemn obligations of public faith,—who violated the Treaty of the Pyrenees, who violated the Treaty of Aix, who violated the Treaty of Nimeguen, who violated the Partition Treaty, who violated the Treaty of Utrecht,—feel himself restrained by his word on this single occasion? Can any person who is acquainted with his character, and with his whole policy, doubt, that if the neighbouring powers would have looked quietly on, he would instantly have risen in his demands? How then stands the case? He wished to keep Franche Comté. It was not from regard to his word that he ceded Franche Comté. Why,

then, did he cede Franche Comté? We answer, as all Europe answered at the time, from fear of the Triple Alliance.

But grant that Louis was not really stopped in his progress by this famous league, still it is certain that the world then, and long after, believed that he was so stopped; and this was the prevailing impression in France as well as in other countries. Temple, therefore, at the very least, succeeded in raising the credit of his country, and lowering the credit of a rival power. Here there is no room for controversy. No grubbing among old state-papers will ever bring to light any document which will shake these facts—that Europe believed the ambition of France to have been curbed by the three powers;—that England, a few months before, the least among the nations, forced to abandon her own seas, unable to defend the mouths of her own rivers, regained almost as high a place in the estimation of her neighbours as she had held in the times of Elizabeth and Oliver;—and that all this change of opinion was produced in five days by wise and resolute counsels, without the firing of a single gun. That the Triple Alliance effected this will hardly be disputed; and if it effected nothing else, it must still be regarded as a masterpiece of diplomacy.

Considered as a measure of domestic policy, this treaty seems to be equally deserving of approbation. It did much to allay discontents, to reconcile the sovereign with a people who had, under his wretched administration, become ashamed of him, and of themselves. It was a kind of pledge for internal good government. The foreign relations of the kingdom had at that time the closest connexion with our domestic policy. From the Restoration, to the Accession of the House of Hanover, Holland and France were to England what the right hand horseman and the left hand horseman in Bürger's fine ballad were to Wildgraf,—the good and the evil counsellor,—the angel of light, and the angel of darkness. The ascendancy of France was inseparably connected with the prevalence of tyranny in domestic affairs. The ascendancy of Holland was as inseparably connected with the prevalence of political liberty, and of mutual toleration among Protestant sects. How fatal and degrading an influence Louis was destined to exercise on the British counsels, how great a deliverance our country was destined to owe to the States, could not be foreseen when the Triple Alliance was concluded. Yet even then all discerning men considered it as a good omen for the English constitution, and the reformed religion, that the Government had attached itself to Holland, and had assumed a firm and somewhat hostile attitude towards France. The fame of this measure was the greater, because it stood so entirely alone. It was the single

eminently good act performed by the Government during the interval between the Restoration and the Revolution.* Every person who had the smallest part in it, and some who had no part in it at all, battled for a share of the credit. The most close-fisted republicans were ready to grant money for the purpose of carrying into effect the provisions of this popular alliance; and the great Tory poet of that age, in his finest satires, repeatedly spoke with reverence of the 'triple bond.'

This negotiation raised the fame of Temple both at home and abroad to a great height,—to such a height, indeed, as seems to have excited the jealousy of his friend Arlington. While London and Amsterdam resounded with acclamations of joy, the Secretary, in very cold official language, communicated to his friend the approbation of the King; and lavish as the Government was of titles and of money, its ablest servant was neither ennobled nor enriched.

Temple's next mission was to Aix-la-Chapelle, where a general congress met for the purpose of perfecting the work of the Triple Alliance. On his road he received abundant proofs of the estimation in which he was held. Salutes were fired from the walls of the towns through which he passed; the population poured forth into the streets to see him; and the magistrates entertained him with speeches and banquets. After the close of the negotiations at Aix he was appointed ambassador at the Hague. But in both these missions he experienced much vexation from the rigid, and, indeed, unjust parsimony of the Government. Profuse to many unworthy applicants, the Ministers were niggardly to him alone. They secretly disliked his politics; and they seem to have indemnified themselves for the humiliation of adopting his measures by cutting down his salary, and delaying the settlement of his outfit.

At the Hague he was received with cordiality by De Witt, and with the most signal marks of respect by the States-General. His situation was in one point extremely delicate. The Prince of Orange, the hereditary chief of the faction opposed to the administration of De Witt, was the nephew of Charles. To preserve the confidence of the ruling party without showing any want of respect to so near a relation of his own master was no easy task. But Temple acquitted himself so well, that he appears to have been in great favour, both with the Grand Pensionary and with the Prince.

* 'The only good public thing that hath been done since the King come into England.'—*PERYS'S Diary, February 14, 1667-8.*

In the main, the years which he spent at the Hague seem, in spite of some pecuniary difficulties, occasioned by the ill-will of the English Ministers, to have passed very agreeably. He enjoyed the highest personal consideration. He was surrounded by objects interesting in the highest degree to a man of his observant turn of mind. He had no wearing labour, no heavy responsibility; and if he had no opportunity of adding to his high reputation, he ran no risk of impairing it.

But evil times were at hand. Though Charles had for a moment deviated into a wise and dignified policy, his heart had always been with France; and France employed every means of seduction to lure him back. His impatience of control, his greediness for money, his passion for beauty, his family affections, all his tastes, all his feelings, were practised on with the utmost dexterity. His interior Cabinet was now composed of men such as that generation, and that generation alone produced; of men at whose audacious profligacy the rats of our own time look with the same sort of admiring despair with which our sculptors contemplate the Theseus, and our painters the Cartoons. To be a real, hearty, deadly enemy of the liberties and religion of the nation was, in that dark conclave, an honourable distinction;—a distinction which belonged only to the daring and impetuous Clifford. His associates were men to whom all creeds and all constitutions were alike; who were equally ready to profess and to persecute the faith of Geneva, of Lambeth, and of Rome; who were equally ready to be tools of power without any sense of loyalty, and stirrers of sedition without any zeal for freedom.

It was hardly possible even for a man so penetrating as De Witt to foresee to what depths of wickedness and infamy this execrable administration would descend. Yet, many signs of the great woe which was coming on Europe,—the visit of the Duchess of Orleans to her brother,—the unexplained mission of Buckingham to Paris,—the sudden occupation of Lorraine by the French,—rendered the Grand Pensionary uneasy; and his alarm increased when he learned that Temple had received orders to repair instantly to London. He earnestly pressed for an explanation. Temple very sincerely replied that he hoped that the English Ministers would adhere to the principles of the Triple Alliance. ‘I can answer,’ he said, ‘only for myself. But that I can do. If a new system is to be adopted, I will never have any part in it. I have told the King so; and I will make my words good. If I return you will know more; and if I do not return you will guess more.’ De Witt smiled, and answered that he would hope the best; and would do all in his power to prevent others from forming unfavourable surmises.

In October 1670, Temple reached London, and all his worst

suspicious were immediately more than confirmed. He repaired to the Secretary's house, and was kept an hour and a-half waiting in the antechamber, whilst Lord Ashley was closeted with Arlington. When at length the doors were thrown open, Arlington was dry and cold, asked trifling questions about the voyage, and then, in order to escape from the necessity of discussing business, called in his daughter;—an engaging little girl of three years old, who was long after described by poets 'as dressed in all the bloom of smiling nature,' and whom Evelyn, one of the witnesses of her inauspicious marriage, mournfully designated as 'the sweetest, hopefullest, most beautiful child, and most virtuous too.' Any particular conversation was impossible: and Temple, who, with all his constitutional or philosophical-indifference, was sufficiently sensitive on the side of vanity, felt this treatment keenly. The next day he offered himself to the notice of the King, who was snuffing up the morning air, and feeding his ducks in the Mall. Charles was civil, but, like Arlington, carefully avoided all conversation on politics. Temple found that all his most respectable friends were entirely excluded from the secrets of the inner council; and were awaiting in anxiety and dread for what those mysterious deliberations might produce. At length he obtained a glimpse of light. The bold spirit and fierce passions of Clifford rendered him the most unfit of all men to be the keeper of a momentous secret: He told Temple, with great vehemence, that the States had behaved basely, that De Witt was a rogue and a rascal, that it was below the King of England, or any other king, to have any thing to do with such wretches; that this ought to be made known to all the world, and that it was the duty of the Minister at the Hague to declare it publicly. Temple commanded his temper as well as he could, and replied, calmly and firmly, that he should make no such declaration, and that if he were called upon to give his opinion of the States and their Ministers, he would say exactly what he thought.

He now saw clearly that the tempest was gathering fast,—that the great alliance which he had framed, and over which he had watched with parental care, was about to be dissolved,—that times were at hand when it would be necessary for him, if he continued in public life, either to take part decidedly against the Court, or to forfeit the high reputation which he enjoyed at home and abroad. He began to make preparations for retiring altogether from business. He enlarged a little garden which he had purchased at Sheen, and laid out some money in ornamenting his house there. He was still nominally ambassador to Holland; and the English Ministers continued during some months to flatter the States with the hope that he would speedily return. At length, in June, 1671, the designs of the 'Cabal' were ripe. The infamous treaty with

France had been ratified. The season of deception was past, and that of insolence and violence had arrived. Temple received his formal dismissal, kissed the King's hand, was repaid for his services with some of those vague compliments and promises which cost so little to the cold heart, the easy temper, and the ready tongue of Charles, and quietly withdrew to his little nest, as he called it, at Sheen.

There he amused himself with gardening, which he practised so successfully that the fame of his fruit soon spread far and wide. But letters were his chief solace. He had, as we have mentioned, been from his youth in the habit of diverting himself with composition. The clear and agreeable language of his despatches had early attracted the notice of his employers; and before the peace of Breda, he had, at the request of Arlington, published a pamphlet on the war, of which nothing is now known, except that it had some vogue at the time, and that Charles, not a contemptible judge, pronounced it to be very well written. He had also; a short time before he began to reside at the Hague, written a treatise on the State of Ireland, in which he showed all the feelings of a Cromwellian. He had gradually formed a style singularly lucid and melodious,—superficially deformed, indeed, by Gallicisms, and Hispanicisms, picked up in travel or in negotiation,—but at the bottom pure English,—generally flowing with careless simplicity, but occasionally rising even into Ciceronian magnificence. The length of his sentences has often been remarked. But in truth this length is only apparent. A critic who considers as one sentence every thing that lies between two full stops will undoubtedly call Temple's sentences long. But a critic who examines them carefully will find that they are not swollen by parenthetical matter; that their structure is scarcely ever intricate; that they are formed merely by accumulation; and that, by the simple process of leaving out conjunctions, and substituting full stops for colons and semi-colons, they might, without any alteration in the order of the words, be broken up into very short periods, with no sacrifice except that of euphony. The long sentences of Hooker and Clarendon, on the contrary, are really long sentences, and cannot be turned into short ones, without being entirely taken to pieces.

The best known of the works which Temple composed during his first retreat from official business are, an *Essay on Government*, which seems to us exceedingly childish; and an *Account of the United Provinces*, which we think a master-piece in its kind. Whoever compares these two pieces will probably agree with us in thinking that Temple was not a very deep or accurate reasoner, but was an excellent observer,—that he had no call to

philosophical speculation, but that he was qualified to excel as a writer of *Memoirs* and *Travels*.

While Temple was engaged in these pursuits, the great storm which had long been brooding over Europe burst with such fury as for a moment seemed to threaten ruin to all free governments, and all Protestant churches. France and England without seeking for any decent pretext, declared war against Holland. The immense armies of Louis poured across the Rhine, and invaded the territory of the United Provinces. The Dutch seemed to be paralyzed by terror. Great towns opened their gates to straggling parties. Regiments flung down their arms without seeing an enemy. Guelderland, Overysse, Utrecht were overrun by the conquerors. The fires of the French camp were seen from the walls of Amsterdam. In the first madness of their despair the devoted people turned their rage against the most illustrious of their fellow-citizens. De Ruyter was saved with difficulty from assassins. De Witt was torn to pieces by an infuriated rabble. No hope was left to the Commonwealth, save in the dauntless, the ardent, the indefatigable, the unconquerable spirit which glowed under the frigid demeanour of the young Prince of Orange.

That great man rose at once to the full dignity of his part, and approved himself a worthy descendant of the line of heroes who had vindicated the liberties of Europe against the house of Austria. Nothing could shake his fidelity to his country—not his close connexion with the royal family of England,—not the most earnest solicitations—not the most tempting offers. The spirit of the nation,—that spirit which had maintained the great conflict against the gigantic power of Philip,—revived in all its strength. Counsels such as are inspired by a generous despair, and are almost always followed by a speedy dawn of hope, were gravely concerted by the statesmen of Holland. To open their dykes,—to man their ships,—to leave their country, with all its miracles of art and industry,—its cities, its canals, its villas, its pastures, and its tulip gardens,—buried under the waves of the German ocean,—to bear to a distant climate their Calvinistic faith and their old Batavian liberties,—to fix, perhaps with happier auspices, the new Stadthouse of their Commonwealth, under other stars, and amidst a strange vegetation, in the Spice-Islands of the Eastern seas,—such were the plans which they had the spirit to form: and it is seldom that men who have the spirit to form such plans are reduced to the necessity of executing them.

The Allies had, during a short period, obtained the most appalling success. This was their auspicious moment. They ne-

glected to improve it. It passed away; and it returned no more. The Prince of Orange arrested the progress of the French armies. Louis returned to be amused and flattered at Versailles. The country was under water. The winter approached. The weather became stormy. The fleets of the combined kings could no longer keep the sea. The republic had obtained a respite; and the circumstances were such that a respite was, in a military view, important; in a political view almost decisive.

The alliance against Holland, formidable as it was, was yet of such a nature that it could not succeed at all, unless it succeeded at once. The English Ministers could not carry on the war without money. They could legally obtain money only from the Parliament; and they were most unwilling to call the Parliament together. The measures which Charles had adopted at home were even more unpopular than his foreign policy. He had bound himself by a treaty with Louis to re-establish the Catholic religion in England; and, in pursuance of this design, he had entered on the same course which his brother afterwards pursued with greater obstinacy to a more fatal end. He had annulled, by his own sole authority, the laws against Catholics and other dissenters. The matter of the Declaration of Indulgence exasperated one-half of his subjects, and the manner the other half. Liberal men would have rejoiced to see toleration granted, at least to all Protestant sects. Many high churchmen had no objection to the King's dispensing power. But a tolerant act done in an unconstitutional way excited the opposition of all who were zealous either for the Church or for the privileges of the people; that is to say, of ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred. The Ministers were, therefore, most unwilling to meet the Houses. Lawless and desperate as their counsels were, the boldest of them had too much value for his neck to think of resorting to benevolences, privy-seals, ship-money, or any of the other unlawful modes of extortion which former kings had employed. The audacious fraud of shutting up the Exchequer furnished them with about twelve hundred thousand pounds;—a sum which, even in better hands than theirs, would hardly have sufficed for the war-charges of a single year. And this was a step which could never be repeated;—a step which, like most breaches of public faith, was speedily found to have caused pecuniary difficulties greater than those which it removed. All the money that could be raised was gone; Holland was not conquered; and the King had no resource but in a Parliament.

Had a general election taken place at this crisis, it is probable that the country would have sent up representatives as resolutely hostile to the Court as those who met in November 1640; that

the whole domestic and foreign policy of the Government would have been instantly changed; and that the members of the Cabal would have expiated their crimes on Tower-Hill. But the House of Commons was still the same which had been elected twelve years before, in the midst of the transports of joy, repentance, and loyalty which followed the Restoration; and no pains had been spared to attach it to the Court by places, pensions, and bribes. To the great mass of the people it was scarcely less odious than the Cabinet. Yet, though it did not immediately proceed to those strong measures which a new House would in all probability have adopted, it was sullen and unmanageable; and undid, slowly indeed and by degrees, but most effectually, all that the Ministers had done. In one session it annihilated their system of internal government. In a second session it gave a death-blow to their foreign policy.

The dispensing power was the first object of attack. The Commons would not expressly approve the war; but neither did they as yet expressly condemn it; and they were even willing to grant the King a supply for the purpose of continuing hostilities, on condition that he would redress internal grievances, among which the Declaration of Indulgence held the foremost place.

Shaftesbury, who was Chancellor, saw that the game was up,—that he had got all that was to be got by siding with despotism and Popery, and that it was high time to think of being a demagogue and a good Protestant. The Lord Treasurer Clifford was marked out by his boldness, by his openness, by his zeal for the Catholic religion, by something which, compared with the villany of his colleagues, might almost be called honesty, to be the scape-goat of the whole conspiracy. The King came in person to the House of Peers to request their lordships to mediate between him and the Commons touching the Declaration of Indulgence. He remained in the House while his speech was taken into consideration,—a common practice with him;—for the debates amused his sated mind, and were sometimes, he used to say, as good as a comedy. A more sudden turn his Majesty had certainly never seen in any comedy of intrigue, either at his own play-house, or at the Duke's, than that which this memorable debate produced. The Lord Treasurer spoke with characteristic ardour and intrepidity in defence of the Declaration. When he sat down, the Lord Chancellor rose from the wool-sack, and to the amazement of the King, and of the House, attacked Clifford—attacked the Declaration for which he had himself spoken in council—gave up the whole policy of the Cabinet—and declared himself on the side of the House of Commons.

Even that age had not witnessed so portentous a display of impudence.

The King, by the advice of the French Court, which cared much more about the war on the Continent than about the conversion of the English heretics, determined to save his foreign policy at the expense of his plans in favour of the Catholic church. He obtained a supply; and in return for this concession he cancelled the Declaration of Indulgence and made a formal renunciation of the dispensing power before he prorogued the Houses.

But it was no more in his power to go on with the war than to maintain his arbitrary system at home. His Ministry, betrayed within, and fiercely assailed from without, went rapidly to pieces. Clifford threw down the white staff, and retired to the woods of Ugbrook, vowing, with bitter tears, that he would never again see that turbulent city, and that perfidious Court. Shaftesbury was ordered to deliver up the Great Seal; and instantly carried over his front of brass, and his tongue of poison to the ranks of the Opposition. The remaining members of the Cabal had neither the capacity of the late Chancellor, nor the courage and enthusiasm of the late Treasurer. They were not only unable to carry on their former projects, but began to tremble for their own lands and heads. The Parliament, as soon as it again met, began to murmur against the alliance with France, and the war with Holland; and the murmur gradually swelled into a fierce and terrible clamour. Strong resolutions were adopted against Lauderdale and Buckingham. Articles of impeachment were exhibited against Arlington. The Triple Alliance was mentioned with reverence in every debate; and the eyes of all men were turned towards the quiet orchard, where the author of that great league was amusing himself with reading and gardening.

Temple was ordered to attend the King, and was charged with the office of negotiating a separate peace with Holland. The Spanish Ambassador to the Court of London had been empowered by the States-General to treat in their name. With him Temple came to a speedy agreement; and in three days a treaty was concluded.

The highest honours of the State were now within Temple's reach. After the retirement of Clifford, the white staff had been delivered to Thomas Osborne, soon after created Earl of Danby, who was related to Lady Temple, and had, many years earlier, travelled and played tennis with Sir William. Danby was an interested and unscrupulous man, but by no means destitute of abilities or of judgment. He was, indeed, a far better adviser than any in whom Charles had hitherto reposed confidence. Claren-

don was a man of another generation, and did not in the least understand the society which he had to govern. The members of the Cabal were ministers of a foreign power, and enemies of the Established Church; and had in consequence raised against themselves and their master an irresistible storm of national and religious hatred. Danby wished to strengthen and extend the prerogative; but he had the sense to see that this could be done only by a complete change of system. He knew the English people and the House of Commons; and he knew that the course which Charles had recently taken, if obstinately pursued, might well end before the windows of the Banqueting-House. He saw that the true policy of the Crown was to ally itself, not with the feeble, the hated, the down-trodden Catholics, but with the powerful, the wealthy, the popular, the dominant Church of England; to trust for aid, not to a foreign Prince whose name was hateful to the British nation, and whose succours could be obtained only on terms of vassalage, but to the old Cavalier party, to the landed gentry, the clergy, and the universities. By rallying round the throne the whole strength of the Royalists and High-Churchmen, and by using without stint all the resources of corruption, he flattered himself that he could manage the Parliament. That he failed is to be attributed less to himself than to his master. Of the disgraceful dealings which were still kept up with the French Court, Danby deserved little or none of the blame, though he suffered the whole punishment.

Danby, with great parliamentary talents, had paid little attention to foreign politics; and wished for the help of some person on whom he could rely in this department. A plan was accordingly arranged for making Temple Secretary of State. Arlington was the only member of the Cabal who still held office in England. The temper of the House of Commons made it necessary to remove him, or rather to require him to sell out; for at that time the great offices of State were bought and sold as commissions in the army now are. Temple was informed that he should have the Seals if he would pay Arlington six thousand pounds. The transaction had nothing in it discreditable, according to the notions of that age; and the investment would have been a good one; for we imagine that at that time the gains which a Secretary of State might make without doing any thing considered as improper, were very considerable. Temple's friends offered to lend him the money; but he was fully determined not to take a post of so much responsibility in times so agitated, and under a prince on whom so little reliance could be placed, and accepted the embassy to the Hague, leaving Arlington to find another purchaser.

Before Temple left England he had a long audience of the

King, to whom he spoke with great severity of the measures adopted by the late Ministry. The King owned that things had turned out ill. 'But,' said he, 'if I had been well served, I might have made a good business of it.' Temple was alarmed at this language, and inferred from it that the system of the Cabal had not been abandoned, but only suspended. He therefore thought it his duty to go, as he expresses it, 'to the bottom of the matter.' He strongly represented to the King the impossibility of establishing either absolute government, or the Catholic religion in England; and concluded by repeating an observation which he had heard at Brussels from M. Gourville, a very intelligent Frenchman well known to Charles: 'A king of England,' said Gourville, 'who is willing to be the man of his people, is the greatest king in the world; but if he wishes to be more, by heaven he is nothing at all!' The King betrayed some symptoms of impatience during this lecture; but at last laid his hand kindly on Temple's shoulder, and said, 'You are right, and so is Gourville; and I will be the man of my people.'

With this assurance Temple repaired to the Hague in July 1674. Holland was now secure, and France was surrounded on every side by enemies. Spain and the Empire were in arms for the purpose of compelling Louis to abandon all that he had acquired since the treaty of the Pyrenees. A congress for the purpose of putting an end to the war was opened at Nimeguen under the mediation of England, in 1675; and to that congress Temple was deputed. The work of conciliation, however, went on very slowly. The belligerent powers were still sanguine, and the mediating power was unsteady and insincere.

In the mean-time the Opposition in England became more and more formidable, and seemed fully determined to force the King into a war with France. Charles was desirous of making some appointments which might strengthen the Administration, and conciliate the confidence of the public. No man was more esteemed by the nation than Temple; yet he had never been concerned in any Opposition to any Government. In July 1677, he was sent for from Nimeguen. Charles received him with caresses, earnestly pressed him to accept the seals of Secretary of State, and promised to bear half the charge of buying out the present holder. Temple was charmed by the kindness and politeness of the King's manner, and by the liveliness of his conversation; but his prudence was not to be so laid asleep. He calmly and steadily excused himself. The King affected to treat his excuses as mere jests, and gaily said, 'Go; get you gone to Sheen. We shall have no good of you till you have been there; and when

‘you have rested yourself, come up again.’ Temple withdrew, and staid two days at his villa, but returned to town in the same mind; and the King was forced to consent at least to a delay.

But while Temple thus carefully shunned the responsibility of bearing a part in the general direction of affairs, he gave a signal proof of that never-failing sagacity which enabled him to find out ways of distinguishing himself without risk. He had a principal share in bringing about an event which was at the time hailed with general satisfaction, and which subsequently produced consequences of the highest importance. This was the marriage of the Prince of Orange and the Lady Mary.

In the following year Temple returned to the Hague; and thence he was ordered, in the close of 1678, to repair to Nimeguen, for the purpose of signing the hollow and unsatisfactory treaty by which the distractions of Europe were for a short time suspended. He grumbled much at being required to sign bad articles which he had not framed, and still more at having to travel in very cold weather. After all, a difficulty of etiquette prevented him from signing, and he returned to the Hague. Scarcely had he arrived there when he received intelligence that the King, whose embarrassments were now far greater than ever, was fully resolved immediately to appoint him Secretary of State. He a third time declined that high post, and began to make preparations for a journey to Italy; thinking, doubtless, that he should spend his time much more pleasantly among pictures and ruins than in such a whirlpool of political and religious frenzy as was then raging in London.

But the King was in extreme necessity, and was no longer to be so easily put off. Temple received positive orders to repair instantly to England. He obeyed, and found the country in a state even more fearful than that which he had pictured to himself.

Those are terrible conjunctures, when the discontents of a nation—not light and capricious discontents, but discontents which have been steadily increasing during a long series of years—have attained their full maturity. The discerning few predict the approach of these conjunctures, but predict in vain. To the many, the evil season comes as a total eclipse of the sun at noon comes to a people of savages. Society which, but a short time before, was in a state of perfect repose, is on a sudden agitated with the most fearful convulsions, and seems to be on the verge of dissolution; and the rulers who, till the mischief was beyond the reach of all ordinary remedies, had never bestowed one thought on its existence, stand bewildered and panic-stricken, without hope or resource, in the midst of the confusion. One such conjuncture

this generation has seen. God grant that we may never see another! At such a conjuncture it was that Temple landed on English ground in the beginning of 1679.

The Parliament had obtained a glimpse of the King's dealings with France; and their anger had been unjustly directed against Danby, whose conduct as to that matter had been, on the whole, deserving rather of praise than of censure. The Popish plot, the murder of Godfrey, the infamous inventions of Oates, the discovery of Colman's letters, had excited the nation to madness. All the disaffections which had been generated by eighteen years of misgovernment had come to the birth together. At this moment the King had been advised to dissolve that Parliament which had been elected just after his restoration; and which, though its composition had since that time been greatly altered, was still far more deeply imbued with the old cavalier spirit than any that had preceded, or that was likely to follow it. The general election had commenced, and was proceeding with a degree of excitement never before known. The tide ran furiously against the Court. It was clear that a majority of the new House of Commons would be—to use a word which came into fashion a few months later—decided Whigs. Charles had found it necessary to yield to the violence of the public feeling. The Duke of York was on the point of retiring to Holland. 'I never,' says Temple, who had seen the abolition of monarchy, the dissolution of the long Parliament, the fall of the Protectorate, the declaration of Monk against the Rump,—'I never saw greater disturbance in men's minds.'

The King now with the utmost urgency besought Temple to take the seals. The pecuniary part of the arrangement no longer presented any difficulty; and Sir William was not quite so decided in his refusal as he had formerly been. He took three days to consider the posture of affairs, and to examine his own feelings; and he came to the conclusion that 'the scene was unfit for such an actor as he knew himself to be.' Yet he felt that, by refusing help to the King at such a crisis he might give much offence and incur much censure. He shaped his course with his usual dexterity. He affected to be very desirous of a seat in Parliament; yet he contrived to be an unsuccessful candidate; and, when all the writs were returned, he represented that it would be useless for him to take the seals till he could procure admittance to the House of Commons; and in this manner he succeeded in avoiding the greatness which others desired to thrust upon him.

The Parliament met; and the violence of its proceedings surpassed all expectation. The Long Parliament itself, with much

greater provocation, had at its commencement been less violent. The Treasurer was instantly driven from office, impeached, sent to the Tower. Sharp and vehement votes were passed on the subject of the Popish Plot. The Commons were prepared to go much further,—to wrest from the King his prerogative of mercy in cases of high political crimes, and to alter the succession to the Crown. Charles was thoroughly perplexed and dismayed. Temple saw him almost daily, and thought that at last he was impressed with a deep sense of his errors, and of the miserable state into which they had brought him. Their conferences became longer and more confidential: and Temple began to flatter himself with the hope that he might be able to reconcile parties at home as he had reconciled hostile States abroad,—that he might be able to suggest a plan which should allay all heats, efface the memory of all past grievances,—secure the nation from misgovernment, and protect the Crown against the encroachments of Parliament.

Temple's plan was that the existing Privy Council, which consisted of fifty members, should be dissolved—that there should no longer be a small interior council, like that which is now designated as the Cabinet,—that a new Privy Council of thirty members should be appointed,—and that the King should pledge himself to govern by the constant advice of this body,—to suffer all his affairs of every kind to be freely debated there, and not to reserve any part of the public business for a secret committee.

Fifteen of the members of this new Council were to be great officers of State. The other fifteen were to be independent noblemen and gentlemen of the greatest weight in the country. In appointing them particular regard was to be had to the amount of their property. The whole annual income of the councillors was estimated at L.300,000. The annual income of all the members of the House of Commons was not supposed to exceed L.400,000. The appointment of wealthy councillors Temple describes as 'a chief regard, necessary to this Constitution.'

This plan was the subject of frequent conversation between the King and Temple. After a month passed in discussions, to which no third person appears to have been privy, Charles declared himself satisfied of the expediency of the proposed measure, and resolved to carry it into effect.

It is much to be regretted that Temple has left us no account of these conferences. Historians have, therefore, been left to form their own conjectures as to the object of this very extraordinary plan,—'this Constitution,' as Temple himself calls it.

And we cannot say that any explanation which has yet been given seems to us quite satisfactory. Indeed, almost all the writers whom we have consulted appear to consider the change as merely a change of administration; and, so considering it, they generally applaud it. Mr Courtenay, who has evidently examined this subject with more attention than has often been bestowed upon it, seems to think Temple's scheme very strange, unintelligible, and absurd. It is with very great diffidence that we offer our own solution of what we have always thought one of the great fiddles of English history. We are strongly inclined to suspect that the appointment of the new Privy Council was really a much more remarkable event than has generally been supposed; and that what Temple had in view was to effect, under colour of a change of administration, a permanent change in the Constitution.

The plan, considered as a plan for the formation of a Cabinet, is so obviously inconvenient, that we cannot easily believe this to have been Temple's chief object. The number of the new Council alone would be a most serious objection. The largest Cabinets of modern times have not, we believe, consisted of more than fifteen members. Even this number has generally been thought too large. The Marquess Wellesley, whose judgment, on a question of executive administration, is entitled to as much respect as that of any statesman that England ever produced, expressed, on a very important occasion,* his conviction that even thirteen was an inconveniently large number. But in a Cabinet of thirty members what chance could there be of finding unity, secrecy, expedition,—any of the qualities which such a body ought to possess? If, indeed, the members of such a Cabinet were closely bound together by interest, if they all had a deep stake in the permanence of the Administration, if the majority were dependent on a small number of leading men, the thirty might perhaps act as a smaller number would act, though more slowly, more awkwardly, and with more risk of improper disclosures. But the Council which Temple proposed was so framed that, if instead of thirty members, it had contained only ten, it would still have been the most unwieldy and discordant Cabinet that ever sat. One half of the members were to be persons holding no office,—persons who had no motive to compromise their opinions, or to take any share of the responsibility of an unpopular measure;—persons, therefore, who might be expected, as often as there might be a crisis requiring the most cordial co-

* In the negotiations of 1812.

operation, to draw off from the rest and to throw every difficulty in the way of the public business. The circumstance that they were men of enormous private wealth only made the matter worse. The House of Commons is a checking body, and therefore it is desirable that it should, to a great extent, consist of men of independent fortune, who receive nothing and expect nothing from the Government. But with executive boards the case is quite different. Their business is not to check, but to act. The very same things, therefore, which are the virtues of Parliaments may be vices in Cabinets. We can hardly conceive a greater curse to the country than an Administration, the members of which should be as perfectly independent of each other, and as little under the necessity of making mutual concessions, as the representatives of London and Devonshire in the House of Commons are, and ought to be. Now Temple's new Council was to contain fifteen members, who were to hold no offices, and the average amount of whose private estates was ten thousand pounds a year; an income which, in proportion to the wants of a man of rank of that period, was at least equal to thirty thousand a year in our time. Was it to be expected that such men would gratuitously take on themselves the labour and responsibility of Ministers, and the unpopularity which the best Ministers must sometimes be prepared to brave? Could there be any doubt that an Opposition would soon be formed within the Cabinet itself, and that the consequence would be disunion, altercation, tardiness in operations, the divulging of secrets, every thing most alien from the nature of an executive council?

Is it possible to imagine that considerations so grave and so obvious should have altogether escaped the notice of a man of Temple's sagacity and experience? One of two things appears to us to be certain,—either that his project has been misunderstood, or that his talents for public affairs have been overrated.

We lean to the opinion that his project has been misunderstood. His new Council, as we have shown, would have been an exceedingly bad Cabinet. The inference which we are inclined to draw is this,—that he meant his Council to serve some other purpose than that of a mere Cabinet. Barillon used four or five words which contain, we think, the key of the whole mystery. Mr Courtenay calls them pithy words; but he does not, if we are right, apprehend their whole force. 'Ce sont,' said Barillon, '*des états, non des conseils.*'

In order clearly to understand what we imagine to have been Temple's views, we must remember that the Government of England was at that moment, and had been during nearly eighty years, in a state of transition. A change, not the less real nor

the less extensive because disguised under ancient names and forms, was in constant progress. The theory of the Constitution—the fundamental laws which fix the powers of the three branches of the legislature—underwent no material change between the time of Elizabeth and the time of William III. The most celebrated laws of the seventeenth century on those subjects—the Petition of Right—the Declaration of Right—are purely declaratory. They purport to be merely recitals of the old polity of England. They do not establish free government as a salutary improvement, but claim it as an undoubted and immemorial inheritance. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that, during the period of which we speak, all the mutual relations of all the orders of the State did practically undergo an entire change. The letter of the law might be unaltered; but, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the power of the Crown was, in fact, decidedly predominant in the State; and at the end of that century the power of Parliament, and especially of the Lower House, had become, in fact, decidedly predominant. At the beginning of the century, the sovereign perpetually violated, with little or no opposition, the clear privileges of Parliament. At the close of the century, the Parliament had virtually drawn to itself just as much as it chose of the prerogative of the Crown. The sovereign retained the shadow of that authority of which the Tudors had held the substance. He had a legislative veto which he never ventured to exercise,—a power of appointing Ministers whom an address of the Commons could at any moment force him to discard,—a power of declaring war which, without Parliamentary support, could not be carried on for a single day. The Houses of Parliament were now not merely legislative assemblies—not merely checking assemblies. They were great Councils of State, whose voice, when loudly and firmly raised, was decisive on all questions of foreign and domestic policy. There was no part of the whole system of Government with which they had not power to interfere by advice equivalent to command; and, if they abstained from intermeddling with some departments of the executive administration, they were withheld from doing so only by their own moderation, and by the confidence which they reposed in the Ministers of the Crown. There is perhaps no other instance in history of a change so complete in the real constitution of an empire, unaccompanied by any corresponding change in the theoretical constitution. The disguised transformation of the Roman commonwealth into a despotic monarchy, under the long administration of Augustus, is perhaps the nearest parallel.

This great alteration did not take place without strong and

constant resistance on the part of the Kings of the house of Stuart. Till 1642 that resistance was generally of an open, violent, and lawless nature. If the Commons refused supplies, the sovereign levied a 'benevolence.' If the Commons impeached a favourite Minister, the sovereign threw the chiefs of the Opposition into prison. Of these efforts to keep down the Parliament by despotic force, without the pretext of law, the last, the most celebrated, and the most wicked was the attempt to seize the five members. That attempt was the signal for civil war, and was followed by eighteen years of blood and confusion.

The days of trouble passed by; the exiles returned; the throne was again set up in its high place; the peerage and the hierarchy recovered their ancient splendour. The fundamental laws which had been recited in the Petition of Right were again solemnly recognised. The theory of the English constitution was the same on the day when the hand of Charles II. was kissed by the kneeling Houses at Whitehall, as on the day when his father set up the royal standard at Nottingham. There was a short period of doting fondness, a *hysterica passio* of loyal repentance and love. But emotions of this sort are transitory; and the interests on which depends the progress of great societies are permanent. The transport of reconciliation was soon over; and the old struggle recommenced.

The old struggle recommenced;—but not precisely after the old fashion. The sovereign was not indeed a man whom any common warning would have restrained from the grossest violations of law. But it was no common warning that he had received. All around him were the recent signs of the vengeance of an oppressed nation,—the fields on which the noblest blood of the island had been poured forth,—the castles shattered by the cannon of the Parliamentary armies,—the hall where sat the stern tribunal to whose bar had been led, through lowering ranks of pikemen, the captive heir of a hundred kings,—the stately pilasters, before which the great execution had been so fearlessly done, in the face of heaven and earth. The restored Prince, admonished by the fate of his father, never ventured to attack his Parliaments with open and arbitrary violence. It was at one time by means of the Parliament itself, at another time by means of the courts of law, that he attempted to regain for the Crown its old predominance. He began with great advantages. The Parliament of 1661 was called while the nation was still full of joy and tenderness. The great majority of the House of Commons were zealous royalists. All the means of influence which the patronage of the Crown afforded were used without limit. Bribery was reduced to a system. The King, when he could

spare money from his pleasures for nothing else, could spare it for purposes of corruption. While the defence of the coasts was neglected, while ships rotted, while arsenals lay empty, while turbulent crowds of unpaid seamen swarmed in the streets of the seaports, something could still be scraped together in the Treasury for the members of the House of Commons. The gold of France was largely employed for the same purpose. Yet it was found, as indeed might have been foreseen, that there is a natural limit to the effect which can be produced by means like these. There is one thing which the most corrupt senates are unwilling to sell, and that is the power which makes them worth buying. The same selfish motives which induce them to take a price for a particular vote, will induce them to oppose every measure of which the effect would be to lower the importance, and consequently the price of their votes. About the income of their power, so to speak, they are quite ready to make bargains. But they are not easily persuaded to part with any fragment of the principal. It is curious to observe how, during the long continuance of this Parliament,—the pensionary Parliament as it was nicknamed by contemporaries,—though every circumstance seemed to be favourable to the Crown, the power of the Crown was constantly sinking, and that of the Commons constantly rising. The meetings of the Houses were more frequent than in former reigns; their interference was more harassing to the Government than in former reigns; they had begun to make peace, to make war, to pull down, if they did not set up, Administrations. Already a new class of statesmen had appeared, unheard of before that time, but common ever since. Under the Tudors and the earlier Stuarts, it was generally by courtly arts, or by official skill and knowledge, that a politician raised himself to power. From the time of Charles II. down to our own days a different species of talent, Parliamentary talent, has been the most valuable of all the qualifications of an English statesman. It has stood in the place of all other acquirements. It has covered ignorance, weakness, rashness, the most fatal mal-administration. A great negotiator is nothing when compared with a great debater; and a Minister who can make a successful speech need trouble himself little about an unsuccessful expedition. This is the talent which has made judges without law, and diplomatists without French—which has sent to the Admiralty men who did not know the stern of a ship from her bowsprit, and to the India Board men who did not know the difference between a rupee and a pagoda—which made a foreign secretary of Mr Pitt, who, as George II. said, had never opened Vattel,—and which was very near making a chancellor

of the exchequer of Mr Sheridan, who could not work a sum in long division. This was the sort of talent which raised Clifford from obscurity to the head of affairs. To this talent Danby—by birth a simple country gentleman—owed his white staff, his garter, and his dukedom. The encroachment of the power of the Parliament on the power of the Crown resembled a fatality, or the operation of some great law of nature. The will of the individual on the throne, or of the individuals in the two Houses, seemed to go for nothing. The King might be eager to encroach, yet something constantly drove him back. The Parliament might be loyal, even servile; yet something constantly urged them forward.

These things were done in the green tree. What then was likely to be done in the dry? The Popish plot and the general election came together, and found a people predisposed to the most violent excitation. The composition of the House of Commons was changed. The Legislature was filled with men who leaned to Republicanism in politics, and to Presbyterianism in religion. They no sooner met than they commenced a series of attacks on the Government, which, if successful, must have made them supreme in the State.

Where was this to end? To us, who have seen the solution, the question presents few difficulties. But to a statesman of the age of Charles II.—to a statesman who wished, without depriving the Parliament of its privileges, to maintain the monarch in his old supremacy—it must have appeared very perplexing.

Clarendon had, when Minister, struggled, honestly perhaps, but, as was his wont, obstinately, proudly, and offensively, against the growing power of the Commons. He was for allowing them their old authority, and not one atom more. He would never have claimed for the Crown a right to levy taxes from the people, without the consent of Parliament. But when the Parliament, in the first Dutch war, most properly insisted on knowing how it was that the money which they had voted had produced so little effect, and began to enquire through what hands it had passed, and on what services it had been expended, Clarendon considered this as a monstrous innovation. He told the King, as he himself says, ‘that he could not be too indulgent in the defence of the privileges of Parliament, and that he hoped he would never violate any of them; but he desired him to be equally solicitous to prevent the excesses in Parliament, and not to suffer them to extend their jurisdiction to cases they have nothing to do with; and that to restrain them within their proper bounds and limits is as necessary as it is to preserve them from being invaded; and that this was such a new en-

‘croachment as had no bottom.’ This is a single instance. Others might easily be given.

The bigotry, the strong passions, the haughty and disdainful temper, which made Clarendon’s great abilities a source of almost unmixed evil to himself, and to the public, had no place in the character of Temple. To Temple, however, as well as to Clarendon, the rapid change which was taking place in the real working of the Constitution gave great disquiet; particularly as he had never sat in the English Parliament, and therefore regarded it, with none of the predilection which men naturally feel for a body to which they belong, and for a theatre on which their own talents have been advantageously displayed.

To wrest by force from the House of Commons its newly acquired powers was impossible; nor was Temple a man to recommend such a stroke, even if it had been possible. But was it possible that the House of Commons might be induced to let those powers drop—that, as a great revolution had been effected without any change in the outward form of the Government, so a great counter-revolution might be effected in the same manner—that the Crown and the Parliament might be placed in nearly the same relative position in which they had stood in the reign of Elizabeth, and that this might be done without one sword drawn, without one execution, and with the general acquiescence of the nation?

The English people—it was probably thus that Temple argued—will not bear to be governed by the unchecked power of the sovereign, nor ought they to be so governed. At present there is no check but the Parliament. The limits which separate the power of checking those who govern, from the power of governing, are not easily to be defined. The Parliament, therefore, supported by the nation, is rapidly drawing to itself all the powers of Government. If it were possible to frame some other check on the power of the Crown, some check which might be less galling to the sovereign than that by which he is now constantly tormented, and yet which might appear to the people to be a tolerable security against mal-administration, Parliaments would probably meddle less; and they would be less supported by public opinion in their meddling. That the King’s hands may not be rudely tied by others, he must consent to tie them lightly himself. That the executive administration may not be usurped by the checking body, something of the character of a checking body must be given to the body which conducts the executive administration. The Parliament is now arrogating to itself every day a larger share of the functions of the Privy

Council. We must stop the evil by giving to the Privy Council something of the constitution of a Parliament. Let the nation see that all the King's measures are directed by a Cabinet composed of representatives of every order in the State—by a Cabinet which contains, not placemen alone, but independent and popular noblemen and gentlemen who have large estates and no salaries, and who are not likely to sacrifice the public welfare, in which they have a deep stake, and the credit which they have obtained with the country, to the pleasure of a Court from which they receive nothing. When the ordinary administration is in such hands as these, the people will be quite content to see the Parliament become what it formerly was,—an extraordinary check. They will be quite willing that the House of Commons should meet only once in three years for a short session, and should take as little part in matters of state as it did a hundred years ago.

Thus we believe that Temple reasoned: for on this hypothesis his scheme is intelligible; and on any other hypothesis appears to us, as it does to Mr Courtenay, exceedingly absurd and unmeaning. This Council was strictly what Barillon called it—an Assembly of States. There are the representatives of all the great sections of the community—of the Church, of the Law, of the Peerage, of the Commons. The exclusion of one-half of the councillors from office under the Crown,—an exclusion which is quite absurd when we consider the council merely as an executive board,—becomes at once perfectly reasonable when we consider the council as a body intended to restrain the Crown as well as to exercise the powers of the Crown—to perform some of the functions of a Parliament, as well as the functions of a Cabinet. We see, too, why Temple dwelt so much on the private wealth of the members—why he instituted a comparison between their united incomes, and the united incomes of the members of the House of Commons. Such a parallel would have been idle in the case of a mere Cabinet. It is extremely insignificant in the case of a body intended to supersede the House of Commons in some very important functions. ●

We can hardly help thinking that the notion of this Parliament on a small scale was suggested to Temple by what he had himself seen in the United Provinces. The original Assembly of the States-General consisted, as he tells us, of above eight hundred persons. But this great body was represented by a smaller council of about thirty, which bore the name and exercised the powers of the States-General. At last the real States altogether ceased to meet; and their power, though still a part of the theory of the Constitution, became obsolete in practice. We do not, of

course, imagine that Temple either expected or wished that Parliaments should be thus disused ; but he did expect, we think, that something like what had happened in Holland would happen in England, and that a large portion of the functions lately assumed by Parliament would be quietly transferred to the miniature Parliament which he proposed to create.

Had this plan, with some modifications, been tried at an earlier period, in a more composed state of the public mind, and by a better Sovereign, we are by no means certain that it would not have effected the purpose for which it was designed. The restraint imposed on the King by the Council of Thirty, whom he had himself chosen, would have been feeble indeed when compared with the restraint imposed by Parliament. But it would have been more constant. It would have acted every year, and all the year round ; and before the Revolution the sessions of Parliament were short and the recesses long. The advice of the Council would probably have prevented any very monstrous and scandalous measures ; and would consequently have prevented the discontents which follow such measures, and the salutary laws which are the fruit of such discontents. We believe, for example, that the second Dutch war would never have been approved by such a Council as that which Temple proposed. We are quite certain that the shutting up of the Exchequer would never even have been mentioned in such a Council. The people, pleased to think that Lord Russell, Lord Cavendish, and Mr Powle, unplaced and unpensioned, were daily representing their grievances, and defending their rights in the Royal presence, would not have pined quite so much for the meeting of Parliaments. The Parliament, when it met, would have found fewer and less glaring abuses to attack. There would have been less misgovernment and less reform. We should not have been cursed with the Cabal, or blessed with the Habeas Corpus Act. In the mean-time the Council, considered as an executive Council, would, unless some at least of its powers had been delegated to a smaller body, have been feeble, dilatory, divided, unfit for every thing which requires secrecy and despatch, and peculiarly unfit for the administration of war.

The Revolution put an end, in a very different way, to the long contest between the King and the Parliament. From that time, the House of Commons has been predominant in the State. The Cabinet has really been, from that time, a committee nominated by the Crown out of the prevailing party in Parliament. Though the minority in the Commons are constantly proposing to condemn executive measures, or to call for papers which may enable the House to sit in judgment on such measures, these

propositions are scarcely ever carried ; and if a proposition of this kind is carried against the Government a change of Ministry almost necessarily follows. Growing and struggling power always gives more annoyance and is more unmanageable than established power. The House of Commons gave infinitely more trouble to the Ministers of Charles II. than to any Ministers of later times ; for, in the time of Charles II., the House was checking Ministers in whom it did not confide. Now that its ascendancy is fully established, it either confides in Ministers or turns them out. This is undoubtedly a far better state of things than that which Temple wished to introduce. The modern Cabinet is a far better Executive Council than his. The worst House of Commons that has sat since the Revolution was a far more efficient check on misgovernment than his fifteen independent councillors would have been. Yet, every thing considered, it seems to us that his plan was the work of an observant, ingenious, and fertile mind.

On this occasion, as on every occasion on which he came prominently forward, Temple had the rare good fortune to please the public as well as the Sovereign. The general exultation was great when it was known that the old Council, made up of the most odious tools of power, was dismissed—that small interior committees, rendered odious by the recent memory of the Cabal, were to be disused—and that the King would adopt no measure till it had been discussed and approved by a body, of which one-half consisted of independent gentlemen and noblemen, and in which such persons as Russell, Cavendish, and Temple himself had seats. Town and country were in a ferment of joy. The bells were rung, bonfires were lighted, and the acclamations of England were re-echoed by the Dutch, who considered the influence obtained by Temple as a certain omen of good for Europe. It is, indeed, much to the honour of his sagacity that every one of his great measures should, in such times, have pleased every party which he had any interest in pleasing. This was the case with the Triple Alliance—with the Treaty which concluded the second Dutch war—with the Marriage of the Prince of Orange—and, finally, with the institution of this new Council.

The only people who grumbled were those popular leaders of the House of Commons who were not among the thirty ; and, if our view of the measure be correct, they were precisely the people who had good reason to grumble. They were precisely the people whose activity and whose influence the new Council was intended to destroy.

But there was very soon an end of the bright hopes and loud applauses with which the publication of this scheme had been

hailed. The perfidious levity of the King and the ambition of the chiefs of parties produced the instant, entire, and irremediable failure of a plan which nothing but firmness, public-spirit, and self-denial on the part of all concerned in it could conduct to a happy issue. Even before the project was divulged, its author had already found reason to apprehend that it would fail. Considerable difficulty was experienced in framing the list of councillors. There were two men in particular about whom the King and Temple could not agree,—two men deeply tainted with the vices common to the English statesmen of that age, but unrivalled in talents, address, and influence. These were the Earl of Shaftesbury, and George Saville Viscount Halifax.

It was a favourite exercise among the Greek sophists to write panegyrics on characters proverbial for depravity. One professor of rhetoric sent to Socrates a panegyric on Busiris; and Isocrates himself wrote another which has come down to us. It is, we presume, from an ambition of the same kind that some writers have lately shown a disposition to eulogize Shaftesbury. But the attempt is vain. The charges against him rest on evidence not to be invalidated by any arguments which human wit can devise; or by any information which may be found in old trunks and escrutoires.

It is certain that, just before the Restoration, he declared to the Regicides that he would be damned, body and soul, rather than suffer a hair of their heads to be hurt; and that, just after the Restoration, he was one of the judges who sentenced them to death. It is certain that he was a principal member of the most profligate Administration ever known; and that he was afterwards a principal member of the most profligate Opposition ever known. It is certain that, in power, he did not scruple to violate the great fundamental principle of the Constitution, in order to exalt the Catholics; and that, out of power, he did not scruple to violate every principle of justice, in order to destroy them. There were in that age honest men,—William Penn is an instance—who valued toleration so highly, that they would willingly have seen it established, even by an illegal exertion of the prerogative. There were many honest men who dreaded arbitrary power so much, that, on account of the alliance between Popery and arbitrary power, they were disposed to grant no toleration to Papists. In both those classes we look with indulgence, though we think both in the wrong. But Shaftesbury belonged to neither class. He united all that was worst in both. From the friends of toleration he borrowed their contempt for the Constitution; and from the friends of liberty their contempt for the rights of conscience. We never can admit that

his conduct as a member of the Cabal, was redeemed by his conduct as a leader of Opposition. On the contrary, his life was such, that every part of it, as if by a skilful contrivance, reflects infamy on every other. We should never have known how abandoned a prostitute he was in place, if we had not known how desperate an incendiary he was out of it. To judge of him fairly, we must bear in mind that the Shaftesbury who, in office, was the chief author of the Declaration of Indulgence, was the same Shaftesbury who, out of office, excited and kept up the savage hatred of the rabble of London, against the very class to whom that Declaration of Indulgence was intended to give illegal relief.

It is amusing to see the excuses that are made for him. We will give two specimens. It is acknowledged that he was one of the Ministry which made the alliance with France against Holland, and that this alliance was most pernicious. What, then, is the defence? Even this,—that he betrayed his master's counsels to the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, and tried to rouse all the Protestant powers of Germany to defend the States. Again, it is acknowledged that he was deeply concerned in the Declaration of Indulgence, and that his conduct on this occasion was not only unconstitutional, but quite inconsistent with the course which he afterwards took respecting the professors of the Catholic faith. What, then, is the defence? Even this,—that he meant only to allure concealed Papists to avow themselves, and thus to become open marks for the vengeance of the public. As often as he is charged with one treason, his advocates vindicate him by confessing two. They had better leave him where they find him. For him there is no escape upwards. Every outlet by which he can creep out of his present position, is one which lets him down into a still lower and fouler depth of infamy. To whitewash an Ethiopian is a proverbially hopeless attempt; but to whitewash an Ethiopian by giving him a new coat of blacking, is an enterprise more extraordinary still. That in the course of Shaftesbury's unscrupulous and revengeful opposition to the Court he rendered one or two most useful services to his country we admit. And he is, we think, fairly entitled, if that be any glory, to have his name eternally associated with the Habeas Corpus Act in the same way in which the name of Henry VIII. is associated with the reformation of the Church, and that of Jack Wilkes with the freedom of the press.

While Shaftesbury was still living, his character was elaborately drawn by two of the greatest writers of the age,—by Butler, with characteristic brilliancy of wit,—by Dryden, with even more than characteristic energy and loftiness,—by both with all

the inspiration of hatred. The sparkling illustrations of Butler have been thrown into the shade by the brighter glory of that gorgeous satiric Muse, who comes sweeping by in sceptred pall, borrowed from her more august sisters. But the descriptions well deserve to be compared. The reader will at once perceive a considerable difference between Butler's

——‘ politician,
With more heads than a beast in vision,’

and the Ahithophel of Dryden. Butler dwells on Shaftesbury's unprincipled versatility; on his wonderful and almost instinctive skill in discerning the approach of a change of fortune; and in the dexterity with which he extricated himself from the snares in which he left his associates to perish.

‘ Our state-artificer foresaw
Which way the world began to draw.
For as old sinners have all points
O’ th’ compass in their bones and joints,
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And better than by Napier’s bones
Feel in their own the age of moons :
So guilty sinners in a state
Can by their crimes prognosticate,
And in their consciences feel pain
Some days before a shower of rain.
He, therefore, wisely cast about
All ways he could to ensure his throat.’

In Dryden's great portrait, on the contrary, violent passion, implacable revenge, boldness amounting to temerity, are the most striking features. Ahithophel is one of the ‘ great wits to ‘ madness near allied.’ And again—

‘ A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.’ *

* It has never, we believe, been remarked, that two of the most striking lines in the description of Ahithophel are borrowed, and from a most obscure quarter. In Knolles's *History of the Turks*, printed more than sixty years before the appearance of Absalom and Ahithophel, are the following verses, under a portrait of the Sultan Mustapha I. :—

‘ Greatnesse on goodnesse loves to slide, not stand,
And leaves for Fortune's ice Vertue's firme land.’

The dates of the two poems will, we think, explain this discrepancy. The third part of *Hudibras* appeared in 1678, when the character of Shaftesbury had as yet but imperfectly developed itself. He had, indeed, been a traitor to every party in the State; but his treasons had hitherto prospered. Whether it were accident or sagacity, he had timed his desertions in such a manner that fortune seemed to go to and fro with him from side to side. The extent of his perfidy was known; but it was not till the Popish Plot furnished him with a machinery which seemed sufficiently powerful for all his purposes, that the audacity of his spirit, and the fierceness of his malevolent passions, became fully manifest. His subsequent conduct showed undoubtedly great ability, but not ability of the sort for which he had formerly been so eminent. He was now headstrong, sanguine, full of impetuous confidence in his own wisdom and his own good luck. He whose fame as a political tactician had hitherto rested chiefly on his skilful retreats, now set himself to break down all the bridges behind him. His plans were castles in the air:—his talk was rhodomontade. He took no thought for the morrow:—he treated the Court as if the King were already a prisoner in his hands:—he built on the favour of the multitude, as if that favour were not proverbially inconstant. The signs of the coming reaction were discerned by men of far less sagacity than his; and scared from his side men more consistent than he had ever pretended to be. But on him they were lost. The counsel of Ahithophel,—that counsel which was as if a man had enquired of the oracle of God,—was turned into foolishness. He who had become a by-word for the certainty with which he foresaw, and the suppleness with which he evaded danger, now, when beset on every side with snares and death, seemed to be smitten with a blindness as strange as his former clear-sightedness; and, turning neither to the right nor to the left, strode straight on with des-

Dryden's words are—

‘ But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.’

The circumstance is the more remarkable, because Dryden has really no couplet more intensely Drydenian, both in thought and expression, than this, of which the whole thought, and almost the whole expression, are stolen.

As we are on this subject, we cannot refrain from observing that Mr Courtenay has done Dryden injustice, by inadvertently attributing to him some feeble lines which are in Tate's part of *Absalom and Ahithophel*.

perate hardihood to his doom. Therefore, after having early acquired, and long preserved, the reputation of infallible wisdom and invariable success, he lived to see a mighty ruin wrought by his own ungovernable passions;—to see the great party which he had led, vanquished, and scattered, and trampled down;—to see all his own devilish enginery of lying witnesses, partial sheriffs, packed juries, unjust judges, blood-thirsty mobs, ready to be employed against himself and his most devoted followers;—to fly from that proud city whose favour had almost raised him to be Mayor of the Palace;—to hide himself in squalid retreats;—to cover his grey head with ignominious disguises;—and he died in hopeless exile, sheltered by a State which he had cruelly injured and insulted, from the vengeance of a master whose favour he had purchased by one series of crimes, and forfeited by another.

Halifax had, in common with Shaftesbury, and with almost all the politicians of that age, a very loose morality where the public was concerned; but in his case the prevailing infection was modified by a very peculiar constitution both of heart and head;—by a temper singularly free from gall, and by a refining and sceptical understanding. He changed his course as often as Shaftesbury; but he did not change it to the same extent, or in the same direction. Shaftesbury was the very reverse of a trimmer. His disposition led him generally to do his utmost to exalt the side which was up, and to depress the side which was down. His transitions were from extreme to extreme. While he staid with a party he went all lengths for it:—when he quitted it he went all lengths against it. Halifax was emphatically a trimmer, —a trimmer both by intellect and by constitution. The name was fixed on him by his contemporaries; and he was so far from being ashamed of it that he assumed it as a badge of honour. He passed from faction to faction. But instead of adopting and inflaming the passions of those whom he joined, he tried to diffuse among them something of the spirit of those whom he had just left. While he acted with the Opposition, he was suspected of being a spy of the Court; and when he had joined the Court, all the Tories were dismayed by his Republican doctrines.

He wanted neither arguments nor eloquence to exhibit what was commonly regarded as his wavering policy in the fairest light. He trimmed, he said, as the temperate zone trims between intolerable heat and intolerable cold—as a good government trims between despotism and anarchy—as a pure church trims between the errors of the Papist and those of the Anabaptist. Nor was this defence by any means without weight; for, though there is abundant proof that his integrity was not of strength to withstand the temptations by which his cupidity and vanity were sometimes

assailed, yet his dislike of extremes, and a forgiving and compassionate temper which seems to have been natural to him, preserved him from all participation in the worst crimes of his time. If both parties accused him of deserting them, both were compelled to admit that they had great obligations to his humanity; and that, though an uncertain friend, he was a placable enemy. He voted in favour of Lord Stafford, the victim of the Whigs. He did his utmost to save Lord Russell, the victim of the Tories. And on the whole, we are inclined to think that his public life, though far indeed from faultless, has as few great stains as that of any politician who took an active part in affairs during the troubled and disastrous period of ten years which elapsed between the fall of Lord Danby and the Revolution.

His mind was much less turned to particular observations, and much more to general speculation, than that of Shaftesbury. Shaftesbury knew the King, the Council, the Parliament, the city, better than Halifax; but Halifax would have written a far better treatise on political science than Shaftesbury. Shaftesbury shone more in consultation, and Halifax in controversy:—Shaftesbury was more fertile in expedients, and Halifax in arguments. Nothing that remains from the pen of Shaftesbury will bear a comparison with the political tracts of Halifax. Indeed, very little of the prose of that age is so well worth reading as the ‘Character of a Trimmer,’ and the ‘Anatomy of an Equivalent.’ What particularly strikes us in those works, is the writer’s passion for generalization. He was treating of the most exciting subjects in the most agitated times—he was himself placed in the very thick of the civil conflict:—yet there is no acrimony, nothing inflammatory, nothing personal. He preserves an air of cold superiority,—a certain philosophical serenity, which is perfectly marvellous,—he treats every question as an abstract question,—begins with the widest propositions,—argues those propositions on general grounds—and often, when he has brought out his theorem, leaves the reader to make the application, without adding an allusion to particular men or to passing events. This speculative turn of mind rendered him a bad adviser in cases which required celerity. He brought forward, with wonderful readiness and copiousness, arguments, replies to those arguments, rejoinders to those replies, general maxims of policy, and analogous cases from history. But Shaftesbury was the man for a prompt decision. Of the Parliamentary eloquence of these celebrated rivals, we can judge only by report; and so judging, we should be inclined to think that, though Shaftesbury was a distinguished speaker, the superiority belonged to Halifax. Indeed the readiness of Halifax in debate, the extent of his knowledge, the inge-

nuity of his reasoning, the liveliness of his expression, and the silver clearness and sweetness of his voice, seem to have made the strongest impression on his contemporaries. By Dryden he is described as

‘ of piercing wit and pregnant thought,
Endued by nature and by learning taught
To move assemblies.’

His oratory is utterly and irretrievably lost to us, like that of Somers, of Bolingbroke, of Charles Townshend—of many others who were accustomed to rise amidst the breathless expectation of senates, and to sit down amidst reiterated bursts of applause. But old men who lived to admire the eloquence of Pulteney in its meridian, and that of Pitt in its splendid dawn, still murmured that they had heard nothing like the great speeches of Lord Halifax on the Exclusion Bill. The power of Shaftesbury over large masses was unrivalled. Halifax was disqualified by his whole character, moral and intellectual, for the part of a demagogue. It was in small circles, and, above all, in the House of Lords, that his ascendancy was felt.

Shaftesbury seems to have troubled himself very little about theories of government. Halifax was, in speculation, a strong republican, and did not conceal it. He often made hereditary monarchy and aristocracy the subjects of his keen pleasantry, while he was fighting the battles of the Court, and obtaining for himself step after step in the peerage. In this way, he attempted to gratify at once his intellectual vanity and his more vulgar ambition. He shaped his life according to the opinion of the multitude, and indemnified himself by talking according to his own. His colloquial powers were great; his perception of the ridiculous exquisitely fine; and he seems to have had the rare art of preserving the reputation of good-breeding and good-nature, while habitually indulging his strong propensity to mockery.

Temple wished to put Halifax into the new council, and to leave out Shaftesbury. The King objected strongly to Halifax, to whom he had taken a great dislike, which is not accounted for, and which did not last long. Temple replied that Halifax was a man eminent both by his station and by his abilities, and would, if excluded, do every thing against the new arrangement, that could be done by eloquence, sarcasm, and intrigue. All who were consulted were of the same mind; and the King yielded, but not till Temple had almost gone on his knees. This point was no sooner settled than his Majesty declared that he would have Shaftesbury too. Temple again had recourse to entreaties and expostulations. Charles told him that the enmity

of Shaftesbury would be at least as formidable as that of Halifax; and this was true: but Temple might have replied that by giving power to Halifax they gained a friend, and that by giving power to Shaftesbury they only strengthened an enemy. It was vain to argue and protest. The King only laughed and jested at Temple's anger; and Shaftesbury was not only sworn of the Council, but appointed Lord President.

Temple was so bitterly mortified by this step, that he had at one time resolved to have nothing to do with the new Administration; and seriously thought of disqualifying himself from sitting in council by omitting to take the Sacrament. But the urgency of Lady Temple and Lady Giffard induced him to abandon that intention.

The council was organized on the 21st of April 1679; and on the very next day one of the fundamental principles on which it had been constructed was violated. A secret committee, or, in the modern phrase, a cabinet of nine members was formed. But as this committee included Shaftesbury and Monmouth, it contained within itself the elements of as much faction as would have sufficed to impede all business. Accordingly, there soon arose a small interior cabinet, consisting of Essex, Sunderland, Halifax, and Temple. For a time perfect harmony and confidence subsisted between the four. But the meetings of the thirty were stormy. Sharp retorts passed between Shaftesbury and Halifax, who led the opposite parties. In the council Halifax generally had the advantage. But it soon became apparent that Shaftesbury still had at his back the majority of the House of Commons. The discontents which the change of Ministry had for a moment quieted, broke forth again with redoubled violence; and the only effect which the late measures appeared to have produced was that the Lord President, with all the dignity and authority belonging to his high place, stood at the head of the Opposition. The impeachment of Lord Danby was eagerly prosecuted. The Commons were determined to exclude the Duke of York from the throne. All offers of compromise were rejected. It must not be forgotten, however, that in the midst of the confusion, one inestimable law,—the only benefit which England has derived from the troubles of that period, but a benefit which may well be set off against a great mass of evil,—the Habeas Corpus Act, was pushed through the Houses and received the royal assent.

The King, finding the Parliament as troublesome as ever, determined to prorogue it; and he did so without even mentioning his intention to the Council by whose advice he had pledged himself, only a month before, to conduct the Government. The coun-

cillors were generally dissatisfied; and Shaftesbury swore with great vehemence that if he could find out who the secret advisers were he would have their heads.

The Parliament rose; London was deserted; and Temple retired to his villa, whence, on council days, he went to Hampton Court. The post of Secretary was again and again pressed on him by his master, and by his three colleagues of the inner Cabinet. Halifax, in particular, threatened laughingly to burn down the house at Sheen. But Temple was immovable. His short experience of English politics had disgusted him; and he felt himself so much oppressed by the responsibility under which he at present lay, that he had no inclination to add to the load.

When the term fixed for the prorogation had nearly expired it became necessary to consider what course should be taken. The King, and his four confidential advisers, thought that a new Parliament might possibly be more manageable, and could not possibly be more refractory than that which they now had, and they therefore determined on a dissolution. But when the question was proposed at council, the majority, jealous, it should seem, of the small directing knot, and unwilling to bear the unpopularity of the measures of Government, while excluded from all power, joined Shaftesbury, and the members of the Cabinet were left alone in the minority. The King, however, had made up his mind, and ordered the Parliament to be instantly dissolved. Temple's council was now nothing more than an ordinary privy council, if indeed it were not something less; and though Temple threw the blame of this on the King, on Lord Shaftesbury, on every body but himself, it is evident that the failure of his plan is to be traced to its own inherent defects. His council was too large to transact business which required expedition, secrecy, and cordial co-operation. A Cabinet was therefore formed within the Council. The Cabinet and the majority of the Council differed, and, as was to be expected, the Cabinet carried their point. Four votes outweighed six-and-twenty. This being the case, the meetings of the thirty were not only useless, but positively noxious.

At the ensuing election, Temple was chosen for the university of Cambridge. The only objection that was made to him by the members of that learned body was, that in his little work on Holland he had expressed great approbation of the tolerant policy of the States; and this blemish, however serious, was overlooked, in consideration of his high reputation, and of the strong recommendations with which he was furnished by the Court.

During the summer he remained at Sheen, and amused him-

self with rearing melons; leaving to the three other members of the inner Cabinet the whole direction of public affairs. Some unexplained cause began, about this time, to alienate them from him. They do not appear to have been made angry by any part of his conduct, or to have disliked him personally. But they had, we suspect, taken the measure of his mind, and satisfied themselves that he was not a man for that troubled time, and that he would be a mere incumbrance to them: living themselves for ambition, they despised his love of ease. Accustomed to deep stakes in the game of political hazard, they despised his piddling play. They looked on his cautious measures with the sort of scorn with which the gamblers at the ordinary, in Sir Walter Scott's novel, regarded Nigel's practice of never touching a card but when he was certain to win. He soon found that he was left out of their secrets. The King had, about this time, a dangerous attack of illness. The Duke of York, on receiving the news, returned from Holland. The sudden appearance of the detested Popish successor excited anxiety throughout the country. Temple was greatly amazed and disturbed. He hastened up to London and visited Essex, who professed to be astonished and mortified, but could not disguise a sneering smile. Temple then saw Halifax, who talked to him much about the pleasures of the country, the anxieties of office, and the vanity of all human things, but carefully avoided politics, and when the Duke's return was mentioned, only sighed, shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and lifted up his eyes and hands. In a short time Temple found that his two friends had been quizzing him; and that they had themselves sent for the Duke, in order that his Royal Highness might, if the King should die, be on the spot to frustrate the designs of Monmouth.

He was soon convinced, by a still stronger proof, that, though he had not exactly offended his master, or his colleagues, in the Cabinet, he had ceased to enjoy their confidence. The result of the general election had been decidedly unfavourable to the Government; and Shaftesbury impatiently expected the day when the Houses were to meet. The King, guided by the advice of the inner Cabinet, determined on a step of the highest importance. He told the Council that he had resolved to prorogue the new Parliament for a year, and requested them not to object; for he had, he said, considered the subject fully, and had made up his mind. All who were not in the secret were thunderstruck—Temple as much as any. Several members rose and entreated to be heard against the prorogation. But the King silenced them, and declared that his resolution was unalterable. Temple, greatly hurt at the manner in which both himself and

the Council had been treated, spoke with great spirit. He would not, he said, disobey the King by objecting to a measure on which his Majesty was determined to hear no argument; but he would most earnestly entreat his Majesty, if the present Council was incompetent to advise him, to dissolve it and select another; for it was absurd to have councillors who did not counsel, and who were summoned only to be silent witnesses of the acts of others. The King listened courteously. But the members of the Cabinet resented this reproof highly; and from that day Temple was almost as much estranged from them as from Shaftesbury.

He wished to retire altogether from business. But just at this time Lord Russell, Lord Cavendish, and some other councillors of the popular party, waited on the King in a body, declared their strong disapprobation of his measures, and requested to be excused from attending any more at council. Temple feared that if, at this moment, he also were to withdraw, he might be supposed to act in concert with those decided opponents of the Court, and to have determined on taking a course hostile to the Government. He, therefore, continued to go occasionally to the board, but he had no longer any real share in the direction of public affairs.

At length the long term of the prorogation expired. In October, 1680, the Houses met; and the great question of the Exclusion was revived. Few parliamentary contests in our history appear to have called forth a greater display of talent;—none certainly ever called forth more violent passions. The whole nation was convulsed by party spirit. The gentlemen of every county, the traders of every town, the boys at every public school, were divided into exclusionists and abhorrrers. The book-stalls were covered with tracts on the sacredness of hereditary right, on the omnipotence of Parliament, on the dangers of a disputed succession, on the dangers of a Popish reign. It was in the midst of this ferment that Temple took his seat, for the first time, in the House of Commons.

The occasion was a very great one. His talents, his long experience of affairs, his unspotted public character, the high posts which he had filled, seemed to mark him out as a man on whom much would depend. He acted like himself. He saw that, if he supported the exclusion, he made the King and the heir-presumptive his enemies; and that, if he opposed it, he made himself an object of hatred to the unscrupulous and turbulent Shaftesbury. He neither supported nor opposed it. He quietly absented himself from the House. Nay, he took care, he tells us, never to discuss the question in any society whatever. Lawrence

Hyde, afterwards Earl of Rochester, asked him why he did not attend in his place. Temple replied that he acted according to Solomon's advice, neither to oppose the mighty, nor go about to stop the current of a river. The advice, whatever its value may be, is not to be found either in the canonical or apocryphal writings ascribed to Solomon. But Temple was much in the habit of talking about books which he had never read; and one of those books, we are afraid, was his Bible. Hyde answered, 'You are a wise and a quiet man.' And this might be true. But surely such wise and quiet men have no call to be members of Parliament in critical times.

A single session was quite enough for Temple. When the Parliament was dissolved, and another summoned at Oxford, he obtained an audience of the King, and begged to know whether his Majesty wished him to continue in Parliament. Charles, who had a singularly quick eye for the weaknesses of all who came near him, had no doubt seen through and through Temple, and rated the parliamentary support of so cool and guarded a friend at its proper value. He answered good-naturedly, but we suspect a little contemptuously, 'I doubt, as things stand, your coming into the House will not do much good. I think you may as well let it alone.' Sir William accordingly informed his constituents that he should not again apply for their suffrages; and set off for Sheen, resolving never again to meddle with public affairs. He soon found that the King was displeased with him. Charles indeed, in his usual easy way, protested that he was not angry,—not at all. But in a few days he struck Temple's name out of the list of Privy Councillors. Why this was done Temple declares himself unable to comprehend. But surely it hardly required his long and extensive converse with the world to teach him that there are conjunctures when men think that all who are not with them are against them,—that there are conjunctures when a lukewarm friend, who will not put himself the least out of his way, who will make no exertion, who will run no risk, is more distasteful than an enemy. Charles had hoped that the fair character of Temple would add credit to an unpopular and suspected Government. But his Majesty soon found that this fair character resembled pieces of furniture which we have seen in the drawingrooms of very precise old ladies, which are a great deal too white to be used. This exceeding niceness was altogether out of season. Neither party wanted a man who was afraid of taking a part, of incurring abuse, of making enemies. There were probably many good and moderate men who would have hailed the appearance of a

respectable mediator. But Temple was not a mediator. He was merely a neutral.

At last, however, he had escaped from public life, and found himself at liberty to follow his favourite pursuits. His fortune was easy. He had about fifteen hundred a-year, besides the Mastership of the Rolls in Ireland; an office in which he had succeeded his father, and which was then a mere sinecure for life, requiring no residence. His reputation both as a negotiator and a writer stood high. He resolved to be safe, to enjoy himself, and to let the world take its course; and he kept his resolution.

Darker times followed. The Oxford Parliament was dissolved. The Tories were triumphant. A terrible vengeance was inflicted on the chiefs of the Opposition. Temple learned in his retreat the disastrous fate of several of his old colleagues in council. Shaftesbury fled to Holland. Russell died on the scaffold. Essex added a yet sadder and more fearful story to the bloody chronicles of the Tower. Monmouth clung in agonies of supplication round the knees of the stern uncle whom he had wronged, and tasted a bitterness worse than that of death,—the bitterness of knowing that he had humbled himself in vain. A tyrant trampled on the liberties and religion of the realm. The national spirit swelled high under the oppression. Disaffection spread even to the strongholds of loyalty,—to the cloisters of Westminster, to the schools of Oxford, to the guard-room of the household troops, to the very hearth and bed-chamber of the Sovereign. But the troubles which agitated the whole society did not reach the quiet Orangery in which Temple loitered away several years without once seeing the smoke of London. He now and then appeared in the circle at Richmond or Windsor. But the only expressions which he is recorded to have used during these perilous times were, that he would be a good subject, but that he had done with politics.

The Revolution came. Temple remained strictly neutral during the short struggle; and then transferred to the new settlement the same languid sort of loyalty which he had felt for his former masters. He paid court to William at Windsor, and William dined with him at Sheen. But in spite of the most pressing solicitations he refused to become Secretary of State. The refusal evidently proceeded only from his dislike of trouble and danger; and not, as some of his admirers would have us believe, from any scruple of conscience or honour. For he consented that his son should take the office of Secretary at War under the new Sovereigns. This unfortunate young man destroyed himself within a week after his appointment, from vexation at finding that his advice had led the King into some improper steps with regard to Ireland. He seems to have inherited his father's

extreme sensibility to failure; without that singular prudence which kept his father out of all situations in which any serious failure was to be apprehended. The blow fell heavy on the family. They retired in deep dejection to Moor Park, which they now preferred to Sheen, on account of the greater distance from London. In that spot,* then very secluded, Temple passed the remainder of his life. The air agreed with him. The soil was fruitful, and well suited to an experimental farmer and gardener. The grounds were laid out with the angular regularity which Sir William had admired in the flower-beds of Haarlem, and the Hague. A beautiful rivulet, flowing from the hills of Surrey, bounded the domain. But a straight canal which, bordered by a terrace, intersected the garden, was probably more admired by the lovers of the picturesque in that age. The house was small, but neat and well furnished;—the neighbourhood very thinly peopled. Temple had no visitors, except a few friends who were willing to travel twenty or thirty miles in order to see him; and now and then a foreigner whom curiosity brought to have a look at the author of the *Triple Alliance*.

Here, in May 1694, died Lady Temple. From the time of her marriage we know little of her, except that her letters were always greatly admired, and that she had the honour to correspond constantly with Queen Mary. Lady Giffard, who, as far as appears, had always been on the best terms with her sister-in-law, still continued to live with Sir William.

But there were other inmates of Moor Park to whom a far higher interest belongs. An eccentric, uncouth, disagreeable, young Irishman, who had narrowly escaped plucking at Dublin, attended Sir William as an amanuensis, for twenty pounds a year and his board,—dined at the second table, wrote bad verses in praise of his employer, and made love to a very pretty, dark-eyed young girl, who waited on Lady Giffard. Little did Temple imagine that the coarse exterior of his dependent concealed a genius equally suited to politics and to letters;—a genius destined to shake great kingdoms, to stir the laughter and the rage of millions, and to leave to posterity memorials which can perish only with the English language. Little did he think that the flirtation in his servants' hall, which he perhaps scarcely deigned to make the subject of a jest, was the beginning of a long unprosperous love, which was to be as widely famed as the passion of Petrarch, or of Abelard. Sir William's secretary

* Mr Courtenay (vol. ii. page 160) confounds Moor Park in Surrey, where Temple resided, with the Moor Park in Hertfordshire, which he praises in the *Essay on Gardening*.

was Jonathan Swift—Lady Giffard's waiting-maid was poor Stella.

Swift retained no pleasing recollections of Moor Park. And we may easily suppose a situation like his to have been intolerably painful to a mind haughty, irascible, and conscious of pre-eminent ability. Long after, when he stood in the Court of Requests with a circle of gartered Peers round him, or punned and rhymed with Cabinet Ministers over Secretary St John's Mount-Pulciano, he remembered, with deep and sore feeling, how miserable he used to be for days together when he suspected that Sir William had taken something ill. He could hardly believe that he, the same Swift who chid the Lord Treasurer, rallied the Captain General, and confronted the pride of the Duke of Buckinghamshire with pride still more inflexible, could be the same being who had passed nights of sleepless anxiety, in musing over a cross look, or a testy word of a patron. 'Faith,' he wrote to Stella, with bitter levity, 'Sir William spoiled a fine gentle-man.' Yet in justice to Temple we must say, that there is no reason to think that Swift was more unhappy at Moor Park than he would have been in a similar situation under any roof in England. We think also that the obligations which the mind of Swift owed to that of Temple were not inconsiderable. Every judicious reader must be struck by the peculiarities which distinguish Swift's political tracts from all similar works produced by mere men of letters. Let any person compare, for example, the *Conduct of the Allies*, or the *Letter to the October Club*, with Johnson's *False Alarm*, or *Taxation no Tyranny*, and he will be at once struck by the difference of which we speak. He may possibly think Johnson a greater man than Swift. He may possibly prefer Johnson's style to Swift's. But he will at once acknowledge that Johnson writes like a man who has never been out of his study. Swift writes like a man who has passed his whole life in the midst of public business, and to whom the most important affairs of state are as familiar as his weekly bills.

' Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter.'

The difference, in short, between a political pamphlet by Johnson, and a political pamphlet by Swift, is as great as the difference between an account of a battle by Doctor Southey and the account of the same battle by Colonel Napier. It is impossible to doubt that the superiority of Swift is to be, in a great measure, attributed to his long and close connexion with Temple.

Indeed, remote as the alleys and flower-pots of Moor Park were from the haunts of the busy and the ambitious, Swift had ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with the hidden causes of many great events. William was in the habit of consulting Temple, and occasionally visited him. Of what passed between them very little is known. It is certain, however, that, when the Triennial Bill had been carried through the two Houses, his Majesty, who was exceedingly unwilling to pass it, sent the Earl of Portland to learn Temple's opinion. Whether Temple thought the bill in itself a good one does not appear; but he clearly saw how imprudent it must be in a prince, situated as William was, to engage in an altercation with his Parliament; and directed Swift to draw up a paper on the subject, which, however, did not convince the King.

The chief amusement of Temple's declining years was literature. After his final retreat from business, he wrote his very agreeable memoirs; corrected and transcribed many of his letters; and published several miscellaneous treatises, the best of which, we think, is that on Gardening. The style of his essays is, on the whole, excellent,—almost always pleasing, and now and then stately and splendid. The matter is generally of much less value; as our readers will readily believe when we inform them that Mr Courtenay—a biographer,—that is to say, a literary vassal, bound by the immemorial law of his tenure to render homage, aids, reliefs, and all other customary services to his lord,—avows that he cannot give an opinion about the essay on 'Heroic Virtue,' because he cannot read it without skipping;—a circumstance which strikes us as peculiarly strange, when we consider how long Mr Courtenay was at the India Board, and how many thousand paragraphs of the copious official eloquence of the East he must have perused.

One of Sir William's pieces, however, deserves notice, not, indeed, on account of its intrinsic merit, but on account of the light which it throws on some curious weaknesses of his character; and on account of the extraordinary effect which it produced on the republic of letters. A most idle and contemptible controversy had arisen in France touching the comparative merit of the ancient and modern writers. It was certainly not to be expected that, in that age, the question would be tried according to those large and philosophical principles of criticism which guided the judgments of Lessing, and of Herder. But it might have been expected, that those who undertook to decide the point, would at least take the trouble to read and understand the authors on whose merits they were to pronounce. Now, it is no exaggeration to say that, among the disputants who clamoured,

some for the ancients and some for the moderns, very few were decently acquainted with either ancient or modern literature, and not a single one was well acquainted with both. In Racine's amusing preface to the 'Iphigénie,' the reader may find noticed a most ridiculous mistake, into which one of the champions of the moderns fell about a passage in the *Alcestis* of Euripides. Another writer blames Homer for mixing the four Greek dialects—Doric, Ionic, Æolic, and Attic—just, says he, as if a French poet were to put Gascon phrases, and Picard phrases, into the midst of his pure Parisian writing. On the other hand, it is no exaggeration to say that the defenders of the ancients were entirely unacquainted with the greatest productions of later times; nor, indeed, were the defenders of the moderns better informed. The parallels which were instituted in the course of this dispute are inexpressibly ridiculous. Balzac was selected as the rival of Cicero. Corneille was declared to unite the merits of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. We should like to see a 'Pro-metheus' after Corneille's fashion. The 'Provincial Letters,' masterpieces undoubtedly of reasoning, wit, and eloquence, were pronounced to be superior to all the writings of Plato, Cicero, and Lucian together,—particularly in the art of dialogue—an art in which, as it happens, Plato far excelled all men, and in which Pascal, great and admirable in other respects, is notoriously very deficient.

This childish controversy spread to England; and some mischievous demon suggested to Temple the thought of undertaking the defence of the ancients. As to his qualifications for the task, it is sufficient to say, that he knew not a word of Greek. But his vanity, which, when he was engaged in the conflicts of active life and surrounded by rivals, had been kept in tolerable order by his discretion, now, when he had long lived in seclusion, and had become accustomed to regard himself as by far the first man of his circle, rendered him blind to his own deficiencies. In an evil hour he published an 'Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning.' The style of this treatise is very good—the matter ludicrous and contemptible to the last degree. There we read how Lysurgus travelled into India, and brought the Spartan laws from that country—how Orpheus and Musæus made voyages in search of knowledge, and how Orpheus attained to a depth of learning which has made him renowned in all succeeding ages—how Pythagoras passed twenty-two years in Egypt, and, after graduating there, spent twelve years more at Babylon, where the Magi admitted him *ad eundem*—how the ancient Brahmins lived two hundred years—how the earliest Greek philosophers foretold earthquakes and plagues, and put down riots by

magic—and how much Ninus surpassed in abilities any of his successors on the throne of Assyria. The moderns, he owns, have found out the circulation of the blood; but, on the other hand, they have quite lost the art of magic; nor can any modern fiddler enchant fishes, fowls, and serpents by his performance. He tells us that ‘Thales, Pythagoras, Democritus, Hippocrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Epicurus made greater progresses in the several empires of science than any of their successors have since been able to reach;’ which is as much as if he had said that the greatest names in British science are Merlin, Michael Scott, Dr Sydenham, and Lord Bacon. Indeed, the manner in which he mixes the historical and the fabulous reminds us of those classical dictionaries, intended for the use of schools, in which Narcissus, the lover of himself, and Narcissus, the freedman of Claudius—Pollux, the son of Jupiter and Leda, and Pollux, the author of the Onomasticon—are ranged under the same heading, and treated as personages equally real. The effect of this arrangement resembles that which would be produced by a dictionary of modern names, consisting of such articles as the following:—‘Jones, William, an eminent Orientalist, and one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal—Davy, a fiend, who destroys ships—Thomas, a foundling, brought up by Mr Allworthy.’ It is from such sources as these that Temple seems to have learned all that he knew about the ancients. He puts the story of Orpheus between the Olympic games, and the battle of Arbela; as if we had exactly as much reason for believing that Orpheus led beasts with his lyre, as we have for believing that there were races at Pisa, or that Alexander conquered Darius.

He manages little better when he comes to the moderns. He gives us a catalogue of those whom he regards as the greatest wits of later times. It is sufficient to say that, in his list of Italians, he has omitted Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso; in his list of Spaniards, Lope and Calderon; in his list of French, Pascal, Bossuet, Molière, Corneille, Racine, and Boileau; and in his list of English, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton.

In the midst of all this vast mass of absurdity one paragraph stands out pre-eminent. The doctrine of Temple—not a very comfortable one—is, that the human race is constantly degenerating; and that the oldest books in every kind are the best. In confirmation of this doctrine, he remarks that the Fables of Æsop are the best Fables, and the Letters of Phalaris the best Letters in the world. On the merit of the letters of Phalaris he dwells with great warmth and with extraordinary felicity of language.

Indeed we could hardly select a more favourable specimen of the graceful and easy majesty to which his style sometimes rises than this unlucky passage. He knows, he says, that some learned men, or men who pass for learned, such as Politian, have doubted the genuineness of these letters. But of these doubts he speaks with the greatest contempt. Now it is perfectly certain, first, that the letters are very bad; secondly, that they are spurious; and thirdly, that, whether they be bad or good, spurious or genuine, Temple could know nothing of the matter; inasmuch as he was no more able to construe a line of them than to decipher an Egyptian obelisk.

This Essay, silly as it is, was exceedingly well received, both in England and on the Continent. And the reason is evident. The classical scholars, who saw its absurdity, were generally on the side of the ancients, and were inclined rather to veil than to expose the blunders of an ally; the champions of the moderns were generally as ignorant as Temple himself; and the multitude was charmed by his flowing and melodious diction. He was doomed, however, to smart, as he well deserved, for his vanity and folly.

Christchurch at Oxford was then widely and justly celebrated as a place where the lighter parts of classical learning were cultivated with success. With the deeper mysteries of philosophy neither the instructors nor the pupils had the smallest acquaintance. They fancied themselves Scaligers, as Bentley scornfully said, as soon as they could write a copy of Latin verses with only two or three small faults. From this College proceeded a new edition of the Letters of Phalaris, which were rare, and had been in request since the appearance of Temple's Essay. The nominal editor was Charles Boyle, a young man of noble family and promising parts; but some older members of the society lent their assistance. While this work was in preparation, an idle quarrel, occasioned, it should seem, by the negligence and misrepresentations of a bookseller, arose between Boyle and the King's Librarian, Richard Bentley. Boyle, in the preface to his edition, inserted a bitter reflection on Bentley. Bentley revenged himself by proving that the Epistles of Phalaris were forgeries; and in his remarks on this subject treated Temple, not indecently, but with no great reverence.

Temple, who was quite unaccustomed to any but the most respectful usage, who, even while engaged in politics, had always shrunk from all rude collision, and had generally succeeded in avoiding it, and whose sensitiveness had been increased by many years of seclusion and flattery,—was moved to most violent resentment; complained, very unjustly, of Bentley's foul-mouthed railery, and declared that he had commenced an answer, but had

laid it aside, 'having no mind to enter the lists with such a mean, 'dull, unmannerly pedant.' Whatever may be thought of the temper which Sir William showed on this occasion, we cannot too highly applaud his discretion in not finishing and publishing his answer, which would certainly have been a most extraordinary performance.

He was not, however, without defenders. Like Hector, when struck down prostrate by Ajax, he was in an instant covered by a thick crowd of shields—

‘ὅστις ἰδυνήσατο ποιμένα λαῶν
Οὐτάσσαι οὐδὲ βαλῆναι· πρὶν γὰρ περιβῆσαν ἄριστοι,
Πουλυδάμας τε, καὶ Δινίτας, καὶ δῖος Ἀγήνωρ,
Σαρπηδῶν τ' ἄρχος Λυκίων, καὶ Γλαυκὸς Ἀμύμαν.’

Christchurch was up in arms; and though that college seems then to have been almost destitute of severe and accurate learning, no academical society could show a greater array of orators, wits, politicians,—bustling adventurers who united the superficial accomplishments of the scholar with the manners and arts of the man of the world; and this formidable body resolved to try how far smart, repartees, well turned sentences, confidence, puffing, and intrigue could,—on the question whether a Greek book were or were not genuine,—supply the place of a little knowledge of Greek.

Out came the Reply to Bentley, bearing the name of Boyle, but in truth written by Atterbury, with the assistance of Smalridge and others. A most remarkable book it is, and often reminds us of Goldsmith's observation, that the French would be the best cooks in the world if they had any butcher's meat; for that they can make ten dishes out of a nettle-top. It really deserves the praise, whatever that praise may be worth, of being the best book ever written by any man on the wrong side of a question of which he was profoundly ignorant. The learning of the confederacy is that of a schoolboy, and not of an extraordinary schoolboy; but it is used with the skill and address of most able, artful, and experienced men; it is beaten out to the very thinnest leaf, and is disposed in such a way as to seem ten times larger than it is. The dexterity with which they avoid grappling with those parts of the subject with which they know themselves to be incompetent to deal is quite wonderful. Now and then, indeed, they commit disgraceful blunders, for which old Busby, under whom they had studied, would have whipped them all round. But this circumstance only raises our opinion of the talents which made such a fight with such scanty means. Let our readers, who are not acquainted with the controversy, imagine a Frenchman who has acquired just English enough to read the Spectator with a dictionary, coming forward to defend the genuine-

ness of 'Rowley's Poems' against Percy and Farmer; and they will have some notion of the feat which Atterbury had the audacity to undertake, and which, for a time, it was really thought that he had performed.

The illusion was soon dispelled. Bentley's answer for ever settled the question, and established his claim to the first place amongst classical scholars. Nor do those do him justice who represent the controversy as a battle between wit and learning.* For, though there is a lamentable deficiency of learning on the side of Boyle, there is no want of wit on the side of Bentley. Other qualities too, as valuable as either wit or learning, appear conspicuously in Bentley's book;—a rare sagacity, an unrivalled power of combination, a perfect mastery of all the weapons of logic. He was greatly indebted to the furious outcry which the misrepresentations, sarcasms, and intrigues of his opponents had raised against him;—an outcry in which fashionable and political circles joined, and which was re-echoed by thousands who did not know whether Phalaris ruled in Sicily or in Siam. His spirit, daring even to rashness—self-confident, even to negligence—and proud, even to insolent ferocity,—was awed for the first and for the last time—awed, not into meanness or cowardice, but into wariness and sobriety. For once he ran no risks; he left no crevice unguarded; he wanted in no paradoxes;—above all, he returned no railing for the railing of his enemies. In almost every thing that he has written we can discover proofs of genius and learning. But it is only here that his genius and learning appear to have been constantly under the guidance of good sense and good temper. Here, we find none of that besotted reliance on his own powers and on his own luck, which he showed when he undertook to edit Milton;—none of that perverted ingenuity which deforms so many of his notes on Horace;—none of that disdainful carelessness by which he laid himself open to the keen and dexterous thrust of Middleton;—none of that extravagant vaunting, and savage scurrility, by which he afterwards dishonoured his studies and his profession, and degraded himself almost to the level of De Paucis.

Temple did not live to witness the utter and irreparable defeat of his champions. He died, indeed, at a fortunate moment, just after the appearance of Boyle's book, and while all England was laughing at the way in which the Christchurch men had handled the pedant. In Boyle's book, Temple was praised in the highest terms, and compared to Memmius—not a very happy comparison; for the only particular information which we have about Memmius is, that in agitated times he thought it his duty to attend exclusively to politics; and that his friends could not

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venture, except when the Republic was quiet and prosperous, to intrude on him with their philosophical and poetical productions. It is on this account, that Lucretius puts up the exquisitely beautiful prayer for peace with which his poem opens :

‘ Nam neque nos agere hoc patriâ tempore iniquo
Possumus æquo animo, nec Memmi clara propago
Talibus in rebus communi deesse saluti.’

This description is surely by no means applicable to a statesman who had, through the whole course of his life, carefully avoided exposing himself in seasons of trouble ; who had repeatedly refused, in most critical conjunctures, to be Secretary of State ; and who now, in the midst of revolutions, plots, foreign and domestic wars, was quietly writing nonsense about the visits of Lycurgus to the Brahmins, and the tunes which Arion played to the Dolphin.

We must not omit to mention that, while the controversy about Phalaris was raging, Swift, in order to show his zeal and attachment, wrote the ‘ Battle of the Books ;’—the earliest piece in which his peculiar talents are discernible. We may observe that the bitter dislike of Bentley, bequeathed by Temple to Swift, seems to have been communicated by Swift to Pope, to Arbuthnot, and to others who continued to teaze the great critic, long after he had shaken hands very cordially both with Boyle and with Atterbury.

Sir William Temple died at Moor Park in January 1699. He appears to have suffered no intellectual decay. His heart was buried under a sun-dial which still stands in his favourite garden. His body was laid in Westminster Abbey by the side of his wife ; and a place hard by was set apart for Lady Giffard, who long survived him. Swift was his literary executor, and superintended the publication of his Letters and Memoirs, not without some acrimonious contests with the family.

Of Temple’s character little more remains to be said. Burnet accuses him of holding irreligious opinions, and corrupting every body who came near him. But the vague assertion of so rash and partial a writer as Burnet, about a man with whom, as far as we know, he never exchanged a word, is of very little weight. It is, indeed, by no means improbable that Temple may have been a freethinker. The Osbornes thought him so when he was a very young man. And it is certain that a large proportion of the gentlemen of rank and fashion who made their entrance into society while the Puritan party was at the height of power, and while the memory of the reign of that party was still recent, conceived a strong disgust for all religion. The imputation was common between Temple and all the most distinguished courtiers of the age. Rochester and Buckingham were open scoffers, and

Mulgrave very little better. Shaftesbury, though more guarded, was supposed to agree with them in opinion. All the three noblemen who were Temple's colleagues during the short time of his continuance in the Cabinet, were of very indifferent repute as to orthodoxy. Halifax, indeed, was generally considered as an atheist; but he solemnly denied the charge; and, indeed, the truth seems to be, that he was more religiously disposed than most of the statesmen of that age; though two impulses which were unusually strong in him,—a passion for ludicrous images, and a passion for subtle speculations,—sometimes prompted him to talk on serious subjects in a manner which gave great and just offence. It is not unlikely that Temple, who seldom went below the surface of any question, may have been infected with the prevailing scepticism. All that we can say on the subject is, that there is no trace of impiety in his works; and that the ease with which he carried his election for an university, where the majority of the voters were clergymen, though it proves nothing as to his opinions, must, we think, be considered as proving that he was not, as Burnet seems to insinuate, in the habit of talking atheism to all who came near him.

Temple, however, will scarcely carry with him any great accession of authority to the side either of religion or of infidelity. He was no profound thinker. He was merely a man of lively parts and quick observation,—a man of the world amongst men of letters,—a man of letters amongst men of the world. Mere scholars were dazzled by the Ambassador and Cabinet councillor; mere politicians by the Essayist and Historian. But neither as a writer nor as a statesman can we allot to him any very high place. As a man, he seems to us to have been excessively selfish, but very sober, wary, and far-sighted in his selfishness;—to have known better than most people know what he really wanted in life; and to have pursued what he wanted with much more than ordinary steadiness and sagacity;—never suffering himself to be drawn aside either by bad or by good feelings. It was his constitution to dread failure more than he desired success,—to prefer security, comfort, repose, leisure, to the turmoil and anxiety which are inseparable from greatness;—and this natural languor of mind, when contrasted with the malignant energy of the keen and restless spirits among whom his lot was cast, sometimes appears to resemble the moderation of virtue. But we must own, that he seems to us to sink into littleness and meanness when we compare him—we do not say with any high ideal standard of morality,—but with many of those frail men who, aiming at noble ends, but often drawn from the right path by strong passions and strong temptations, have left to posterity a doubtful and checkered fame.

ART. VI.—*Strictures on a Life of William Wilberforce by the Rev. W. Wilberforce, and the Rev. S. Wilberforce.* By THOMAS CLARKSON, M.A. *With a Correspondence between Lord Brougham and Mr Clarkson; also a Supplement, containing Remarks on the Edinburgh Review of Mr Wilberforce's Life.* 8vo: London: 1838.

THIS is an interesting publication, to which, however, we can do little more than direct the attention of our readers. To do so is an act of justice to the venerable person who is at once the subject and the author; as we are anxious to correct two inaccuracies into which we find we have fallen in our article on the Life of Mr Wilberforce.

It appears that an amiable feeling for the supposed injury done to their father's memory impelled the authors of that Life to mention Mr Clarkson as having undervalued Mr Wilberforce's services in the cause of the 'Abolition,' and overvalued his own. Against such a charge Mr Clarkson has vindicated himself, by showing, that he in reality ascribed by far the first place to his much venerated and much loved friend; but he also maintains that he was himself the earlier labourer in the same sacred vineyard. He had been charged with holding that it was he who engaged Mr Wilberforce to come forward; but the quotation of his own words, in his 'History of the Abolition,' negatives this imputation. The testimony of Archdeacon Corbet and Mr William Smith (late member for Norwich), the earliest of Mr Wilberforce's fellow-labourers, and who stood by him through his whole struggle, seems to show that Mr Clarkson came forward a considerable time before Mr Wilberforce made any movement whatever. This is further shown from Mr Wilberforce's own statements, to which Lord Brougham, among others, bears his testimony; and, indeed, Mr Wilberforce stated Mr Clarkson's priority as a thing well known, at the last public meeting on the subject which he ever attended. Another singular and very striking proof is given in the MS. Minutes of the Abolition Society's progress. Mr Robinson, the editor of the present Tract, has made very powerful use of these Minutes in his appendix to it. One of the entries is remarkable as bearing directly upon the question; though Mr Clarkson himself had not seen the Minutes since the time they relate to,—that is, from 1787 to 1795. It appears that the Society held its first meeting on the 22d May, 1787, when the excellent Granville Sharp presided. Mr Wilberforce's name does not appear till the

30th of October of the same year; and it is admitted that he was not a member till some time after. On that day there is an entry, purporting, that 'the treasurer reported his having received a letter from W. Wilberforce, Esq., requesting information as speedily 'as possible relative to the Slave Trade;' and, accordingly, a committee is appointed to confer with him and communicate information. Mr Robinson contends that this Minute does not bear out the statement of Mr Wilberforce's biographers, who refer to it thus,—'*vide MS. Transactions of the Abolition Society*,'—in proof of their allegation, 'that though Mr Wilberforce was not openly 'enrolled as a member of the Society, yet he from the first directed 'their proceedings.'

The part of the Life which appears to have given Mr Clarkson most pain, is the reference which the biographers make to a subscription raised in 1794, for what they call 'the remuneration of 'his services;' and which we, in our Article upon the Life, mentioned as such. Mr Clarkson affirms, and produces his proofs, that it was for the '*reimbursement* of the sums he had spent.' This certainly is a very different thing from *remuneration*; and we readily admit that our expression was inaccurate. It further appears, that after receiving the reimbursement, Mr Clarkson had spent a great deal more money in proportion to his slender means than any person engaged in the same cause. A very proper extract is also given on this subject by Mr Robinson, from the Abolition Society's Minutes, unknown to Mr Clarkson. It is an entry of L.83, 4s. 6d., paid 5th June, 1811, to discharge Mr Wilberforce's share of a loss incurred by publishing a pamphlet on the Slave Trade.

The authors of Mr Wilberforce's Life also published some letters of Mr Clarkson's on this subscription, which he complains of as done without any permission, and as tending to give a false impression of his conduct. On this subject, we shall extract a passage from Lord Brougham's letter to Mr Clarkson.

The necessity of printing these Letters, or any part of them, I confess myself unable to perceive: they are not like the amiable and beautiful one about your brother John's promotion (in which little contest I hold Wilberforce clearly right, and you as clearly wrong; though, as he says, wrong from an excess of amiable feeling for John's interest):—that letter, the sons have done quite right in printing; though you may feel a little hurt at it, nothing can do more honour to their father's memory: but how any man can have supposed that respect for his memory in any way made it necessary to print the letters about the subscription, is to me wholly incomprehensible, for they have no bearing whatever upon Wilberforce, nor upon the abolition, and are only calculated to give you

pain. I took the liberty of expressing my opinion on this subject to the authors, as soon as I read that portion of their most interesting work. But I must add, that, as always will happen when private matters are partially dragged before the public, the printing of those letters tends to give a most untrue representation of your character and turn of mind. I know you so well, and am so fully acquainted with your active and anxious temper, that I am quite certain you would have written as much, and a very great deal more, about any thing which was going on respecting any other person, friend, or even stranger; nay, I might add, about any dumb animal, or any other thing in which you happened to take an interest for the moment. You, like most other men who have rendered great services to their species, never can feel interested in any thing by halves; and you, like them, do not always apportion the zeal of your exertions to the importance of your object. I am sure I have seen you write twenty letters about getting something done at a particular time, which you thought should be done, when, upon the least reflection, you must certainly have seen that it did not signify many straws whether or not it was done at all, and not a single straw whether it were done one day or another. I hope you won't be angry at my mentioning this little peculiarity, when I acknowledge that you share it with the most useful and eminent of mankind. But your friends are all aware of it; and they also know that any attempt to represent you as a person at all mindful of his own interest would be much too ridiculous to give any body but yourself a moment's uneasiness."

In the article already referred to, we stated as illustrative of Mr Clarkson's estimate of his own services in the cause of the Abolition, that in the Chart by which he figuratively delineates the Current which bore away that great evil—the Slave Trade, his name appears along the main stream, whilst the names of his fellow-labourers are attached only to tributary rivulets. Now, it appears from Mr Robinson's statement, published, as we understand, with Mr Clarkson's sanction, that this seeming assumption of superiority was occasioned by a typographical error. Of course, therefore, our statement upon the subject was erroneous, and we can now only say that we are sorry for the mistake.

This Tract contains, we may add, a letter by that eminent judge, Mr Justice Patteson, who is nearly connected with Mr Clarkson, and who vouches for the uniform feeling of veneration and affection expressed by Mr Clarkson towards Mr Wilberforce, and his always ascribing the great victory to his exertions. That Mr Wilberforce remained on terms of close friendship with Mr Clarkson to the close of his life, is proved by his letters here printed, the last of which bears date only three months before his decease.

ART. VII.—*Remarks on an Article in the Edinburgh Review, No. 135, on the Times of George the Third and George the Fourth.* By Lieutenant-General Sir HERBERT TAYLOR, G.C.B. 8vo. London : 1838.

THE author of this well-meant and interesting pamphlet is one of the most able as well as the most respectable persons who have ever appeared at the Court of this country. Although we may differ in opinion with him upon general subjects, and although we cannot at all agree in the estimate which he has formed of those characters whom it is the object of his publication to defend against our strictures, we yet are bound to admit his claims to a respectful and even a favourable hearing, in defence of persons whom he enjoyed singular opportunities of knowing, and to whose merits, after their death, he bears his disinterested testimony.

We must begin by admitting to a certain extent the truth of an observation which closes his Tract, that the person who holds an office at Court, or the confidential servant of a King or a Prince, is not necessarily, as the common opinion goes, ‘a sycophant, and habitually a flatterer, or ready to do dirty work.’ If any proof were wanting that the general impression on this point is far too sweeping, it would only be necessary to name Sir Herbert Taylor, who for above thirty years held the most important and confidential situation about Court that any subject could fill ; and whose nature is as utterly incapable of sycophancy as it is of dishonesty—as far above deceiving a master as above maltreating an inferior ; and one whom no Prince would ever have seen again near his person had he dared propose to him the performance of any degrading office. We are very far from believing that all, or the greater number of men in those stations, resemble Sir Herbert in this particular. We are satisfied that the inferior characters which generally surround thrones seldom exhibit any independence of principle ; and not unfrequently lend themselves to the performance of unworthy tasks by mean compliances. The whole history of Courts, the unvaried annals of Royal and of ordinary human nature, bear testimony to the truth of our opinion. But that the rule is not universal, and that there are sometimes found splendid exceptions, we admit. Nay, we will go further in agreeing with our author, and allow that much more truth is spoken privately at Courts by dependents, even by the inferior order of dependents, than is generally supposed ; probably much more than is pleasing to Royal ears, and cer-

tainly much more than Royal minds ever profit by. It has been our lot to know instances of this fact, which left no room for doubting that towards those exalted individuals the duty,—the painful and even perilous duty, of speaking the unpleasing truth, was discharged by persons who gained very little credit for so doing with the world at large. It is also to be considered that there oftentimes subsists a greater degree of familiarity between Princes, and their immediate attendants, than between private individuals and their friends. This naturally leads to advice and hints and warnings rarely given by the most intimate of other men's associates; not to mention that the Prince's friend has a direct interest in his master's welfare, which a private gentleman's comrade really cannot have. But then we must add, that the practice, if often repeated, has never failed, according to our observation, to beget an impatience and even dislike in the Illustrious bosom; consequently the connexion either ceased in a short time, or was continued upon a 'reformed footing'—that is, upon greater caution and abstinence in tendering warning or advice. But we must repeat, that we firmly believe the whole course of Sir Herbert Taylor's exercise of such a delicate office, and such an important one as never before fell into the hands of any courtier, was throughout marked by the most unsullied honour towards all parties with whom he came in contact—whether Monarchs, or their families, or their Ministers, or private individuals. Nor have we any doubt whatever, that upon all occasions his best advice was offered according to the dictates of a scrupulous conscience, and a judgment hardly to be surpassed in clearness and calmness, although certainly biassed by what we should call some very erroneous opinions—the result of early prejudices not yet thrown off. It is a very inferior praise to add, that in the exercise of a most difficult and laborious duty he was one of the ablest, indeed the most masterly men of business who ever filled any public employment. In stating these things we give the result of a testimony, uniform and concurrent, borne to the merits of this distinguished individual by all parties with whom he ever was brought in contact.

We now proceed to this pamphlet, and we shall shortly state why we still differ with Sir Herbert Taylor on most of his points; but where we think he has proved any thing favourable to the personages in question we shall give him and them the full benefit of the proofs by recording the facts in our own pages. The interests of truth and justice require this, and we cannot possibly have any other to serve.

It is highly characteristic of his manly and honest nature that he begins with expressing those feelings of scorn and disgust

with which he, as well as all other right thinking persons, were filled by a perusal of the book that called forth our observations, and gave occasion to our Sketches of Character. But enough of a work now, it is to be hoped, consigned to oblivion as well as contempt. Let us, before we proceed further, only protest against Sir Herbert Taylor's assumption that our portraiture was influenced by either 'rancorous' feelings of a personal kind, or motives of 'party hostility' towards any of the Royal persons of whom we were called to treat. There really was not, nor could there be, the least intermixture of such sentiments. Party had nothing at all to do with the matter; the connexion of either George the father or George the son with party is now only matter of history; and they who support the present Ministry are supporting some of those who were the Ministers of both Princes, and others who were, at least, the son's most cherished personal friends. We sought the truth, and the truth only; if we coloured highly, it was because the facts appeared to be darkened by deep shades; if we spoke strongly, it was because our indignation was roused; if we still refuse to lower our tone of reprobation, it is because we think—calmly and deliberately think—that Sir Herbert Taylor has, after his well meant attempt, left the case against them where he found it; and that he himself, if natural feelings of personal friendship did not blind him, would agree with us in viewing their misdeeds as we formerly did, and as, at this hour, we still regard them. The word 'libel,' is repeatedly employed by our author in referring to our pages—and about a word we will not quarrel. But let him be pleased to observe that, according to this phrascology, many pages in all histories must change their name; that some sound and zealous royalist historians, not excepting Lord Clarendon, must change their names; and that in future we must quote the 'libels' and not the *Annals of Tacitus*, or even the *Decades of Livy*. The pain which the historian may give to many friends was never yet reckoned any reason either for not recording recent events, or for suppressing discreditable truths; and our author has not quite shown his accustomed candour when he passes over those passages in our pages which betokened a disposition to commend, where the truth allowed of praise, and even to soften the harsher features of character, by casting the blame rather upon the station than the man. His most cherished friend in the Royal Family was the Duke of York. What writer on the liberal side of the question ever defended that amiable Prince before ourselves? Sir Herbert Taylor should have reflected on this, as well as other parts of our Paper, before he pronounced the whole a libel, and ascribed its rancour to the violence of party animosity.

To begin with George the Third.—We stated that his understanding was narrow, and that no culture had enlarged it. Our author cannot deny the latter part of this proposition; and he says that the King admitted and regretted his want of education. But he says that his Majesty afterwards read the history of his own country, which we will venture to say every Prince knows almost by heart; just as the most ignorant country gentlemen are found to know the pedigrees of their own families and even of their neighbours: he added to this, according to our author, the study of the laws and constitution of England; but as it was not till 1805, on his blindness, that their intercourse began, we may be allowed to doubt whether George III. knew more of these subjects than every king must, who attends to the business of his high office; and there is no doubt that his attention to his own business was most unremitting. This ought to have been stated by us, if, indeed, we did not admit it by implication. Sir Herbert Taylor adds, which we believe to be in a sense true, that he possessed ‘a knowledge of business in every department, and in all its details, such as perhaps no one man ever possessed.’ Possibly he might, if by this is meant the common public departments. This knowledge is not so rare among sovereigns as to make it a great marvel. They come in contact with most departments; and they can always tell very accurately what particular matter belongs to each particular office. They are exceedingly nice in this knowledge; they are very peremptory in exacting attention to it; the kind of knowledge itself, like heraldry and etiquette, in which all Princes are adepts, suits their taste, and appertains to their station; besides, they find protection in requiring an observance of all the rules that divide power, and keep their Ministers to their several departments. That George III. had any enlarged knowledge of parliamentary learning—that he was at all versed in the constitution or jurisdiction of courts of justice—that he understood the details of banking or of commerce, much less their principles—that he knew any thing of Colonial, and still less of East Indian affairs—or that he had any but the most vague and personal knowledge of the interests of Foreign Courts—we will not believe, unless we see proofs far more exact than our author’s general assertion; which, indeed, can only apply to the very limited branch of information first mentioned.

As for the extent of the King’s understanding, our author deals in generals, and has really little to say. That he had strong prejudices, to which he obstinately adhered to ‘the last,’ is admitted; but these related, it seems, ‘chiefly to matters of inferior importance, matters of taste and opinion.’ There is much in this

same word 'chiefly,' however; and, accordingly, it turns out, that our author appears to allow that his prejudices on the trifling subjects of America and Ireland, were unfortunately strong; though he unaccountably would cast some of the former errors upon his Ministers, when it is notorious to all mankind that they were his own. Then, as for his notions of prerogative, and his determination to support it, our author approves of this, as according to his principles he must: we, of course, disapprove.

But then comes the pinch of the question, as regards the amiable or unamiable nature of the man. We distinctly stated that where his prerogative did not interfere, he was amiable and exemplary,—as a husband, and a father, and a friend. We placed him above almost all Princes in this respect. But we added, that where his personal feelings about his prerogative were concerned, all was darkened, and became the reverse of kindly or humane. Among other instances, we gave his dislike of his eldest son. How is this charge met? A general defiance is first given to produce 'any circumstances which can justify 'our colouring.' We at once accept the challenge thus very fairly given; and as it will not be deemed enough if we refer only to the sanguinary feelings which he perseveringly displayed towards his American subjects, and the violence with which he repeatedly, in letters to his Ministers, which we have now under our eyes, threatened to leave this kingdom, and go to revel in absolute power upon the despotic and paltry throne of his German ancestors, we shall refer to more precise proofs drawn from individual cases. Mr Fox, during the last year of his life, was this King's Minister, and was only too much disposed to humour his Hanoverian and warlike propensities. Nothing had he ever done to thwart his wishes. The delicate personal subject of the Duke of York's uncontrolled command of the army; the equally tender point of the Catholic question, had been carefully avoided; and the King had admitted that no Minister, in his own department of foreign affairs, ever gave him more entire satisfaction, both by his capacity, his business-like habits, and the courtesy of his personal intercourse. Yet when he learnt the much-wished for news that this great man had a dropsy, and was incurably stricken with the malady, his exultation was couched in language grounded upon his own personal observation, and such language as we do not care to repeat. But if it be said that hearsay might exaggerate all this, we assert that his own handwriting respecting Lord Chatham remains to convict him of feelings not other than inhuman, where his prejudices, and, above all, his tyrannical propensities, were thwarted. We allude to his contemplating the death, and still more the

‘decrepitude’ of that illustrious person with manifest satisfaction ;—himself having once suffered in early life, under the visitation of Divine Providence, which laid his own faculties, such as they were, prostrate. Let us add, that some friends of the family, and of the monarchy, quite as firmly attached to both as Sir Herbert Taylor, have pronounced the opinion, that a publication of the private correspondence of this revered Monarch, with his Ministers, during the American war, would put the very existence of the Constitution in jeopardy ;—so full is it of proofs of a fierce, tyrannical disposition. That correspondence now lies before us.

But as to his hatred of his eldest son, who ever doubted it ? Does Sir Herbert Taylor not know the thousand and one anecdotes of this inexhaustible subject, which every one of his courtiers knew by rote ? He has defied us to cite these. The defiance is injudicious. What said his Majesty to the lord in waiting, when his Royal Highness made some frivolous excuse for some trivial omission—but which in a tyrannical parent’s eye was of course inexcusable ? Again we say the defiance is more frank than wise. Our author truly says that we had less access to George III. than himself and many others. Is he quite sure that we have not had access, all but direct, to George IV., and that we could not, without the slightest breach of confidence, give samples, which were indeed meant to be made known, of the treatment received by him from his tender parents ? We use the plural, in order to answer by anticipation some also of the remarks upon Queen Charlotte’s treatment of her son, whilst he was yet unendowed with power. With that illustrious Princess, too, our author may truly say our intercourse was not like his own. But is he quite sure that we never had access to another Queen’s society, the niece and daughter-in-law of that royal pair whom he so well knew, and whom he not always judiciously, though always honestly defends ? Is it quite safe in him to fling out his general defiance, without being well assured that we have never seen the letters of both to the late Queen—and that those of George III. betoken, at the least, all we have ever recorded of his affectionate nature towards the heir-apparent of his crown ? Here we pause ; for he has himself coupled his indiscreet defiance with a very prudent admission, which, in truth, seems to render our further defence superfluous. ‘His disapprobation of the Prince’s politics, and of many things in the course pursued by his Royal Highness, amounted to dislike.’ This is a large admission, regard being had to the party making it ; but far ampler if connected with the subject-matter. What signifies the denial which faintly and feebly follows. ‘I do not admit that it ever amounted to implacable aversion,’

&c. Does Sir Herbert Taylor really know so little of human nature as to believe that a father can dislike a son by halves? Why, the nearer the relation, the more natural the tie, violated or torn asunder, the more impossible is it that either the disruption can be partial, or the pain gentle, or the rankling wound which it leaves only skin deep. So it would be in any case of parent and child. Who ever saw a mother gently hate a daughter, or a father hold in moderate aversion his son? But a king and his son—and his eldest son—his heir-apparent, who treads on his heels living, and must replace him dead—and that son in the hands of the Foxes and Sheridans, set up in opposition to his father King—and that father and King George III.! Really we waste words in showing that, after our author's admitting the existence of marked dislike, all the rest followed of course; unless human nature, and kingly nature, and the nature of King George III. had suffered a change in the one individual passage of his life which related to his son.

Our author takes some pains to refute—what he is wrong if he supposes we meant to assert as a fact—that George III.'s mind was never at any time sound. We only meant to state our very decided opinion, that ever since his first illness in 1788, possibly earlier, there was some mental imperfection, not unconnected with the obscuration of reason, and displayed in an extraordinarily astute and suspicious nature, very unreasonable prejudices, very strong dislikes.

He gives a curious anecdote of the change of Ministry in 1807, which we here quote:—

‘When the change of Administration took place in 1807, his Majesty took counsel from himself only in the communications with those with whom he differed; and I am warranted in saying, that there existed not the slightest foundation for the reports which were then spread of advice secretly conveyed, or of influence behind the throne, or of communication, direct or indirect, with his previous Ministers, pending the discussion with “the Talents,” or before their removal from the Administration had been established. Nay, on that occasion, he placed in my hands, unopened, a letter addressed to him, before that event was positively fixed, by one of the leaders of the opposite party, and I have it to this day, with a minute to that effect.

‘The loss of sight was borne with exemplary patience and resignation; and neither this nor other trials produced, while his Majesty continued in a sound state of mind, any ebullition of temper or harshness of manner or expression, which could occasion pain or uneasiness to his family and attendants. I declare, that during the whole period of my attendance upon King George III., not one sharp word, not one expression of unkindness or impatience escaped his Majesty; and the change of deportment in this respect conveyed to me, at least,

the first intimations of the approach of that calamity, of which I had the misfortune to witness the distressing progress and the melancholy effects.'

We have cheerfully extended this quotation to the part which adds amiable and respectable proof of his good qualities. Let not Sir Herbert Taylor be offended if we remark that he bears no such testimony to the patient, or manly and kindly demeanour of his immediate successor under far lesser calamities. All who attended both him and the good King William, indulged in comparisons very unfavourable to the former, and nothing in these pages negatives this.

Our author is chivalrous in defence of Queen Charlotte. First, as to her understanding, which we had only described as 'of the most ordinary kind:' he says she had 'excellent sense, but 'not improved by any education.' We are not aware that the two accounts are at all incompatible. 'Her intercourse with many 'persons of information and talents enabled her to take a fair share 'in general conversation.' This is very possible, and it is very moderate praise. 'The 'persons of talents and information' who frequented her or her husband's society are not named, and we believe were not much known to the world. 'Nor did she ever 'commit herself by what she said. She came to England with 'many German prejudices, which she does not appear to have 'entirely shaken off.' In all this we can discover no kind of contradiction to our description of her Majesty, as a person whose society was dull, whose demeanour was stiff, and whose soul was narrow: The rather we seem to stand confirmed by the defence. But he denies her to have been unamiable; first because she was courteous, and obliging to those who attended her, and 'who 'often expressed surprise that her manners were so good as to 'cause one to forget that her figure was otherwise than graceful.' We said nothing against her being courteous in demeanour; but a person may be very courteous, and very disagreeable, and very unamiable. He denies the stiffness of her demeanour, but says she adhered strictly to etiquette, and 'checked the approach to 'any thing like familiarity of manners, or too great freedom of 'conversation.' She was kind and considerate to her attendants and her servants; and in this excellent quality we venture to say she resembled the whole of the Royal Family. They are all exemplary in this particular; without any exception. That the Court was quite as dull as we had painted it, our author seems very frankly to admit; and he adds, that though some relaxation of the uniform routine would 'have been agreeable and reasonable, 'this uniformity had become habitually imperative, a sort of 'second nature.'

He now comes to more essential matter ; and he peremptorily denies that she was spiteful, or unforgiving, or designing, or prone to mingle in intrigue, or of boundless pride ; and will only allow her to have been ‘ of a suspicious nature, not readily ‘ giving her confidence, or recalling it when once, after due ‘ experience, she had conferred it.’ Now this is not sufficiently specific by a very great deal. When we alluded to her conduct, it was with reference to well-known passages of her own, and her son’s history. She took his father’s part against him till he became Regent ; and then she took his part against his wife. That she was a person ‘ who abstained from all political intrigue and from ‘ all interference with the public measures,’ our author mentions as ‘ a circumstance to her Majesty’s credit, and which on that ‘ account we omitted.’ Now, will he permit us to give one other reason ? We omitted it as we did the statement that she never ordered her carriage and went down to command the troops, or to make royal speeches to both Houses of Parliament. What ! The wife of George III., who being in love with a most beautiful woman, was, against his will, hustled into doing the only act of his life he ever did against that will,—namely, marrying her at an hour’s notice,—this wife, or any wife of George III., intrigue and interfere with public measures or in any official arrangements ! Why George III. took good care of that. Had he caught her at any such tricks, he would probably have sent her off to Hanover, if he did not treat her as his great-grandfather had done his Queen, for intrigues of another description.* But there was, it seems, one exception. When ? As might be expected, when George III. could not interfere. Our author admits that in 1789 ‘ she departed from her rule’—of not intriguing and meddling with official arrangements. Why to be sure she did ; and it was precisely that very departure, or rather that act of intriguing, on the only occasion when she had the power to intrigue, which we had in our eye. Mark the expression we cautiously used. ‘ She *could* mingle in the intrigues of a Court as ‘ well as feel its malignities.’ Our author’s defence of her conduct in 1788-9 is, that she had a personal interest in the matter : ‘ but,’ says he, ‘ she may be said to have been personally concerned and deeply interested in the issue.’ Who ever does ‘ mingle in the intrigues of a Court’ for any other reason ?

* That is, he built her into the wall, where her body was afterwards found in the form of a skeleton ; but probably she was put to death before being immured.

Nothing, however, can be more unsatisfactory than the defence made against our principal charge,—that of joining her son in the disgraceful persecution of his wife, her niece and daughter-in-law, whom her husband had ever as fondly cherished as he had sternly frowned upon her oppressor. When the facts are notorious, and when they were plainly and precisely stated by us, what is the use of such vague defences as this? ‘The Queen never was the tool or the slave of the Prince, nor was it in her nature to become that of any one, under any circumstances.’ He had in the very same paragraph told us, that on the King’s account she had ‘been led to cling to him in the differences between his Majesty and the Prince, though she was partial to His Royal Highness;’ and that ‘his visits to her at Windsor Castle were embarrassing to her on account of the King’s disinclination to encourage them.’ Here, by the way, we have, perhaps inadvertently, certainly candidly, a distinct enough admission of the King’s hatred of his son,—for this is the very picture of a tyrannical husband and unnatural father, refusing a fond mother the solace of her son’s company even for an occasional visit. But at least it negatives the notion of the Queen’s nature precluding all subserviency ‘to any one.’ That, however, is not all. We again refer our author back to the fact as we stated it in plain terms, in the Paper* which he has undertaken to answer; and we ask, has he the means of contradicting what every man who was alive in 1814 knows to be true? If true, all we said against this Queen, and more, is proved. She knew the tender love of her husband for their daughter-in-law; and further, she knew that were he in his senses, she durst no more have held a Court and excluded the Princess of Wales, than she durst have ordered the Channel Fleet to sail into Brest harbour; she knew that the King, her husband, who had ever treated her with the fondest affection, and whose whole married life was a pattern of conjugal fidelity, abhorred nothing in his son’s private conduct so much as his maltreatment of the Princess; she knew that this aged monarch was suffering under a severe visitation of Providence, likely to terminate only with his days; and she therefore takes the opportunity of joining the son against father, husband, and wife; having always before joined the King against the son, when the son was weak and the King strong; and she gratified this son’s unnatural hatred of the wife whom he had so scandalously ill-used, by refusing to receive her at a

* See Page 37.

Court which she held upon a great public occasion, that rendered the outrage a thousand times the more galling.* We think the mob itself, of whose intellectual qualities our author has so poor an opinion, formed a far more accurate estimate of her Majesty than he has himself done. Their indignation broke through all bounds of decorum ; and in this, especially towards an elderly lady, we are as far from vindicating them as our author ; but we heartily partake in the feelings which prompted them, although we reprobate the outrage in which those feelings ended.

One charge adverted to by us, but very commonly brought against this Princess, is positively denied by our author ; and much more specifically, and therefore more successfully than any of the other matters of which he treats ;—we allude to parsimony and avarice. We had supposed the universally circulated statements of presents and contributions, diamonds and ornaments, and refusals to pay writing-masters' accounts, and defending actions and pleading the statute of limitations, till the matter was referred to arbitration, had been substantially well founded. It is very possible that they may not ; and in that case injustice has been done to Queen Charlotte's memory ; but it has been done by the world at large full as much as by us. He positively states that no charge can be more groundless ; admitting candidly that it does not originate with us. ' I speak,' he says, ' from knowledge of fact, her Majesty's receipts and disbursements having, for some years, passed through my hands. Avarice and parsimony, combined with a large income enjoyed during many years, would naturally produce hoards of treasure and accumulation of property ; but it was shown by her Majesty's executors, Lord Arden and myself, that there had been scarcely any saving. It was also stated that her Majesty's private bounties and charities had been extensive ; care was taken by us that justice should be done to her Majesty's memory in this respect, and that the public should be undeceived.' We never had heard of the vindication ; and of the charities, here affirmed to be so numerous, we also never had heard. But it is just that the important testimony of our author should be here recorded in refutation of the charge. It is to be observed that the existence of the charities is matter of supposition only. But the fact of no money having been accumulated is very material. We assume also, though it is not stated, that none was ever sent over to Germany.

We now have little more to do ; for the main attack in our Paper was directed against George IV., all the remarks

* The foreign sovereigns, being in London after the termination of the war.

on his parents being compressed within the limits of less than two pages out of eighty. Our author finds an extenuation of the son's conduct somewhat harder work than the defence of the parents. Accordingly, there is not even an attempt at denial,—even the most faint denial,—of the charges which we had preferred, and which, indeed, stand recorded in the recent pages of our history.

We must remark, however, that our author is not justified in saying that we did not allow 'him so much as the shade of one redeeming feature.* Now, on the contrary, we deliberately think that our defence, or rather palliation, is far more effectual than Sir Herbert Taylor's. We said in terms that George IV. was 'originally not deficient in any of the good, nor in almost any of the great qualities of human character,'—that his 'temper was naturally neither sour nor revengeful,'—'that his abilities were far above mediocrity,'—'that he was quick, lively, gifted with a retentive memory, and even a ready wit.' Why, how much allowance would our author have of 'redeeming qualities' for any prince? Yet that was not all: 'he was endowed with an exquisite ear for music, and a justness of eye that fitted him to attain refined taste in the arts; possessed of a nice sense of the 'ludicrous,' and much more, ending in a fine person, and manners suited to his exalted station—two praises which we knew him well enough to be quite sure he would himself have most highly valued. Then all, or nearly all, his faults are ascribed to his station, and the corrupting influence which it exerts upon its royal victims. We must cite the passage, because it at once relieves us from all suspicion of partiality, and is in fact a much better defence than Sir H. Taylor has made for his client.

'Let it not be supposed, that in sketching the characters of George IV. and his Queen, we have yielded to the feelings of party violence, and while we excused the errors of the injured party, exaggerated the offences of the wrongdoer. The portrait which we have painted of him

* So he says, in p. 27, though he afterwards refers to us as allowing a good many of the things we here cite. How does he get rid of this? By saying that we seem to concede them in order to add to the deformity of the character! Be it so; still it is a complete refutation of his former assertion, that *no redeeming quality* was allowed by us. Sir H. Taylor mentions a circumstance wholly new to us, and which we think must be erroneously given. He says, (p. 30,) that George IV.'s 'mind was usefully applied to the cultivation of literature and science at late periods of his life.' Really, he should have fortified this somewhat novel statement by mentioning what branches of either he cultivated. Why not state the books of science which he read?

is undoubtedly one of the darkest shade, and most repulsive form. But the faults which gross injustice alone could pass over without severe reprobation, we have ascribed to their true cause,—the corrupting influence of a courtly education, and habits of unbounded self-indulgence upon a nature originally good; and although the sacred rules of morality forbid us to exonerate from censure even the admitted victim of circumstances so unfriendly to virtue, charity, as well as candour, permit us to add, that those circumstances should bear a far larger share of the reprehension than the individual, who may well claim our pity, while he incurs our censure.*

We do not of course repeat our catalogue in detail of the defects which blacken this character. But what has our author, who vainly complains of our severity, to urge against our statement? He enters into a long and really unnecessary vindication of the Prince for his alarm at the dangers to which the French Revolution exposed his order; and gives his own opinion that France has gained but little by that great event—an opinion which no man can hold for a moment, who reads such works as Paul Courier's, or Mirabeau's *Memoirs*,—the one showing the manners of the peasantry, the other the manners and slavery of the upper ranks under the old régime. All this, however, is really beside the question. Our author admits 'much useless and extravagant expenditure;' but it was coupled, he says, with 'munificent patronage of literature, science, and the arts.' If so, he has only to show what order the Prince of Wales ever gave for a marble, or a picture, or for the aid of a man of science or letters, during the whole period of his extravagance, and while his debts were accumulating for the people to pay. That he gave many sums in relief of persons applying to him, our author asserts from his own knowledge; and that his charities had no reference to party connexion, is an addition which does the Prince credit. We presume this statement refers to his Regency. 'With all his failings, he was,' it seems, 'kind-hearted; disposed to do justice to faithful servants, and had the gift beyond most men of attaching them to his person.' Now, this is literally all. No other defence or palliation whatever is urged for a prince against whom such heavy charges had been brought. All that we alleged respecting his seduction of Mrs Fitzherbert with the false semblance of a marriage which he knew to be illegal and void—of his running the imminent risk of forfeiting his crown by that act; nay, of his having actually incurred the forfeiture, according to some of the soundest lawyers in the country—all that we stated of his denying, through his political friends in Parlia-

* See Number CXXXV, p. 51.

ment, the existence of any marriage—of his afterwards marrying his cousin in order to have his debts paid and his income increased—of his living in open adultery with others in the same house in which his bride lived—of his joining with those persons in every insult that could be put upon a woman—of his turning her soon after out of doors—of his keeping spies on her conduct—of his tormenting her with a secret trial behind her back—of his depriving her of her only child's society, and so treating her as to drive her abroad—of his then again hiring spies to blast her character—forcing his Ministers to bring forward a bill of Pains and Penalties—compelling them to persist in it till the foul mass of perjured evidence fermented and exploded, and the conspiracy perished in the rankness of the soil it was hatched in—of his afterwards refusing the common benefits of acquittal to her whom he had vainly tried to destroy by a trial—of his unmanly treatment of this persecuted woman, continued till it terminated her days—and of his finally holding his rejoicings in Ireland whilst her insulted corpse was hurried, at the speed of four horses, through England, towards the grave in her native country, where alone she was fated ever to know rest since she had been drawn from thence, a victim to the conspiracy of princely avarice and profligacy—all this we stated distinctly, and all this our author, in his capacity of Defender of the Royal Family, passes over without one word of remark, or denial, or extenuation. Then, we have a right to ask why he thinks himself entitled to charge us with having shown 'party hostility and soreness' in our description of a character which he must himself be taken to admit was marked by such shades as these? When such outrages upon all honourable principle, all manly feeling, all the maxims of common fairness and justice, are to be recorded by the historian, surely it is strange to suppose that party or personal feeling can be the cause of any degree of indignant reprobation which he may express. It is the eternal and immutable principles of truth and right which alone are required to stigmatize such detestable and such despicable conduct as it deserves. We have recurred to the charges here, and not unnecessarily. We do so to remind our author, and our readers, that they are all unanswered, nay, all undenied. We hold them up once more in the face of the country, that no courtly parasite may presume to go about whispering that Sir Herbert Taylor has refuted the *Edinburgh Review*; and to prove, that he has only attempted to answer some of the things said by us of the two Parents; without even a formal denial, or mere plea of not guilty, to any one of the far heavier accusations explicitly brought against the Son. We also hold up this deformed por-

trait as a warning to Princes and Princesses how they venture either to violate the public duty of their station, or those private duties which the pre-eminence of their rank, far from dispensing them from discharging, only imposes tenfold obligations to perform—and in order to remind them that the day must come to them all when the tongue of the flatterer is still, and the ear of the world can no longer be abused by courtly defences, and the voice of the people in scorn of princely baseness can no more be stifled—the day of stern justice to all who betray the imperative duties of their exalted station.

We shall now continue our sketches of the Statesmen and Orators that flourished in the times of the last two Georges, upon whose characters we have been commenting.

Of Mr Burke's genius as a writer and an orator, we have on a former occasion spoken at great, though not needless length;* and it would not have been necessary again to take up the subject, but for a sketch of a very different kind lately drawn by another hand, from which a more accurate resemblance might have been expected. That Mr Burke, with extraordinary powers of mind, cultivated to a wonderful degree, was a person of eccentric nature; that he was one mixture of incongruous extremes; that his opinions were always found to be on the outermost verge of those which could be held upon any question; that he was wholly wild and impracticable in his views; that he knew not what moderation or modification was in any doctrine which he advanced; but was utterly extravagant in whatever judgment he formed, and whatever sentiment he expressed;—such was the representation to which we have alluded, and which, considering the distinguished quarter from which it proceeded, seems to justify some farther remark. We are no followers of Mr Burke's political principles, and are no indiscriminate admirers of his course as a statesman;—the capacity in which he the least shone, especially during the few latter and broken years of his illustrious, checkered, and care-worn life. But with the exception of his writings upon the French Revolution—an exception itself to be qualified and restricted—it would be difficult to find any statesman of any age, whose opinions were more habitually marked by moderation; by a constant regard to the results of actual experience, as well as the dictates of an enlarged reason; by a fixed determination always to be practical, at the time he was giving

or,

* See No. XCII. for October, 1827.

scope to the most extensive general views; by a cautious and prudent abstinence from all extremes, and especially from those towards which the general complexion of his political principles tending, he felt the more necessity for being on his guard against the seduction. This was the distinguishing feature of his policy through life. A brilliant fancy and rich learning did not more characterise his discourse, than this moderation did his counsels. Imagination did not more inspire, or deep reflection inform his eloquence, than a wise spirit of compromise between theory and practice,—between all opposing extremes,—governed his choice of measures. This was by the extremes of both parties, but more especially of his own, greatly complained of; they could not always comprehend it, and they could never relish it; because their own understanding and information reached it not; and the selfish views of their meaner nature were thwarted by it. In his speeches, by the length at which he dwelt on topics, and the vehemence of his expressions, he was often deficient in judgment. But in the formation of his opinions, no such defect could be perceived; he well and warily propounded all practical considerations; and although he viewed many subjects in different lights at the earlier and the later periods of his time, and is thus often quoted for opposite purposes by reasoners on different sides of the great political controversy, he himself never indulged in wild or thoughtless extremes. He brought this spirit of moderation into public affairs with him; and if we except the very end of his life, when he had ceased to live much in public, it stuck by him to the last. ‘I pitched my Whiggism low,’ said he, ‘that I might keep by it.’ With his own followers his influence was supreme; and over such men as Dr Lawrence, Mr W. Elliott, and the late Lord Minto, to say nothing of the Ellises, the Freres, and the Cannings, no man of immoderate and extreme opinions ever could have retained this sway. Mr Wilberforce compares their deference for him with the treatment of Ahitophel. ‘It was as if one meant to enquire of the oracle of the Lord.’* Hear again the words of one who knew him well, for he had studied him much, and had been engaged in strenuous controversy against him. Speaking of the effects produced by his strong opinions respecting French affairs, Sir James Mackintosh, as justly as profoundly observed to Mr Horner—‘So great is the effect of a single inconsistency with the whole course of a long and wise political life, that the *greatest philosopher in practice* whom the world ever saw, passes with the superficial vulgar for a hot-

* Life of Wilberforce, vol. ii. p. 311.

‘brained enthusiast.’ Sir James Mackintosh never dreamt that all the temperate wisdom of the orations upon American affairs—all the profound and practical discretion which breathes over each page of the discussion upon ‘Public Discontents’—all the truly enlarged principles of retrenchment, but tempered with the soundest and most rational views of each proposition’s bearing upon the whole frame of our complicated constitution, which has made the celebrated speech upon ‘Economical Reform’ the manual of every moderate and constitutional reformer—all the careful regard for facts, as well as abstract principles, the nice weighing of opposite arguments, the acute perception of practical consequences, which presided over his whole opinions upon commercial policy, especially on the questions connected with Scarcity and the Corn Laws—all the mingled firmness, humanity, soundness of practical judgment, and enlargement of speculative views, which governed his opinions upon the execution of the Criminal Law—all the spirit of reform and toleration, tempered with cautious circumspection of surrounding connexions, and provident foresight of possible consequences which marked and moved his wise and liberal advice upon the affairs of the Irish Hierarchy—that all would have been forgotten in the perusal of a few violent invectives, or exaggerated sentiments, called forth by the horrors of the French Revolution;—which as his unrivalled sagacity had foreseen them, when the rest of his party, intoxicated with the victory over despotism, could not even look towards any consequences at all; so he not very unnaturally regarded as the end and consummation of that mighty event,—mistaking the turbulence by which the tempest and the flood were to clear the stream, for the perennial defilement of its waters.

Nor must it after all be set down to the account of a heated imagination, and an unsound judgment, that even upon the French Revolution he betrayed so much violence in his language, and carried his opinions to a length which all men now deem extravagant; or that he at one time was so misled by the appearances of the hour as to dread the effacing of France from the map of Europe. We are now filling the safe and easy chair of him who judges after the event, and appeals to things as certainly known, which the veil of futurity concealed from them that went before. Every one must allow that the change which shook France to her centre, and fixed the gaze of mankind, was an event of prodigious magnitude; and that he who was called to form an opinion upon its import, and to foretell its consequences, and to shape his councils upon the conduct to be pursued regarding it, was placed in circumstances wholly

new ; and had to grope his way without any light whatever from the experience of past times. Mr Burke could only see mischief in it, view it on whatever side, or from whatever point he would ; and he regarded the consequences as pregnant with danger to all other countries, as well as to the one which he saw laid waste, or about to be devastated by its progress. That for a time he saw right, no one now can affect to deny. When all else in this country could foresee nothing but good to France, from the great improvement so suddenly wrought in her institutions, he plainly told them that what they were pleased with viewing as the lambent flame of a firework, was the glare of a volcanic explosion which would cover France and Europe with the ruins of all their institutions, and fill the air with Cimmerian darkness, through the confusion of which neither the useful light of day, nor the cheering prospect of Heaven could be descried. The suddenness of the improvement which delighted all else, to his sagacious and farsighted eye, aided, doubtless, by the reflecting glass of past experience, and strengthened by the wisdom of other days in which it had been steeped, presented the very cause of distrust, and foreboding, and alarm. It was *because* his habit of mind was cautious and calculating,—not easily led away by a fair outside, not apt to run into extremes, given to sober reflection, and fond of correcting, by practical views, and by the lessons of actual observation, the plausible suggestions of theory,—that he beheld, with doubt and apprehension, Governments pulled down and set up in a day—Constitutions, the slow work of centuries, taken to pieces and re-constructed like an eight-day clock. He is not without materials, were he to retort the charge of easily running into extremes, and knowing not where to stop, upon those who were instantly fascinated with the work of 1789, and could not look forward to the consequences of letting loose four-and-twenty millions of people, from the control under which ages of submission to arbitrary rule, and total disuse of civil rights had kept them. *They* are assuredly without the means of demonstrating *his* want of reflection and foresight. For nearly the whole period during which he survived the commencement of the Revolution,—for five of those seven years,—all his predictions, save one momentary expression, had been more than fulfilled: anarchy and bloodshed had borne sway in France; conquest and convulsion had desolated Europe; and even when he closed his eyes upon earthly prospects, he left this portentous matter ‘with fear of change perplexing monarchs.’ The providence of mortals is not often able to penetrate so far as this into futurity. Nor can he whose mind was filled with such well-grounded alarms be justly impeached of violence, and held up as unsoundly given to ex-

extremes of opinion, if he should betray an invincible repugnance to sudden revolutions in the system of policy by which nations are governed, and an earnest desire to see the restoration of the old state of things in France, as the harbinger of repose for the rest of the world.

That Mr Burke did, however, err, and err widely in the estimate which he formed of the merits of a Restored Government, no one can now doubt. His mistake was in comparing the old *régime* with the anarchy of the Revolution; to which not only the monarchy of France but the despotism of Turkey was preferable. He never could get rid of the belief that because the change had been effected with a violence which produced, and inevitably produced the consequences foreseen by himself, and by him alone, therefore the tree so planted must for ever prove incapable of bearing good fruit. He forgot that after the violence, in its nature temporary, should subside, it might be both quite impossible to restore the old monarchy, and very possible to form a new, and orderly, and profitable government upon the ruins of the Republic. Above all, he had seen so much present mischief wrought to France during the convulsive struggle which was not over before his death, that he could not persuade himself of any possible good arising to her from the mighty change she had undergone. All this we now see clearly enough: having survived Mr Burke forty years, and witnessed events which the hardiest dealers in prophecies assuredly could never have ventured to foretell. But we who were so blind to the early consequences of the Revolution, and who really did suffer ourselves to be carried away by extreme opinions, deaf to all Mr Burke's warnings,—we surely have little right to charge him with blind violence, unreflecting devotion to his fancy, and a disposition to run into extremes. At one time they who opposed his views were by many, perhaps by the majority of men, accused of this propensity. After the events in France had begun to affright the people in this country—when Mr Burke's opinions were found to have been well-grounded, the friends of liberty would not give up their fond belief that all must soon come right. At that time we find Dean Milner writing to Mr Wilberforce from Cambridge, that 'Mr Fox's old friends' there all gave him up, and most of them said he was mad.*

* *Life of Wilberforce*, II. p. 3.—This was written early in the year 1793, when almost all men thought Mr Burke both moderate and right. 'There is scarce one of his (Mr Fox's) old friends here at Cambridge who is not disposed to give him up, and most say he is mad. I think of him much as I always did; I still doubt whether he has bad prin-

The glory of this great man's career, however, was the American war, during which he led the Opposition in the House of Commons; until, having formed a successor still more renowned than himself, he was succeeded rather than superseded in the command of that illustrious and victorious band of the champions of freedom. This disciple, as he was proud to acknowledge himself, was Charles James Fox, one of the greatest statesmen, and if not the greatest orator, certainly the most accomplished debater, that ever appeared upon the theatre of public affairs in any age of the world. To the profuse, the various learning of his master,—to his exuberant fancy, to his profound and mature philosophy, he had no pretensions. His knowledge was confined to the ordinary accomplishments of an English education;—intimate acquaintance with the classics; the exquisite taste which that familiarity bestows; and a sufficient knowledge of history. These stores he afterwards increased rather than diminished; for he continued to delight in classical reading; and added a minute and profound knowledge of modern languages, with a deep and accurate study of our own history, and the history of other modern States; insomuch, that it may be questioned, if any politician in any age ever knew so thoroughly the various interests, and the exact position of all the countries with which his own had dealings to conduct, or relations to maintain. Beyond these solid foundations of oratory, and ample stores of political information, his range did not extend. Of natural science, of metaphysical philosophy, of political economy, he had not even the rudiments; and he was apt to treat those matters with the neglect, if not the contempt, which ignorance can rather account for than excuse. He had come far too early into public life to be well-grounded in a statesman's philosophy—like his great rival, and indeed like most aristocratic politicians, who were described as 'rocked and dandled into legislators' by one,* himself exempt from this defective education—and his becoming a warm partisan at the same early age, also laid the foundation of another defect, the making party principle the only rule of conduct, and viewing every truth of political science through this distorting and discolouring medium. But if such were the defects of his education, the mighty powers of his nature often overcame them,—always threw them into the shade. A preternatural quickness of

* 'ciples, but I think it pretty plain he has none; and I suppose he is 'ready for whatever turns up.' See, too, Lord Wellesley's justly celebrated speech, two years later, on French affairs. It is republished in Mr Martin's edition of that great statesman's Despatches.

* Namely, Mr Burke.

apprehension, which enabled him to see at a glance what cost other minds the labour of an investigation, made all attainments of an ordinary kind so easy, that it perhaps disinclined him to those which, not even his acuteness and strength of mind, could master without the pain of study. But he was sure as well as quick; and where the heat of passion or the prejudice of party, or certain little peculiarities of a personal kind,—certain mental idiosyncracies in which he indulged, and which produced capricious fancies or crotchets,—left his faculties unclouded and unstunted, no man's judgment was more sound, or could more safely be trusted. Then, his feelings were warm and kindly; his temper was sweet though vehement;—like that of all the Fox family, his nature was generous, open, manly; above every thing like dissimulation or duplicity; governed by the impulses of a great and benevolent soul. This virtue, so much beyond all intellectual graces, yet bestowed its accustomed influence upon the faculties of his understanding, and gave them a reach of enlargement to which meaner natures are ever strangers. It was not more certain that such a mind as his should be friendly to religious toleration, eager for the assertion of civil liberty, the uncompromising enemy of craft and cruelty in all their forms,—from the corruption of the Treasury and the severity of the penal code, up to the oppression of American colonies and the African slave traffic,—than that it should be enlarged and strengthened, made powerful in its grasp, and consistent in its purpose, by the same admirable and amiable qualities which bent it always towards the right pursuit.

The great intellectual gifts of Mr Fox's mind, the robust structure of his faculties, naturally governed his oratory, made him singularly affect argument, and led him to a close grappling with every subject,—despising all flights of imagination, and shunning every thing collateral or discursive. This turn of mind, too, made him always careless of ornament, often negligent of accurate diction. There never was a greater mistake, as we lately had occasion to remark,* than the fancying a close resemblance between his eloquence and that of Demosthenes; although an excellent judge (Sir James Mackintosh) fell into it, when he pronounced him 'the most Demosthenean speaker since Demosthenes.' That he resembled his immortal predecessor in despising all useless ornament; and all declamation for declamation's sake, is true enough; but it applies to every good speaker as well as to those two signal ornaments of ancient and modern rhetoric. That he

* See Article on Lord Chatham in last Number.

resembled him in keeping more close to the subject in hand, than many good, and even great speakers have often done, may also be affirmed; yet this is far too vague and remote a likeness to justify the proposition in question; and it is only a difference in degree, and not a specific distinction between him and others. That his eloquence was fervid, rapid, copious,—carrying along with it the minds of the audience, nor suffering them to dwell upon the speaker or the speech, but engrossing their whole attention to the question, is equally certain; and is the only real resemblance which the comparison affords. But then the points of difference are as numerous as they are important, and they strike indeed upon the most cursory glance. The one was full of repetitions, recurring again and again to the same topic, nay to the same view of it, till he made his impression complete; the other never came back upon a ground which he had utterly wasted and withered up by the tide of fire he had rolled along it. The one dwelt at length, and with many words on his topics; the other performed the whole at a blow, sometimes with a word, always with the smallest number of words possible. The one frequently was digressive, even narrative and copious in illustration; in the other no deviation from his course was ever to be perceived; no disporting on the borders of his way, more than any lingering over it; but carried rapidly forward, and without swerving to the right or to the left, like the engines flying along a railway, and like them driving every thing off out of sight that obstructed his resistless course. In diction as well as in thought the contrast was as remarkable. It is singular that any one should have thought of likening Mr Fox to the orator of whom the great Roman critic, comparing him with Cicero, has said so well and so judiciously—*In illo plus curæ, in hoc plus naturæ*. The Greek was, of all speakers, the one who most carefully prepared each sentence; showing himself as sedulous in the colloca-tion of his words as in the selection. His composition, accordingly, is a model of the most artificial workmanship; yet of an art so happy in its results that itself is wholly concealed. The Englishman was negligent, careless, slovenly beyond most speakers; even his most brilliant passages were the inspirations of the moment; and he frequently spoke for half an hour at a time, sometimes delivered whole speeches, without being fluent for five minutes, or, excepting in a few sound and sensible remarks which were interspersed, rewarding the hearer with a single redeeming passage. Indeed, to the last, he never possessed, unless when much animated, any fluency; and probably despised it, as he well might, if he only regarded its effects in making men neglect more essential qualities,—when the curse of being

fluent speakers, and nothing else, has fallen on them and on their audience. Nevertheless, that fluency—the being able easily to express his thoughts in correct words—is as essential to a speaker as drawing to a painter. This we cannot doubt, any more than we can refuse our assent to the proposition, that though merely giving pleasure is no part of an orator's duty, yet he has no vocation to give his audience pain;—which any one must feel who listens to a speaker delivering himself with difficulty and hesitation. The practice of composition seems never to have been familiar to Mr Fox. His speeches show this; perhaps his writings still more so; because there, the animation of the momentary excitement which often carried him on in speaking had little or no play. One of his worst speeches, if not his worst, is that upon Francis Duke of Bedford; and it is known to be almost the only one he ever much prepared, and the only one he ever corrected for the press. His 'History' too, shows the same want of expertness in composition. The style is pure and correct; but cold and lifeless; it is even somewhat abrupt and discontinuous; so little does it flow naturally or with ease. Yet, when writing letters without any effort, no one expressed himself more happily or with more graceful facility; and in conversation, of which he only partook when the society was small and intimate, he was a model of every excellence, whether solid or gay, plain or refined—full of information, witty and playful betimes, never ill-natured for a moment;—above all, never afraid of an argument, as so many eminent men are wont to be; but, on the contrary, courting discussion on all subjects, perhaps without much regard to their relative importance; as if reasoning were his natural element, in which his great faculties moved the more freely. An admirable judge, but himself addicted to reasoning upon general principles, the late Mr Dumont, used to express his surprise at the love of minute discussion, of argumentation upon trifling subjects, which this great man often showed. But the cause was clear; argument he must have; and as his studies, except upon historical and classical points, had been extremely confined, when matters of a political or critical cast were not on the carpet, he took whatever ordinary matter came uppermost, and made it the subject of discussion. To this circumstance may be added his playful good-nature; which partook, as Mr Gibbon observed, of the simplicity of a child;—making him little fastidious and easily interested and amused.

Having premised all these qualifications, we must now add, that Mr Fox's eloquence was of a kind which, to comprehend, you must have heard himself. When he got fairly into his subject, was heartily warmed with it, he poured forth words and

periods of fire that smote you, and deprived you of all power to reflect and rescue yourself, while he went on to seize the faculties of the listener, and carry them captive alongst with him whithersoever he pleased to rush. It is ridiculous to doubt that he was a far closer reasoner, a much more argumentative speaker than Demosthenes; as much more so as Demosthenes would perhaps have been than Fox had he lived in our times, and had to address an English House of Commons. For it is the kindred mistake of those who fancy that the two were like each other, to imagine that the Grecian's orations are long chains of ratiocination, like Sir William Grant's arguments, or Euclid's demonstrations. They are close to the point; they are full of impressive allusions; they abound in expositions of the adversary's inconsistency; they are loaded with bitter invective; they never lose sight of the subject; and they never quit hold of the hearer by the striking appeals they make to his strongest feelings and his favourite recollections: to the heart, or to the quick and immediate sense of inconsistency, they are always addressed, and find their way thither by the shortest and surest road; but to the head, to the calm and sober judgment, as pieces of argumentation, they assuredly are not addressed. But Mr Fox, as he went along, and exposed absurdity, and made inconsistent arguments clash, and laid bare shuffling, or hypocrisy, and showered down upon meanness, or upon cruelty, or upon oppression, a pitiless storm of the most fierce invective, was ever forging also the long, and compacted, and massive chain of pure demonstration.

Ἐν δ' ἐβέτ' ἀκροβέτω μέγαν ἀκμονα, κόπτετε δεσμούς
Ἀρρήπτους, ἀλύτους, ὅφρ' ἐμπεδόν ἄνθι μένοιεν.

(Od. Θ.)

There was no weapon of argument which this great orator more happily or more frequently wielded than wit,—the wit which exposes to ridicule the absurdity or inconsistency of an adverse argument. It has been said of him, we believe by Mr Frere,* that he was the wittiest speaker of his times; and they were the times of Sheridan and of Windham. This was Mr Canning's opinion, and it was also Mr Pitt's. There was nothing more awful in Mr Pitt's sarcasm, nothing so vexatious in Mr Canning's light and galling raillery, as the battering and piercing wit, with which Mr Fox so often interrupted, but always supported, the heavy artillery of his argumentative declamation.

* See *Quarterly Review* for October, 1810.

'Nonne fuit satius, tristes Aulicis iras,
Atque superba pati fastidia? Nonne, Menalcan?'

In debate, he had that ready discernment of an adversary's weakness, and the advantage to be taken of it, which is, in the war of words, what the *coup d'œil* of a practised general is in the field. He was ever best in reply; his opening speeches were almost always unsuccessful; the one in 1805 upon the Catholic Question was a great exception; and the previous meditation upon it, after having heard Lord Grenville's able opening of the same question in the House of Lords, gave him much anxiety: he was exceedingly *nervous*, to use the common expression. It was a noble performance, instinct with sound principle; full of broad and striking views of policy; abounding in magnanimous appeals to justice; and bold assertions of right; in one passage touching and pathetic,—the description of a Catholic soldier's feelings on reviewing some field where he had shared the dangers of the fight, yet repined to think that he could never taste the glories of command. His greatest speeches were those in 1791 on the Russian armament, on Parliamentary reform in 1797, and on the renewal of the war in 1803. The last he himself preferred to all the others; and it had the disadvantage, if it be not, however, in another sense, the advantage,* of coming after the finest speech, excepting that on the slave trade, ever delivered by his great antagonist. But there are passages in the earlier speeches,—particularly the fierce attack upon Lord Auckland in the Russian speech,—and the instructive summary of our failings and our misgovernment in the Reform speech, which it would be hard to match even in the speech of 1803. But for the inferiority of the subject, the speech upon the Westminster Scrutiny in 1784 might perhaps be justly placed at the head of them all. The surpassing interest of the question to the speaker himself—the thorough knowledge of all its details by his audience, which made it sufficient to allude to matters and not to state them†—the undeniably strong grounds of attack which he had against his adversary—all conspire to make this great oration as animated and energetic throughout, as it is perfectly felicitous both in the choice of topics and the handling of them. A fortu-

* To a great speaker, it is always an advantage to follow a powerful adversary. The audience is prepared for attention, nay, even feels a craving for some answer.

† This is one main cause of the conciseness and rapidity of the Greek orations; they were all on a few simple topics thoroughly known to the whole audience. Much of their difficulty comes also from this source.

nate cry of ‘order,’ which he early raised in the very exordium, by affirming that ‘far from expecting any indulgence, he could ‘scarcely hope for bare justice from the House,’ gave him occasion for dwelling on this topic, and pressing it home with additional illustration; till the redoubled blows and repeated bursts of extemporaneous declamation almost overpowered the audience, while they wholly bore down all further interruption. A similar effect is said to have been produced by Mr (now Lord) Plunkett, in the Irish House of Commons, upon some one calling out to take down his words.—‘Stop,’ said this consummate orator, ‘and you shall have something more to take down;’ and then followed in a torrent, the most vehement and indignant description of the wrongs which his country had sustained, and had still to endure.

In most of the external qualities of oratory, Mr Fox was certainly deficient, being of an unwieldy person, without any grace of action, with a voice of little compass, and which, when pressed in the vehemence of his speech, became shrill almost to a cry or squeak; yet all this was absolutely forgotten in the moment when the torrent began to pour. Some of the under tones of his voice were peculiarly sweet; and there was even in the shrill and piercing sounds which he uttered when at the more exalted pitch, a power that thrilled the heart of the hearer. His pronunciation of our language was singularly beautiful, and his use of it pure and chaste to severity. As he rejected, from the correctness of his taste, all vicious ornaments, and was most sparing, indeed, in the use of figures at all; so in his choice of words, he justly shunned foreign idiom, or words borrowed, whether from the ancient or modern languages; and affected the pure Saxon tongue, the resources of which are unknown to so many who use it, both in writing and in speaking.

If from the orator we turn to the man, we shall find much more to blame and to lament, whether his private character be regarded or his public; but for the defects of the former, there are excuses to be offered, almost sufficient to remove the censure, and leave the feeling of regret entire and alone. The foolish indulgence of a father, from whom he inherited his talents certainly, but little principle, put him, while yet a boy, in the possession of pecuniary resources which cannot safely be trusted to more advanced stages of youth; and the dissipated habits of the times drew him, before the age of manhood, into the whirlpool of fashionable excess. In the comparatively correct age in which our lot is cast, it would be almost as unjust to apply our more severe standard to him and his associates, as it would have been for the Ludlows and Hutchinsons of the seven-

teenth century, in writing a history of the Roman empire, to denounce the immoralities of Julius Cæsar. Nor let it be forgotten, that the noble heart and sweet disposition of this great man passed unscathed through an ordeal which, in almost every other instance, is found to deaden all the kindly and generous affections. A life of gambling, and intrigue, and faction, left the nature of Charles Fox as little tainted with selfishness or falsehood, and his heart as little hardened, as if he had lived and died in a farmhouse; or rather as if he had not outlived his childish years.

The historian of a character so attractive, the softer features of which present a rare contrast to the accustomed harshness of political men, is tempted to extend the same indulgence, and ascribe the errors of the statesman to the accidents of his position, or the less lofty tone of principle which distinguished the earlier period of his public life, while his principles of conduct were forming and ripening. The great party, too, which he so long led with matchless personal influence, would gladly catch at such a means of defence; but as the very same measure of justice or of mercy must be meted out to the public conduct of Mr Pitt, his great rival, there would be little gain to party pride by that sacrifice of principle which could alone lead to such unworthy concessions. It is of most dangerous example, of most corruptive tendency, ever to let the faults of statesmen pass uncensured; or to treat the errors or the crimes which involve the interests of millions with the same indulgence towards human frailty which we may, in the exercise of charity, show towards the more venial transgressions that only hurt one individual; most commonly only the wrong-doer himself. Of Mr Fox it must be said that whilst his political principles were formed upon the true model of the Whig School, and led him, when combined with his position as opposing the Government's warlike and oppressive policy, to defend the liberty of America, and the cause of peace, both in that and the French war, yet he constantly modified these principles, according to his own situation and circumstances as a party chief;—making the ambition of the man and the interest of his followers the governing rule of his conduct. The charge is a grave one; but unhappily the facts fully bear it out. Because Lord Shelburne had gained the King's ear (by an intrigue possibly, but then Lord Shelburne never had pretended to be a follower of Mr Fox), the latter formed a coalition with Lord North, whose person and whose policy he had spent his whole life in decrying; whose misgovernment of America had been the cause of nearly destroying the empire; and whose whole principles were the very reverse of his own. The ground taken by this coalition on which to subvert the govern-

ment of Lord Shelburne and Mr Pitt, was, their having made a peace favourable to England beyond what could have been expected, after the state to which Lord North's maleadministration had reduced her; their having, among other things, given the new American States too large concessions; and their having made inadequate provision for the security and indemnity of the American Loyalists. On such grounds they, Mr Fox and Lord North, succeeded in overturning the Ministry, and took their places; which they held for a few months, when the King dismissed them amidst the all but universal joy of the country; men of all ranks, and parties, and sects, joining in one feeling of disgust at the factious propensities in which the unnatural alliance was begotten; and apprehending from it, as Mr Wilberforce remarked, 'a progeny stamped with the features of both parents, the violence of the one party, and the corruption of the other.' This grand error raised the Tories and Mr Pitt to the power which, during their long and undisturbed reign, they enjoyed; notwithstanding all the unparalleled difficulties of the times, and in spite of so many failures in all the military enterprises of themselves and of their foreign allies. The original quarrel with Mr Pitt was an error proceeding from the same evil source. His early but mature talents had been amply displayed; he had already gained an influence in Parliament and the country, partly from hereditary, partly from personal qualities, second only to that of Mr Fox; his private character was wholly untarnished; his principles were the same with those of the Whigs; he had nobly fought with them the battle which destroyed the North administration. Yet no first-rate place could be found to offer him; although Mr Fox had once and again declared a boundless admiration of his genius, and an unlimited confidence in his character. Lord John Cavendish, of an illustrious Whig house by birth, but himself one of the most obscure of mankind, must needs be made Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr Pitt was only the son of Lord Chatham, and a man of vast talents, as well as spotless reputation; and he was thus not permitted, without a sacrifice of personal honour, to be the ally of Mr Fox, in serving their common country. How much misery and mischief might the world have been spared had the Rockingham Ministry preferred Mr Pitt to Lord John Cavendish, and made the union between him and the Whigs perpetual! We shall presently see that an error almost as great in itself, though in its consequences far from being so disastrous, was afterwards committed by Mr Pitt himself.

The interval between the American and the French wars was passed by Mr Fox in opposing whatever was proposed by his

antagonist; with the single exception of the measures for restoring the Stadtholder's authority in 1787. His hearty admiration of the French Revolution is well known; and it was wholly unqualified by any of the profound and sagacious forebodings of Mr Burke, excited by the distrust of vast and sudden changes, among a people wholly unprepared; and which seems never afterwards to have been diminished by the undoubted fact of a minority having obtained the sway, and being compelled to make up, with the resources of terror, for their essential want of support among the people at large. The separation of his aristocratic supporters, and the unfortunate war to which it led, left him to struggle for peace, and the Constitution, with a small but steady band of noble-minded associates—and their warfare for the rights of the people during the dismal period of alarm which elapsed from 1793 to 1801, when the healing influence of the Addington Government was applied to our national wounds, cannot be too highly extolled. The Whigs thus regained the confidence of the nation, which their coalition ten years before seemed to have forfeited for ever. The new junction with the Grenville party in 1804 was liable to none of the same objections; it was founded on common principles; and it both honoured its authors and served the State. But when, upon Mr Pitt's death, Mr Fox again became possessed of power, we find him widely different from the leader of a hopeless, though high-principled Opposition to the Court of George III. He consented to take office without making any stipulation with the King on behalf of the Catholics; a grave neglect which afterwards subverted the Whig Government; and if it be said that this sacrifice was made to obtain the greater object of peace with France, then it must be added that he was slack indeed in his pursuit of that greater object. He allowed the odious income-tax to be nearly doubled, after being driven, one by one, from the taxes proposed; and proposed on the very worst principles ever dreamt of by financiers. He defended the unprincipled arrangement for making the Lord Chief-Justice of England a politician, by placing him in the Cabinet; he joined as heartily as any one in the fervour of loyal enthusiasm for the Hanoverian possessions of the Crown. On one great subject his sense of right, no less than his warm and humane feelings, kept him invariably true to the great principles of justice as well as policy. His attachment was unceasing, and his services invaluable to the Abolition of the Slave-trade, which his last accession to office certainly accelerated by several years. For this, and for his support of Lord Erskine in his amendment of the law of libel, the lasting gratitude of his country and of mankind is due; and

to the memory of so great and so amiable a man it is a tribute which will for ever be cheerfully paid. But to appreciate the gratitude which his country owes him, we must look, not to his ministerial life; we must recur to his truly glorious career as leader of the patriot band which, during the almost hopeless struggle from 1793 to 1801, upheld the cause of afflicted freedom. If to the genius and the courage of Erskine we may justly be said to owe the escape from proscription, and from arbitrary power, Fox stands next to him as the preserver of that sacred fire of liberty which they saved to blaze forth in happier times. Nor could even Erskine have triumphed as he did, had not the party which Fox so nobly led, persevered in maintaining the sacred warfare, and in rallying around them whatever was left of the old English spirit to resist oppression.

The circumstances of his celebrated antagonist's situation were as different from his own as could well be imagined. It was not merely disparity of years by which they were distinguished; all the hereditary prejudices under which the one appeared before the country, were as unfavourable, as the prepossessions derived from his father's character and renown were auspicious, to the entrance of the other upon the theatre of public affairs. The grief, indeed, was yet recent which the people had felt for the loss of Lord Chatham's genius, so proudly towering above all party views and personal ties, so entirely devoted to the cause of his principles and patriotism—when his son appeared to take his station, and contest the first rank in the popular affections with the son of him whose policy and parts had been sunk into obscurity by the superior lustre of his adversary's capacity and virtues. But the young statesman's own talents and conduct made good the claim which his birth announced. At an age when others are but entering upon the study of state affairs, and the practice of debating, he came forth a matured politician, a finished orator,—even, as if by inspiration, an accomplished debater. His knowledge, too, was not confined to the study of the classics, though with these he was familiarly conversant; the more severe pursuits of Cambridge had imparted to him some acquaintance with the stricter sciences, which have had their home upon the banks of the Granta since Newton made them his abode; and with political philosophy he was more familiar than most Englishmen of his age. Having prepared himself, too, for being called to the bar, and both attended on Courts of Justice and frequented the Western Circuit, he had more knowledge and habits of business than can fall to the share of our young patricians;—the material out of which British statesmen are for the most part fashioned, by an attendance upon debates in Parliament, and a study of news-

papers in the Clubs. Happy had he not too soon been removed into office from the prosecution of studies which his rapid success broke off never to be resumed! For the leading defect of his life, which is seen through all his measures, and which not even his great capacity and intense industry could supply, was an ignorance of the principles upon which large measures are to be framed, and nations to be at once guided and improved. As soon as he entered upon official duties, his time was at the mercy of every one who had a claim to prefer, a grievance to complain of, or a nostrum to propound; nor could the hours of which the day consists suffice at once to give all these their audience; to transact the routine business of his station; to direct or to counteract the intrigues of party; and, at the same time, to learn all that his sudden transplanting from the closet to the Cabinet, and from the Bar to the Senate, had of necessity left unlearned. From hence, and from the temptation always afforded in times of difficulty to avoid as much as possible all unnecessary embarrassments, and all risks not forced upon him, arose the peculiarity which marks his story, and marks it in a way not less hurtful to his own renown, through after ages, than unfortunate for his country. With more power than any Minister had ever possessed—with an Opposition which rather was a help than a hinderance to him during the greater part of his rule—with a friendly Court, an obsequious Parliament, a confiding people—he held the supreme place in the public councils for twenty years; and, excepting the Union with Ireland, which was forced upon him by a rebellion, and which was both corruptly and imperfectly carried, so as to produce the smallest possible benefit to either country, he has left not a single measure behind him for which the community, whose destinies he so long swayed, has any reason to respect his memory; while, by want of firmness, he was the cause of an impolicy and extravagance, the effects of which are yet felt, and will oppress us beyond the life of the youngest person alive.

It is assuredly not to Mr Pitt's sinking-fund that we now allude, as showing his defective political resources; that scheme, now exploded, after being gradually given up by all adepts in the science of finance, was for many years their favourite; nor can he in this particular be so justly charged, as he well may in all the rest of his measures, with never having gone before his age, and not always being upon a level with the wisdom of his own times. Yet may it be confessed that, his financial administration being the main feature in his official history, all his other plans are allowed to have been failures at the time; and this, the only exception, began to be questioned before his decease, and has long

been abandoned.* Neither would we visit harshly the entire change of his opinions upon the great question of Reform; albeit the question with which his claims to public favour commenced, and on his support of which his early popularity and power were almost wholly grounded. But we feel the force of the defence urged for his conversion, that the alarms raised in the most reflecting minds by the French Revolution, and its cognate excitement amongst ourselves, justified a reconsideration, and might induce an honest alteration of the opinions originally entertained upon our Parliamentary system. That any such considerations could ever justify him in lending himself to the persecution of his former associates in that cause, we wholly deny; and in aid of this denial, we ask, what would have been said of Messrs Wilberforce, Clarkson, Stephen, Brougham, Smith, and the other abolitionists, had they, on account of some dreadful desolation of our colonies by negro insurrection, suddenly joined in proscribing and persecuting all who, after they themselves had left the cause, should continue to devote their efforts to its promotion? But the main charge against Mr Pitt is his having suffered himself to be led away by the alarms of the Court, and the zeal of his new allies, the Burke and Windham party, from the ardent love of peace which he professed, and undoubtedly felt, to the eager support of the war against France, which might well have been avoided had he but stood firm. The deplorable consequences of this change in his conduct are too well known: they are still too sensibly felt. But are the motives of it wholly free from suspicion? *Cui bono?* was the question put by the Roman lawyer when the person really guilty of any act was sought for. A similar question may often be put, without any want of charity, when we are in quest of the motives which prompted a doubtful or suspicious course of action; proved by experience to have been disastrous to the world. That, as the chief of a party, Mr Pitt was incalculably a gainer by the event which, for a while, wellnigh annihilated the Opposition to his Ministry, and left that Opposition crippled as long as the war lasted, no man can doubt. That independent of the breaking up of the Whigs, the war gave their powerful antagonist a constant lever wherewithal to move at will both Parliament and people, as long as the sinews of war could be obtained from the resources of the country, is at least as unquestionable a fact.

* It was Dr Price's Plan; and he complained that, of the three Schemes propounded by him, Mr Pitt had selected the worst.

His conduct of the war betrayed no extent of views, no commanding notions of policy. Any thing more commonplace can hardly be imagined. To form one coalition after another in Germany, and subsidize them with millions of free gift, or aid with profuse loans, until all the powers in our pay were defeated in succession, and most of them either destroyed or converted into allies of the enemy—such were all the resources of his diplomatic policy. To shun any effectual conflict with the enemy, while he wasted our military force in petty expeditions—to occupy forts, and capture colonies, which, if France prevailed in Europe, were useless acquisitions, only increasing the amount of the slave trade, and carrying abroad our own capital, and which, if France were beaten in Europe, would all of themselves fall into our hands—such was the whole scheme of his warlike policy. The operations of our navy, which were undertaken as a matter of course, and would have been performed, and must have led to our brilliant maritime successes, whoever was the Minister, or whether there was any Minister at all, may be added to the account; but can have little or no influence upon the estimate to be formed of his belligerent administration. When, after a most culpable refusal to treat with Napoleon in 1800, grounded on the puerile hope of the newly gotten Consular power being soon overthrown, he found it impossible any longer to continue the ruinous expenditure of the war, he retired, placing his puppet in his office, with whom he quarrelled for refusing to retire when he was bidden. But the ostensible ground of his resignation was the King's bigoted refusal to emancipate the Irish Catholics. Nothing could have more redounded to his glory than this. But he resumed office in 1804, refused to make any stipulation for those same Catholics, and always opposed those who urged their claims, on the utterly unconstitutional ground of the King's personal prejudices—a ground quite as solid for yielding to that Monarch in 1801, as for not urging him in 1804. It was quite as discreditable to him that, on the same occasion, after pressing Mr Fox upon George III. as an accession of strength necessary for well carrying on the war, he agreed to take office without any such accession; rather than thwart the personal antipathy,—the capricious, the despicable antipathy of that narrow-minded and vindictive Prince against the most illustrious of his subjects.*

* It is a singular instance of the great effects of trivial circumstances that we can relate the following anecdote. During the co-operation of all parties against Mr Addington's Government in the spring of 1804,

These are heavy charges; but we fear the worst remains to be urged against the conduct of this eminent person. No man felt more strongly on the subject of the African Slave Trade than he; and all who heard him are agreed that his speeches against it were the finest even of his noble orations. Yet did he continue for eighteen years of his life, suffering every one of his colleagues, nay, of his mere underlings in office, to vote against the question of Abolition, if they thought fit—men, the least inconsiderable of whom durst no more have thwarted him upon any of the more trifling measures of his Government, than they durst have thrust their heads into the fire. Even the Foreign Slave Trade, and the traffic which his war policy had trebled by the capture of the enemy's colonies, he suffered to grow and prosper under the fostering influence of British capital; and after letting years and years glide away, and hundreds of thousands be torn from their own country, and carried to perpetual misery in ours, while a stroke of his pen could, at any moment, have stopped it for ever, he only could be brought to issue, a few months before his death, the easy Order in Council which at length destroyed the pestilence. This is by far the gravest charge to which Mr Pitt's memory is exposed.

If from the Statesman we turn to the Orator, the contrast is indeed marvellous. He is to be placed, without any doubt, in the highest class. With a sparing use of ornament, hardly indulging more in figures, or even in figurative expression, than the most severe examples of ancient chasteness allowed, with little variety of style, hardly any of the graces of manner, he no sooner rose than he carried away every hearer, and kept the attention fixed and unflagging till it pleased him to let it go; and then

‘ So charming left his voice, that we, awhile,
Still thought him speaking, still stood fixed to hear.’

This magical effect was produced by his unbroken flow, which never for a moment left the hearer in pain or doubt, and yet was not the mean fluency of mere relaxation, requiring no effort of

Mr Pitt and Mr C. Long were one night passing the door of Brooks's Club-house, on their way from the House of Commons, when Mr Pitt, who had not been there since the coalition of 1784, said he had a great mind to go in and sup. His wary friend said, ‘ I think you had better not,’ and turned aside the well-disposed intention. When we reflect on the high favour Mr Pitt then was in with the Whigs, and consider the nature of Mr Fox as well as his own, we can have little doubt of the cordial friendship which such a night would have cemented, and that the union of the two parties would have been complete.

the speaker, but imposing on the listener a heavy task; by his lucid arrangement, which made all the parts of the most complicated subject quit their entanglement, and fall each into its place; by the clearness of his statements, which presented at once a picture to the mind; by the forcible appeals to strict reason and strong feeling, which formed the great staple of the discourse; by the majesty of the diction; by the depth and fulness of the most sonorous voice, and the unbending dignity of the manner, which ever reminded us that we were in the presence of more than an advocate or debater, or even an orator—that there stood before us a ruler of the people. Such were the effects invariably of this singular eloquence; and they were as certainly produced on ordinary occasions, as in those grander displays when he rose to the height of some great argument; or indulged in vehement invective against some individual, and variegated his speech with that sarcasm of which he was so great, and indeed so little sparing a master; although even here all was uniform and consistent; nor did any thing, in any mood of mind, ever drop from him that was unsuited to the majestic frame of the whole, or could disturb the serenity of the full and copious flood that rolled along. But if such was the unfailling impression at first produced, and which, for a season absorbing the faculties, precluded all criticism, upon reflection, faults and imperfections certainly were disclosed. There prevailed a monotony in the matter, as well as in the manner; and even the delightful voice which so long prevented this from being felt, was itself almost without any variety of tone. All things were said nearly in the same way; as if by some curious machine, periods were rounded and flung off; as if, in like moulds, though of different sizes, ideas were shaped and brought out. His composition was correct enough, but not peculiarly felicitous; his English was sufficiently pure without being at all racy, or various, or brilliant; his style was, by Mr Windham, called ‘a state-paper style,’ in allusion to its combined dignity and poverty; and the same nice observer, referring to the eminently skilful way in which he balanced his phrases, sailed near the wind, and seemed to disclose much, whilst he kept the greater part of his meaning to himself, declared that he ‘verily believed Mr Pitt ‘could speak a King’s speech off-hand.’ His declamation was admirable, mingling with and clothing the argument, as to be good for any thing it always must; and no more separable from the reasoning than the heat is from the metal in a stream of lava. Yet, with all this excellence, the last effect of the highest eloquence was for the most part wanting: we seldom forgot the speaker, or lost the artist in the work. He was correct enough;

he seemed quite sincere; he was moved himself as he would move us; we even went along with him, and forgot *ourselves*; but we hardly ever forgot *him*; and while thrilled with the glow which his burning words diffused, or transfixed with wonder at so marvellous a display of skill, we yet felt that it was admiration of a consummate artist which filled us, and that after all we were present at an exhibition;—gazing upon a wonderful performer indeed, but still a performer.

We have ventured to name the greatest displays of Mr Fox's oratory; and it is fit we should attempt as much by his illustrious rival's. The speech on the war 1803, which, by an accident that befell the gallery, was never reported, is generally supposed to have excelled all his other performances in vehement and spirit-stirring declamation; and this may be the more easily believed when we know that Mr Fox, in his reply, said, 'the orators of antiquity would have admired—probably would have envied it.' The last half hour is described as having been one unbroken torrent of the most majestic declamation. Of those which are in any degree preserved (though it must be remarked that the characteristics which we have given of his eloquence show how much of it was sure to escape even the fullest transcript that could be given of the words), the finest in all probability is that upon the peace of 1783, and the Coalition, when he closed his magnificent peroration by that noble yet simple figure,—'And if this inauspicious union be not already consummated, in the name of my country I forbid the banns.' But all authorities agree in placing his speech upon the Slave-trade in 1791 before every other effort of his genius; because it combined, with the most impassioned declamation, the deepest pathos, the most lively imagination, and the closest reasoning. We have it from a friend of his own, who sat beside him on this memorable occasion, that its effects on Mr Fox were manifest during the whole period of the delivery, while Mr Sheridan expressed his feelings in the most hearty and even passionate terms; and we have it from Mr Windham that he walked home in amazement at the compass, till then unknown to him, of human eloquence. It is from the former source of information that we derive the singular fact of the orator's health at the time being such, as to require his retirement immediately before he rose, in order to take a medicine required for allaying the violent irritation of his stomach.

Let us, however, add, that he was from the first a finished debater, although certainly practice and the habit of command had given him more perfect quickness in perceiving an advantage and availing himself of an opening, as it were, in the adverse battle, with the skill and the rapidity wherewith our Wellington,

in an instant perceiving the columns of Marmont somewhat too widely separated, executed the movement that gave him the victory of Salamanca. So did Mr Pitt overthrow his great antagonist on the Regency, and some other conflicts. It may be further observed, that never was any kind of eloquence, or any cast of talents more perfectly suited to the position of leading the Government forces, keeping up the spirits of his followers under disaster, encouraging them to stand a galling adverse fire;—above all, presenting them and the friendly though neutral portion of the audience, with reasons or with plausible prettexts for giving the Government that support which the one class desired to give, and the other had no disposition to withhold. The effects which his calm and dignified yet earnest manner produced on these classes, and the impression which it left on their minds, have been admirably portrayed by one of the most able among them, and with his well-chosen words we close this imperfect sketch of so great a subject:—‘Every part of his speaking; in sentiment, in language, and in delivery, evidently bore the stamp of his character. All communicated a definite and varied apprehension of the qualities of strenuousness without bustle, unlaboured intrepidity, and severe greatness.’*

Nothing that we have yet said of this extraordinary person has touched upon his private character, unless so far as the graver faults of the politician must ever border upon the vices or the frailties of the man. But it must be admitted, what even his enemies were willing to confess, that in his failings, or in his delinquencies, there was nothing mean, paltry, or low. His failings were ascribed to love of power and of glory; and pride was the harshest feature that disfigured him to the public eye. We doubt if this can all be said with perfect justice; still more that if it could, any satisfactory defence would be made. The ambition cannot be pronounced very lofty which showed that place, mere high station, was so dear to it as to be sought without regard to its just concomitant—power, and clung by, after being stript of this, the only attribute that can recommend it to truly noble minds. Yet he well described his office as ‘the pride of his heart’ and the pleasure of his life,’ when, boasting that he had sacrificed it to his engagements with Ireland at the Union; and then, within a very short period, he proved that the pleasure and the pride were far too dearly loved to let him think of that tie when he again grasped them,—wholly crippled, and deprived of all power to carry

* *Quarterly Review*, August 1810.—Supposed to be by Mr J. H. Frere, but avowedly an intimate personal friend.

a single measure of importance. Nor can any thirst for power itself, any ambition, be it of the most exalted kind, ever justify the measures which he contrived for putting to death those former coadjutors of his own, whose leading object was Reform; even if they had overstepped the bounds of law, in the pursuit of their common purpose. His conduct on the Slave Trade falls within the same view; and leaves a dark shade resting upon his reputation as a man—a shade which, God be praised, few would take, to be the first of orators and greatest of ministers.

In private life he was singularly amiable; his spirits were naturally buoyant and even playful; his affections warm; his veracity scrupulously exact; his integrity wholly without a stain; and, although he was, from his situation, cut off from most of the relations of domestic life, as a son and a brother he was perfect, and no man was more fondly beloved or more sincerely mourned by his friends.*

It was a circumstance broadly distinguishing the Parliamentary position of the two great leaders whom we have been surveying, that while the one had to fight the whole battle of his Government for many years, the first and most arduous of his life, if not single handed, yet with but one coadjutor of any power, the other was surrounded by 'troops of friends,' any one of whom might well have borne the foremost part. Against such men as Burke, Windham, Sheridan, North, Erskine, Lec, Barré,—Mr Pitt could only set Mr Dundas; and it is certainly the most astonishing part of his history, that against such a phalanx, backed by the majority of the Commons, he could struggle all through the first Session of his administration. Indeed, had it not been for the support which he received both from the Court and the Lords, and from the People, who were justly offended with the unnatural coalition of his adversaries, this Session would not only have been marvellous but impossible.

* The story told of his refusing to marry Mademoiselle Necker (afterwards Madame de Staël), when the match was proposed by the father, rests upon a true foundation; but the form of the answer, 'that he was 'already married to his country' has, unless it was a jest, which is very possible, no more foundation than the dramatic exit described by Mr Rose in the House of Commons, when he stated 'Oh my country' to have been his last words—though it is certain that for many hours he only uttered incoherent sentences. Such things were too theatrical for so great a man, and of too vulgar a caste for so consummate a performer, had he stooped to play a part in such circumstances. He himself gave more than once a far more prosaic and very different reason for his never marrying.

Of Mr Fox's adherents whom we have named, the most remarkable certainly was Mr Sheridan, and with all his faults, and all his failings, and all his defects, the first in genius and greatest in power. When the illustrious name of Erskine appears in the bright catalogue, it is unnecessary to add that we here speak of Parliamentary genius and political power.

These sketches as naturally begin with a notice of the means by which the great rhetorical combatants were brought up, and trained and armed for the conflict, as Homer's battles do with the buckling on of armour and other note of preparation, when he brings his warriors forward upon the scene. Of Mr Sheridan, any more than of Mr Burke, it cannot be lamented, as of almost all other English statesmen, that he came prematurely into public life, without time given for preparation by study. Yet this time in his case had been far otherwise spent than in Mr Burke's. Though his education had not been neglected, for he was bred at Harrow, and with Dr Parr, yet he was an idle and a listless boy, learning as little as possible, and suffering as much wretchedness—an avowal which to the end of his life he never ceased to make, and to make in a very affecting manner. Accordingly, he brought away from school a very slender provision of classical learning; and his taste, never correct or chaste, was wholly formed by acquaintance with the English poets and dramatists, and perhaps a few of our more ordinary prose writers; for in no other language could he read with any thing approaching to ease. Of those poets, he most *professed* to admire and to have studied Dryden; he plainly *had* most studied Pope, whom he always vilified and always imitated. But of dramatists his passion evidently was Congreve, and after him Vanburgh, Farquhar, even Wycherly; all of whom served for the model, partly even for the magazine of his own dramatic writings, as Pope did of his verses. 'The Duenna,' however, is formed after the fashion of Gay; of whom it falls further short than the 'School for Scandal' does of Congreve. That his plays were great productions for any age, astonishing for a youth of twenty-three and twenty-five, is unquestionable. Johnson has accounted for the phenomenon of Congreve, at a still earlier period of life, showing so much knowledge of the world, by observing that, on a close examination, his dialogues and characters might have been gathered from books 'without much actual commerce 'with mankind.' The same can hardly be said of the 'School for Scandal;' but the author wrote it when he was five years older than Congreve had been at the date of the 'Old Batchelor.'

Thus with an ample share of literary and dramatic reputation, but not certainly of the kind most auspicious for a statesman—with a most slender provision of knowledge at all likely to be use-

ful in political affairs—with a position by birth and profession, little suited to command the respect of the most aristocratic country in Europe—the son of an actor, the manager himself of a theatre—he came into that Parliament which was enlightened by the vast and various knowledge, as well as fortified and adorned by the more choice literary fame of a Burke, and which owned the sway of consummate orators like Fox and Pitt. His first effort was unambitious, and it was unsuccessful. Aiming at but a low flight, he failed in that humble attempt. An experienced judge, Woodfall, told him ‘it would never do;’ and counselled him to seek again the more congenial atmosphere of Drury Lane. But he was resolved that it should do; he had taken his part; and, as he felt the matter was in him, he vowed not to desist till ‘he brought it out.’ What he wanted in acquired learning, and in natural quickness, he made up by indefatigable industry; within given limits, towards a present object, no labour could daunt him; and no man could work for a season with more steady and unwearied application. By constant practice in small matters, or before private Committees, by diligent attendance upon all debates, by habitual intercourse with all dealers in political wares, from the chiefs of parties and their more refined coteries to the providers of daily discussion for the public and the chroniclers of Parliamentary speeches, he trained himself to a facility of speaking, absolutely essential to all but first-rate genius, and all but necessary even to that; and he acquired what acquaintance with the science of politics he ever possessed, or his speeches ever betrayed. He rose by these steps to the rank of a first-rate speaker, and as great a debater as a want of readiness, and need for preparation would permit. He had some qualities which led him to this rank, and which only required the habit of speech to bring out into successful exhibition—a warm imagination, though more prone to repeat with variations the combinations of others, or to combine anew their creations, than to bring forth original productions—a fierce, dauntless spirit of attack—a familiarity, acquired from his dramatic studies, with the feelings of the heart and the ways to touch its chords—a facility of epigram and point, the yet more direct gift of the same theatrical apprenticeship—an excellent manner, not unconnected with that experience—and a depth of voice which perfectly suited the tone of his declamation, be it invective, or be it descriptive, or be it impassioned. His wit, derived from the same source, or sharpened by the same previous habits, was eminently brilliant, and almost always successful; it was like all his speaking, exceedingly prepared, but it was skilfully introduced and happily applied; and it was well mingled also with humour, occasionally descending to farce. How little it

was the inspiration of the moment all men were aware who knew his habits ; but a singular proof of this was presented by Mr Moore when he came to write his life ; for we there find given to the world the secret note-books of this famous wit ; and can trace the jokes, in embryo, with which he had so often made the walls of St Stephen's shake, in a merriment excited by the happy appearance of sudden unpremeditated effusion.*

The adroitness with which he turned to account sudden occasions of popular excitement, and often at the expense of the Whig party, generally too indifferent to such advantages, and too insensible to the damage they thus sustained in public estimation, is well known. On the mutiny in the fleet, he was beyond all question right ; on the French invasion, and on the attacks upon Napoleon, he was almost as certainly wrong ; but these appeals to the people and to the national feelings of the House, tended to make the orator well received, if they added little to the statesman's reputation ; and of the latter character he was not ambitious. His most celebrated speech was certainly the one upon the ' Begum Charge ' in the proceedings against Hastings ; and nothing can exceed the accounts left us of its unprecedented success. Not only the practice, then first began, which has gradually increased till it greets every good speech, of cheering, on the speaker resuming his seat, but the Minister besought the House to adjourn the decision of the question, as being incapacitated from forming a just judgment under the influence of such powerful eloquence ; whilst all men on all sides vied with each other in extolling so wonderful a performance. Nevertheless, the opinion has now become greatly prevalent, that a portion of this success was owing to the speech having so greatly surpassed all the speaker's former efforts ; to the extreme interest of

* Take an instance from this author, giving extracts from the *Common-place book of the wit* :—' He employs his fancy in his narrative, and keeps his recollections for his wit.' Again, the same idea is expanded into—' When he makes his jokes you applaud the accuracy of his memory, and 'tis only when he states his facts that you admire the flights of his imagination.' But the thought was too good to be thus wasted on the desert air of a common-place book. So forth it came at the expense of Kelly, who having been a composer of music, became a wine merchant. ' You will,' said the *ready* wit, ' import your music and compose your wine.' Nor was this service exacted from the old idea thought sufficient—so in the House of Commons an easy and apparently off-hand parenthesis was thus filled with it at Mr Dundas's cost and charge (' who generally resorts to his memory for his jokes, and to his imagination for his facts').

the topics which the subject naturally presented; and to the artist-like elaboration and beautiful delivery of certain fine passages, rather than to the merits of the whole. Certain it is, that the repetition of great part of it, presented in the short-hand notes of the speech on the same charge in Westminster Hall, disappoints every reader who has heard of the success which attended the earlier effort. In truth, Mr Sheridan's taste was very far from being chaste, or even moderately correct; he delighted in gaudy figures; he was attracted by glare; and cared not whether the brilliancy came from tinsel or gold; from the broken glass or the pure diamond; he overlaid his thoughts with epigrammatic diction; he 'played to the galleries,' and indulged them, of course, with an endless succession of clap-traps. His worst passages by far were those which he evidently preferred himself;—full of imagery often far-fetched, oftener gorguous, and loaded with point that drew the attention of the hearer away from the thoughts to the words; and his best by far were those where he declaimed, with his deep clear voice, though somewhat thick utterance, with a fierce defiance of some adversary, or an unappeasable vengeance against some oppressive act; or reasoned rapidly, in the like tone, upon some plain matter of fact, or exposed as plainly to homely ridicule some puerile sophism; and in all this, his admirable manner was aided by an eye singularly piercing, and a countenance which, though coarse, and even in some features gross, was yet animated and expressive, and could easily assume the figure of both rage, and menace, and scorn. The few sentences with which he thrilled the House on the liberty of the press in 1810, were worth, perhaps, more than all his elaborated epigrams and forced flowers on the Begum Charge, or all his denunciations of Napoleon; 'whose morning orisons and evening prayers are for the conquest of England, whether he bends 'to the God of Battles or worships the Goddess of Reason;'—certainly far better than such pictures of his power, as his having 'thrones for his watch-towers, kings for his sentinels, and 'for the palisades of his castle, sceptres stuck with crowns.' 'Give them,' said he in 1810, and in a far higher strain of eloquence, 'a corrupt House of Lords; give them a venal House of Commons; give them a tyrannical Prince; give them a truckling Court,—and let me but have an unfettered press; I will defy 'them to encroach a hair's-breadth upon the liberties of England.' Of all his speeches there can be little doubt that the most powerful, as the most chaste, was his reply in 1805 upon the motion which he had made for repealing the Defence Act. Mr Pitt had unwarily thrown out a sneer at his support of Mr Addington, as though it was insidious. Such a stone cast by a

person whose house on that aspect was one pane of glass, could not fail to call down a shower of missiles ; and they who witnessed the looks and gestures of the aggressor under the pitiless pelting of the tempest which he had provoked, represent it as certain that there were moments when he intended to fasten a personal quarrel upon the vehement and implacable declaimer.*

When the just tribute of extraordinary admiration has been bestowed upon this great orator, the whole of his praise has been exhausted. As a statesman, he is without a place in any class, or of any rank ; it would be incorrect and flattering to call him a bad, or a hurtful, or a short-sighted, or a middling statesman ; he was no statesman at all. As a party man, his character stood lower than it deserved,—chiefly from certain personal dislikes ; for with the perhaps doubtful exception of his courting popularity at his party's expense on the two occasions already mentioned, and the much more serious charge against him of betraying his party in the Carlton House negotiation of 1812, followed by his extraordinary denial of the facts when he last appeared in Parliament, there can nothing be laid to his charge as inconsistent with the rules of the strictest party duty and honour ; although he made as large sacrifices as any unprofessional man ever did to the cause of a long and hopeless Opposition, and was often treated with unmerited coldness and disrespect by his coadjutors. But as a man, his character stood confessedly low ; his intemperate habits, and his pecuniary embarrassments, did not merely tend to imprudent conduct, by which himself alone might be the sufferer ; they involved his family in the same fate ; and they also undermined those principles of honesty which are so seldom found to survive fallen fortunes ; and hardly ever can continue the ornament and the stay of ruined circumstances, when the tastes and the propensities engendered in prosperous times survive through the ungenial season of adversity. Over the frailties and even the faults of genius, it is permitted to draw a veil, after marking them as much as the interests of virtue require, in order to warn against the evil example, and preserve the flame bright and pure from such unworthy and unseemly contamination.

Among the members of his party, to whom we have alluded as agreeing ill with Mr Sheridan, and treating him with little deference, Mr Windham was the most distinguished. The advantages of a refined classical education—a lively wit of the most

* Mr Sheridan wrote this speech during the debate at a Coffee-house near the Hall ; and it is reported most accurately in the Parliamentary debates, apparently from his own notes.

pungent and yet abstruse description—a turn for subtle reasoning, drawing nice distinctions and pursuing remote analogies—great and early knowledge of the world—familiarity with men of letters and artists, as well as politicians, with Burke, Johnson, and Reynolds, as well as with Fox and North—much acquaintance with constitutional history and principle—a chivalrous spirit, a noble figure, a singularly expressive countenance—all fitted this remarkable person to shine in debate; but were all, when put together, unequal to the task of raising him to the first rank; and were, besides, mingled with defects which exceedingly impaired the impression of his oratory, while they diminished his usefulness and injured his reputation as a statesman. For he was too often the dupe of his own ingenuity; which made him doubt and balance, and gave an oscitancy fatal to vigour in council, as well as most prejudicial to the effects of eloquence, by breaking the force of his blows as they fell. His nature, too, perhaps owing to this hesitating disposition, was to be a follower, if not a worshipper, rather than an original thinker or actor; as if he felt some relief under the doubts which harassed him from so many quarters, in thus taking shelter under a master's wing, and devolving upon a less scrupulous balancer of conflicting reasons, the task of trimming the scales, and forming his opinions for him. Accordingly, first Johnson in private, and afterwards Burke on political matters, were the deities whom he adored; and he adhered manfully to the strong opinions of the latter, though oftentimes painfully compelled to suppress his sentiments, all the time that he took counsel with Mr Pitt and Lord Grenville, who would only consent to conduct the French war upon principles far lower and more compromising than those of the great anti-Jacobin and anti-Gallican leader. But when untrammelled by official connexion, and having his lips sealed by no decorum or prudence, or other observance prescribed by station, it was a brave sight to see this gallant personage descend into the field of debate, panting for the fray, eager to confront any man or any number of men that might prove his match, scorning all the little suggestions of a paltry discretion, heedless of every risk of retort to which he might expose himself, as regardless of popular applause as of Court favour; nay, from his natural love of danger and disdain of every thing like fear, rushing into the most offensive expression of the most unpopular opinions with as much alacrity as he evinced in braving the power and daring the enmity of the Crown. Nor was the style of his speaking at all like that of other men's. It was in the easy tone of familiar conversation; but it was full of nice observation and profound remark; it was instinct with classical allusion; it was even over-informed with

philosophic and with learned reflection ; it sparkled with the finest wit—a wit which was as far superior to Sheridan's, as his to the gambols of the Clown, or the movements of Pantaloon ; and his wit, how exuberant soever, still seemed to help on the argument, as well as to illustrate the meaning of the speaker. He was, however, in the main, a serious, a persuasive speaker, whose words plainly flowed from deep and vehement, and long considered, and well weighed, feelings of the heart. ‘ *Erat summa gravitas ; erat cum gravitate junctus, facetiarum et urbanitatis oratorius non scurrilis lepos. Latine loquendi accurata et sine molestiâ diligens elegantia.*’

The rock on which he so often made shipwreck in debate, and still oftener in council or action, was that love of paradox, on which the tide of his exuberant ingenuity naturally carried him, as it does many others, who, finding so much more may be said in behalf of an untenable position than at first sight appeared possible to themselves, or than ordinary minds can at any time apprehend, begin to bear with the erroneous dogma, and end by adopting it,*

‘ They first endure, then pity, then embrace.’

So he was from the indomitable bravery of his disposition, and his loathing of every thing mean, or that savoured of truckling to mere power, not unfrequently led to prefer a course of conduct, or a line of argument, because of their running counter to public opinion or the general feeling ; instead of confining his disregard to popularity within just bounds, and holding on his course in the pursuit of truth and right, in spite of its temporary disfavour with the people. With these errors there was generally much truth mingled, or at least much that was manifestly wrong tinged the tenets or the conduct he was opposing ; yet he was not the less an unsafe counsellor, and in debate a dangerous ally. His conduct on the volunteer question, the interference of the City with military rewards, the amusements of the people, and cruelty to animals, afforded instances of this mixed description, where he was led into error by resisting almost equal error on the opposite hand ; yet do these questions also afford proof of the latter part of the foregoing proposition ; for what sound or rational view could justify his hostility to all voluntary defence, his reprobation of all expression of public gratitude to the services of our

* They who have been engaged in professional business with the late Mr John Clerk (afterwards Lord Eldon) may recollect how often that great lawyer was carried away to entertain paradoxical opinions exactly by the process here described.

soldiers and sailors, his unqualified defence of bull-baiting, his resistance of all checks upon cruelty towards the brute creation? Upon other subjects of still graver import his paradoxes stood prominent and inschievous;—unredeemed by ingenuity, unpalliated by opposite exaggeration, and even unmitigated by any admixture of truth. He defended the slave trade, which he had at first opposed, only because the French Royalists were injured by the revolt which their own follies had occasioned in St Domingo; he resisted all mitigation of our criminal law, only because it formed a part of our antiquated jurisprudence, like trial by battle, nay by ordeal of fire and water; and he opposed every project for educating the people. It required all men's tenderness towards undoubted sincerity and clear disinterestedness to think charitably of such pernicious heresies in such a man. It demanded all this charity and all this faith in the spotless honour of his character, to believe that such opinions could really be the convictions of a mind like his. It was the greatest tribute which could be paid to his sterling merit, his fine parts, his rare accomplishments, that in spite of such wild aberrations, he was admired and beloved.

From what has been said of Mr Windham's manner of speaking, as well as of his variously embellished mind, it will readily be supposed that in society he was destined to shine almost without a rival. His manners were the most polished, and noble, and courteous, without the least approach to pride, or affectation, or condescension; his spirits were, in advanced life, so gay, that he was always younger than the youngest; his relish of conversation was such, that after lingering to the latest moment he joined whatever party a sultry evening (or morning, as it might chance to prove) tempted to haunt the streets before retiring to rest. How often have we accompanied him to the door of his own mansion, and then been attended by him to our own, while the streets rang with the peals of his hearty merriment, or echoed the accents of his refined and universal wit! But his conversation, or grave or gay, or argumentative or discursive, whether sifting a difficult subject, or painting an interesting character, or pursuing a merely playful fancy, or lively to very drollery, or pensive and pathetic, or losing itself in the clouds of metaphysics, or vexed with paradox, or plain and homely and all but commonplace, was that which, to be understood, must have been listened to; and while over the whole was flung a veil of unrent classical elegance, through no crevice, had there been any, would ever an unkind or ill-conditioned sentiment have found entrance!

‘*Scilicet omne sacrum mors importuna profanat
Omnibus obscuras injicit ille manus—*

Ossa quieta precor, tutâ requiescite in urnâ ;
Et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo ! *

If we turn from those whom common principles and party connexion ranged against Mr Pitt, to the only effectual supporter whom he could rely upon as a colleague on the Treasury Bench, we shall certainly find ourselves contemplating a personage of very inferior pretensions, although one whose powers were of the most useful description. Mr Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, had no claim whatever to those higher places among the orators of his age, which were naturally filled by the great men whom we have been describing ; nor indeed could he be deemed *inter oratorum numerum* at all. He was a plain, business-like speaker ; a man of every-day talents in the House ; a clear, easy, fluent, and, from much practice, as well as strong natural sense, a skilful debater ; successful in profiting by an adversary's mistakes ; distinct in opening a plan and defending a Ministerial proposition ; capable of producing even a great effect upon his not unwilling audience by his broad and coarse appeals to popular prejudices, and his confident statements of facts—those statements which Sir Francis Burdett once happily observed, ‘ men naturally fall into through an inveterate habit of official assertion.’ In his various offices no one was more useful. He was an admirable man of business ; and those professional habits which he had brought from the bar (where he practised long enough for a youth of his fortunate family to reach the highest official place) were not more serviceable to him in making his speeches perspicuous, and his reasoning logical, than they were in disciplining his mind to the drudgery of the desk, and helping him to systematize, as well as to direct the machinery of his department. After quitting the profession of the law, to which, indeed, he had for some of the later years of Lord North's Administration only nominally belonged, and leaving also the office of Lord Advocate, which he retained for several years after, he successively filled the place of Minister for India, for the Home and War Departments, and for Naval Affairs. But it was in the first of these capacities, while at the head of the India Board, and while Chairman of the Committee of the Commons upon India, that his great capacity for affairs shone chiefly forth ; and that he gave solid and long-continued proof of an in-

* Relentless death each purer form profanes,
Round all that's fair his dismal arms he throws—
Light lie the earth that shrouds thy loved remains,
And softly slumbering may they taste repose !—

defatigable official industry, which neither the distractions of debate in Parliament, nor the convivial habits of the man and of the times, ever could interrupt or relax. His celebrated Reports upon all the complicated questions of our Asiatic policy, although they may not stand a comparison with some of Mr Burke's in the profundity and enlargement of general views, any more than their style can be compared with his, are nevertheless performances of the greatest merit, and repositories of information upon that vast subject, unrivalled for clearness and extent. They, together with Lord Wellesley's Despatches, form the sources from which the bulk of all the knowledge possessed upon Indian matters is to be derived by the statesmen of the present day.

If in his official departments, and in the contests of Parliament, Mr Dundas rendered able service, and possessed great weight, it was in Scotland, his native country, whose language he spoke, and whose whole affairs he directed, that his power and his authority chiefly prevailed. Before the Reform in our representation, and our municipal institutions, the undisturbed possession of patronage by a leading member of the Government, was very sure to carry alongst with it a paramount influence both over the representatives of this ancient kingdom and over their constituents. Why the submission to men in high place, and endowed with the power of conferring many favours, should have been so much more absolute amongst us than amongst our southern neighbours, it would be needless to enquire. Whether it arose from the old feudal habits of the nation, or from its poverty, joined with a laudable ambition to rise in the world above the pristine station, or from the wary and provident character of the people,—certain it is that they displayed a devotion for their political superiors, and a belief in their infallibility, which would have done no discredit to the clansmen of those chieftains who, whilom both granted out the lands of the sept, retained the stipulated services of the vassal, and enjoyed the rights of jurisdiction and of punishment, whereby obedience was secured, and zealous attachment stimulated in its alliance with wholesome terror. That Mr Dundas enjoyed this kind of Ministerial Sovereignty and homage in a more ample measure than any of his predecessors, was, no doubt, owing partly to the unhesitating and unqualified determination which regulated his conduct, of devoting his whole patronage to the support of his party, and to the extent of that patronage, from his being so long Minister for India, as well as having the whole Scottish preferment at his absolute disposal; but it was also in part owing to the engaging qualities of the man. A steady and determined friend, who only stood the faster by those that wanted him the more—nay, who even in their errors or their faults

would not give up his adherents—an agreeable companion, from the joyous hilarity of his manners—void of all affectation, all pride, all pretension—a kind and affectionate man in the relations of private life—and although not always sufficiently regardful of strict decorum in certain particulars, yet never putting on the Pharisee's garb, or affecting a more 'gracious state' than he had attained—friendly, self-denying to those inferiors in his department whose comforts so much depended on him—in his demeanour hearty and good-humoured to all—it is difficult to figure any one more calculated to win over those whom his mere power and station had failed to attach; or better fitted to retain the friends whom accident or influence might originally have attached to his person. That he should for so many years have disposed of the votes in Parliament of nearly the whole Scottish Commons, and the whole Peers, was, therefore, little to be wondered at; that his popularity and influence in the country at large should have been boundless during all this period, is as easily to be understood. There was then no doubt ever raised of the Ministry's stability, or of Mr Dundas's ample share in the dispensation of its favours. The political sky was clear and settled to the very verge of the horizon. There was nothing to disturb the hearts of anxious mortals. The wary and pensive Scot felt sure of his election, if he but kept by the true faith; and his path lay straight before him—the path of righteous devotion leading unto a blessed preferment. But our countrymen were fated to be visited by some troubles. The heavens became overcast—their luminary was for a while concealed from devout eyes—in vain they sought him, but he was not. Uncouth names began to be named. More than two parties were talked of. Instead of the old, convenient, and intelligible alternative of 'Pitt or Fox,'—'place or poverty,' which left no doubt in any rational mind which of the two to choose, there was seen—strange sight!—hateful and perplexing omen!—a Ministry without Pitt, nay, without Dundas, and an Opposition leaning towards its support. Those who are old enough to remember that dark interval, may recollect how the public mind among us was subdued with awe, and how we awaited in trembling silence the uncertain event, as all living things quail during the solemn pause that precedes an earthquake.

It was in truth a crisis to try men's souls. For a while all was uncertainty and consternation; all were seen fluttering about like birds in an eclipse or a thunder storm; no man could tell whom he might trust; nay, worse still, no man could tell of whom he might ask any thing. It was hard to say, not who were in office, but who were likely to remain in office. Our country-

men were in dismay and distraction. It might truly be said they knew not which way to look, or whither to turn. Perhaps it might be yet more truly said, that they knew not *when* to turn. But such a crisis was too sharp to last; it passed away; and then was to be seen a proof of Mr Dundas's power amongst us, which transcended all expectation, and almost surpassed belief, if indeed it is not rather to be viewed as an evidence of the acute foresight—the political second-sight—of the Scottish nation. The trusty band in both Houses actually were found adhering to him against the existing Government; nay, he held the proxies of many Scottish Peers in open Opposition! Well might his colleague exclaim to the hapless Addington in such unheard-of troubles, 'Doctor, the Thanes fly from us.' When the very Scotch Peers wavered—and when the Grampian hills might next be expected to move about—it was time to think that the end of all things was at hand; and the return of Pitt and security, and patronage and Dundas, speedily ensued to bless old Scotland, and reward her providence, or her fidelity—her attachment at once to her patron—and to herself.

The subject of Lord Melville cannot be left complete without some mention of the event which finally deprived him of place and of power, though it hardly ever lowered him in the respect and affections of his countrymen. We allude, of course, to the Resolutions carried by Mr Whitbread on the 8th of April, 1805, with the Speaker's casting voice, which led to the immediate resignation, and subsequent impeachment of this distinguished person. Mr Pitt defended him strenuously, and only was compelled to abandon his friend and colleague, by the vote of the Commons, which gave him a 'bitter pang,' that as he pronounced the word made the hall resound, and seems yet to fill our ear. But after his death, while the Government was in his rival's hands, and all the offices of the State were filled with the enemies of the accused, Lord Melville was brought to trial before his Peers, and by a large majority acquitted, to the almost universal satisfaction of the country. Have we any right to regard him as guilty after this proceeding? It is true that the spirit of party is charged with the event of this memorable trial; but did nothing of that spirit preside over the proceedings in the Commons,—the grand Inquest of the nation—which made the presentment—and put the accused upon his trial? That Lord Melville was a careless man and wholly indifferent about money, his whole life had shown. That he had replaced the entire sum temporarily used, was part even of the statement which charged him with misemploying it. That Mr Pitt, whom no one ever accused of corruption, had been a party

to two of his supporters using four times as much of the public money for a time, and without paying interest, was soon after proved; though for the purpose of pressing more severely upon Lord Melville, a great alacrity was shown to acquit the Prime Minister, by way of contrast to the Treasurer of the Navy. In a word, the case proved against him was not by any means so clear as to give us the right to charge the great majority of his Peers with corrupt and dishonourable conduct in acquitting him; while it is a known fact that the Judges who attended the trial were, with the exception of the Lord Chief Justice, all clearly convinced of his innocence. Nor, let it be added, would the charge against him have been deemed, in the times of the Harleys and the Walpoles, of a nature to stain his character. Witness Walpole, rising to supreme power after being expelled the House of Commons for corruption; and after having only urged in his own defence, that the thousand pounds paid to him by a contractor had been for the use of a friend, whom he desired to favour, and to whom he had paid it all over;—not to mention his having received above seventeen thousand pounds, under circumstances of the gravest suspicion, the day before he quitted office, and which he never seems to have accounted for except by saying he had the King's authority to take it.* We

* Mr Coxe, in his *Life of Walpole*, cannot, of course, put the defence on higher ground than Walpole himself took, as to the L.1000 received on the contract, in 1711, when he was Secretary at War. As to the sum reported by the House of Commons' Committee (L.17,461) to have been obtained by him in 1712, on the authority of two Treasury orders, the biographer's main argument is, that the money must have been immediately wanted for public purposes, though these never were particularized, and that the King must have approved of the draft, because he signed the warrants. A weaker defence cannot well be conceived; nor is it much aided by the assertion which follows, that Sir Robert began writing a vindication of himself, which he broke off 'on a conviction' that his answer must either have been materially defective, or he 'must have related many things highly improper to be exposed to the 'public.' The fact of a man, with an estate of about L.2000 a-year at first, and which never rose to much above L.4000, having lived extravagantly, and amassed above L.200,000, is not at all explained by Mr Coxe; and it is mainly on this expensive living and accumulation of fortune, that the suspicions which hang over his memory rest. But it is needless to say more upon a topic which could form no justification of Lord Melville, if he were guilty. The subject is only alluded to in this place for the purpose of showing how much more pure our public men now are, and how much higher is our standard of official virtue. The acquittal of Lord Melville was deemed insufficient to sanc-

are sensible that these remarks will give little satisfaction to those whose political principles have always kept them apart from, and inimical to Lord Melville. But to what purpose have men lived for above thirty years after the trial, and survived the object of the charge more than a quarter of a century, if they cannot now, and upon a mere judicial question, permit their judgments to have a free scope,—deciding calmly upon events that belong to the history of the past, and involve the reputation of the dead?

The Ministry of Mr Pitt did not derive more solid service from the Law in the person of Mr Dundas, than the Opposition party did ornament and popularity in that of Mr Erskine. His Parliamentary talents, although they certainly have been underrated, were as clearly not the prominent portion of his character. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that, had he appeared in any other period than the age of the Foxes, the Pitts, and the Burkes, there is little chance that he would have been eclipsed even as a debater; and the singular eloquence and effect of his famous speech against the Jesuits' Bark Bill in the House of Lords, abundantly proves this position. He never appears to have given his whole mind to the practice of debating; he had a very scanty provision of political information; his time was always occupied with the laborious pursuits of his profession; he came into the House of Commons, where he stood among several equals, and behind some superiors, from a stage where he shone alone, and without a rival; above all, he was accustomed to address a select and friendly audience, bound to lend him their patient attention, and to address them by the compulsion of his retainer, not as a volunteer coming forward in his own person;—a position from which the transition is violent and extreme, to that of having the whole effort of gaining and of keeping a promiscuous and, in great part, a hostile audience, not under any obligation to listen one instant beyond the time during which the speaker can flatter, or interest, or amuse them. Earlier practice and more devotion to the pursuit, would doubtless have vanquished all these disadvantages; but they sufficed to keep Mr Erskine always in a station far beneath his talents, as long as he remained in the House of Commons.

It is to the Forum, and not the Senate, that we must hasten, if we would witness the ‘*coronam multiplicem—judicium erectum—crebras assensiones—multas admirationes—risum cum velit,*

tion his restoration to office; although Sir Robert Walpole, without any attempt to rescind the vote of 1712, was afterwards advanced to the place of Prime Minister, and held it for twenty years.

‘ cum velit fletum—in Scenâ Roscium : ’—in fine, if we would see this great man in his clement and in his glory. Nor let it be deemed trivial, or beneath the historian’s province, to mark that noble figure, every look of whose countenance is expressive, every motion of whose form graceful—an eye that sparkles and pierces, and almost assures victory, while it ‘ speaks audience ‘ ere the tongue.’ Juries have declared that they felt it impossible to remove their looks from him when he had riveted and, as it were, fascinated them by his first glance ; and it used to be a common remark of men who observed his motions, that they resembled those of a blood-horse ;—as light, as limber, as much betokening strength and speed, as free from all gross superfluity or incumbrance. Then hear his voice of surpassing sweetness, clear, flexible, strong, exquisitely fitted to strains of serious earnestness, deficient in compass, indeed, and much less fitted to express indignation or even scorn than pathos, but wholly free from either harshness or monotony. All these, however, and even his chaste, dignified, and appropriate action, were very small parts of this wonderful advocate’s excellence. He had a thorough knowledge of men,—of their passions and their feelings—he knew every avenue to the heart, and could at will make all its chords vibrate to his touch. His fancy, though never playful in public, where he had his whole faculties under the most severe control, was lively and brilliant ; when he gave it vent and scope, it was eminently sportive ; but while representing his client, it was wholly subservient to that in which his whole soul was wrapped up, and to which each faculty of body and of mind was subdued,—the success of the cause. His argumentative powers were of the highest order—clear in his statements, close in his applications, unwearied and never to be diverted in his deductions—with a quick and sure perception of his point, and undeviating in the pursuit of whatever established it—a nice discernment of the relative importance and weight of different arguments, and the faculty of assigning to each its proper place, so as to bring forward the main body of the reasoning in bold relief, and with its full breadth, and not weaken its effect by distracting and distributing the attention of the audience among lesser particulars. His understanding was eminently legal ; though he had never made himself a great lawyer, yet could he conduct a purely legal argument with the most perfect success ; and his familiarity with all the ordinary matters of his profession was abundantly sufficient for the purposes of the forum. His memory was accurate and retentive in an extraordinary degree ; nor did he ever, during the trial of a cause, forget any matter, how trifling soever, that belonged to it. His presence of mind was perfect in action—that is, before the

jury—when a line is to be taken upon the instant, and a question risked to a witness, or a topic chosen with the tribunal, on which the whole fate of the cause may turn. No man made fewer mistakes; none left so few advantages unimproved; before none was it so dangerous for an adversary to slumber and be off his guard; for he was ever broad awake himself, and was as adventurous as he was skilful; and as apt to take advantage of any the least opening, as he was cautious to leave none in his own battle. But to all these great qualities he joined that fire, that spirit, that courage, which gave vigour and direction to the whole, and bore down all resistance. No man, with all his address and prudence, ever ventured upon more bold figures, and they were uniformly successful; for his imagination was vigorous enough to sustain any flight; his taste was correct, and even severe, and his execution felicitous in the highest degree. Without much familiar knowledge of even the Latin classics; with hardly any access to the beauties of the Attic eloquence, whether in prose or verse; with no knowledge of modern languages, his acquaintance with the English tongue was yet so perfect, and his taste so exquisite, that nothing could exceed the beauty of his diction, whatever subject he attempted;—whether discoursing on the most humble topics, of the most ordinary case in Court or in society, or defending men for their lives, under the persecution of tyrannical power, wrestling against the usurpations of Parliament, in favour of the liberty of the press, and upholding against the assaults of the infidel the fabric of revealed religion. Indeed the beauty, as well as chaste simplicity, of the language in which he would clothe the most lowly subjects reminded the classical scholar of some narratives in the *Odyssey*, where there is not one idea that rises above the meanest level, and yet all is made graceful and elegant by the magic of the diction. Aware that his classical acquirements were so slender, men oftentimes marvelled at the phenomenon of his eloquence, above all, of his composition. The solution of the difficulty lay in the constant reading of the old English authors to which he devoted himself: Shakspeare, he was more familiar with than almost any man of his age; and Milton he nearly had by heart. Nor can it be denied that the study of the speeches in ‘*Paradise Lost*’ is as good a substitute as can be found for the immortal originals in the Greek models, upon which those great productions have manifestly been formed. *

Such was his oratory; but the oratory is only the half, and the lesser half of the *Nisi Prius* advocate; and Mr Erskine never was known to fail in the more important moiety of the part he had to sustain. The entire devotion to his cause which made him reject every thing that did not help it forward, and indignantly

scorn all temptation to sacrifice its smallest point for any rhetorical triumph, was not the only virtue of his advocacy. His judgment was quick, sound, and sure, upon each successive step to be taken; his decision bold, but cautious and enlightened, at each turn. His speaking was hardly more perfect than his examination of witnesses,—the art in which so much of an English advocate's skill is shown; and his examination-in-chief was as excellent as his cross-examination;—a department so apt to deceive the vulgar, and which yet is, generally speaking, far less available, as it hardly ever is more difficult than the examination-in-chief, or in reply. In all these various functions, whether of addressing the jury, or urging objections to the Court, or examining his own witnesses, or cross-examining his adversary's, this consummate advocate appeared to fill at one and the same time different characters;—to act as the counsel and representative of the party, and yet to be the very party himself; while he addressed the tribunal, to be also acquainted with every feeling and thought of the judge or the jury; and while he interrogated the witness, whether to draw from him all he knew, and in the most favourable shape, or to shake and displace all he had said that was adverse, he appeared to have entered into the mind of the person he was dealing with, and to be familiar with all that was passing within it. It is by such means that the hearer is to be moved, and the truth elicited; and he will ever be the most successful advocate who can approach the nearest to this lofty and difficult position.

The speeches of this great man are preserved to us with a care and correctness which those only of Mr Burke, Mr Windham, Mr Canning, and Lord Dudley, among all the orators of whom we have treated, can boast. He had a great facility of composition; he wrote both much and correctly. The five volumes which remain were all revised by himself; most of them at the several times of their first publication. Mr Windham, too, is known to have left most of his speeches written out correctly in his own hand. The same care was bestowed upon their speeches by the others just named. Neither those of Mr Fox or Mr Pitt, nor, with one or two exceptions, of Mr Sheridan, ever enjoyed the same advantages; and a most unfair estimate would therefore be framed of their eloquence, as compared with that of others, were men only to form their judgment upon the records which the Parliamentary Debates present.

Of Mr Erskine's, the first, beyond all doubt, was his speech for Stockdale, foolishly and oppressively prosecuted by the House of Commons for publishing the Reverend Mr Logan's eloquent tract upon Hastings's impeachment. There are no finer things in modern, and few finer in ancient eloquence than the

celebrated passage of the Indian Chief; nor has beautiful language ever been used with more curious felicity to raise a striking and an appropriate image before the mind, than in the simile of the winds ‘lashing before them the lazy elements, which ‘without the tempest would stagnate into pestilence.’ The speeches on Constructive Treason are also noble performances; in which the reader never can forget the sublimity of the denunciation against those who took from the ‘file the sentence against ‘Sidney, which should have been left on record to all ages, that ‘it might arise and blacken in the sight, like the handwriting ‘on the wall before the Eastern tyrant, to deter from outrages ‘upon justice.’ One or two of the speeches upon Seduction, especially that for the defendant in *Howard v. Bingham*, are of exquisite beauty.

It remains that we commemorate the deeds which he did, and which cast the fame of his oratory into the shade. He was an undaunted man; he was an undaunted advocate. To no Court did he ever tremble, neither to the Court of the King, neither to the Court of the King’s Judges. Their smiles and their frowns he disregarded alike in the fearless discharge of his duty. He upheld the liberty of the press against the one; he defended the rights of the people against both combined to destroy them. If there be yet amongst us the power of freely discussing the acts of our rulers; if there be yet the privilege of meeting for the promotion of needful reforms; if he who desires wholesome changes in our Constitution be still recognised as a patriot, and not doomed to die the death of a traitor; let us acknowledge with gratitude, that to this great man, under Heaven, we owe this felicity of the times. In 1794, his dauntless energy, his indomitable courage, kindling his eloquence, inspiring his conduct, giving direction and lending firmness to his matchless skill, resisted the combination of statesmen, and princes, and lawyers, —the league of cruelty and craft, formed to destroy our liberties, —and triumphantly scattered to the winds the half accomplished scheme of an unsparing proscription. Before such a precious service as this, well may the lustre of statesmen and of orators grow pale; and yet this was the achievement of one only not the first orator of his age, and not among its foremost statesmen, because he was beyond all comparison the most accomplished advocate, and the most eloquent, that modern times have produced.

The disposition and manners of the man were hardly less attractive than his genius and his professional skill were admirable. He was, like almost all great men, simple, natural, and amiable; full of humane feelings and kindly affections. Of wit, he had little or none in conversation; and he was too gay to take any delight in discussion; but his humour was playful to buoyancy,

and wild even to extravagance; and he indulged his roaming and devious and abrupt imagination as much in society, as in public he kept it under rigorous control. That his private character was exempt from failings, can in no wise be affirmed. The egotism which was charged upon his conversation, and in which he only seemed to adopt the habit of the forensic leaders of his times, was wholly unmixed with any thing offensive to others; though it might excite a smile at his own expense. Far from seeking to raise himself by their depression, his vanity was of the best-natured and least selfish kind; it was wholly social and tolerant and, as it were, gregarious; nay, he always seemed to extol the deeds of others with fully more enthusiasm than he ever displayed in recounting his own. But there were darker places to be marked, in the extreme imprudence with which some indulgences were sought, and unfortunate connexions, even late in life, formed. Lord Kenyon, who admired and loved him fervently, and used always to appear as vain of him as a schoolmaster of his favourite pupil, though himself rigorous to the point of ascetism, was wont to call these imperfections, viewing them tolerantly, ‘spots in the sun;’ and it must with sorrow be added, that as the lustre of the luminary became more dim, the spots did not contract in their dimensions. The usual course on such occasions is to say *Taceamus de his*,—but history neither asserts her greatest privilege, nor discharges her higher duties, when, dazzled by brilliant genius, or astonished by splendid triumphs, or even softened by amiable qualities, she abstains from marking those defects which so often degrade the most sterling worth, and which the talents and the affections that they accompany may sometimes seduce men to imitate.

The striking and imposing appearance of this great man’s person has been mentioned. His herculean strength of constitution may be also noted. During the eight-and-twenty years that he practised at the bar, he never was prevented for one hour from attending to his professional duties. At the famous State Trials in 1794, he lost his voice on the evening before he was to address the Jury. It returned to him just in time, and this, like other felicities of his career, he always ascribed to a special providence, with the habitually religious disposition of mind which was hereditary in the godly families that he sprung from.

Greatly inferior to these men,—indeed of a different class, as well as order,—but far from an inconsiderable person in debate, where he had his own particular line, and in that eminently excelled, was Mr Tierney. He had been bred to the law, was called to the bar, and for a short time frequented the Western Circuit, on which he succeeded Mr Pitt in the office of Recorder, or keeper of the circuit books and funds; a situation filled by the

youngest member of the profession on the several circuits each successive year. He soon, however, like his illustrious predecessor, left the hard and dull, and for many years cheerless path, which ends in the highest places in the State, and the most important functions of the Constitution; and devoted himself to the more inviting, but more thorny and even more precarious pursuit of politics; in which merit, if it never fails of earning fame and distinction, very often secures nothing more solid to its possessor; and which has the farther disadvantage of leading to power, or to disappointment, according to the conduct or the caprice of others, as much as of the candidate himself. No man more than Mr Tierney lived to experience the truth of this remark; and no man more constantly advised his younger friends to avoid the fascinations which concealed such snares and led to those rocks. In truth, no one had a better right to give this warning; for his talents were peculiarly fitted for the contentions of the legal profession, and must have secured him great eminence had he remained at the bar; but they were accompanied with some defects which proved exceedingly injurious to his success as a statesman. He possessed sufficient industry to master any subject, and, until his health failed, to undergo any labour. His understanding was of that plain and solid description which wears well, and is always more at the command of its possessor than the brilliant qualities that dazzle the vulgar. To any extraordinary quickness of apprehension he laid no claim; but he saw with perfect clearness, and, if he did not take a very wide range, yet within his appointed scope, his ideas were strongly formed, and, when he stated them, luminously expressed. Every thing refined he habitually rejected; partly as above his comprehension, partly as beneath his regard; and he was wont to value the efforts of fancy still lower than the feats of subtilty; so that there was something extremely comical in witnessing the contrast of his homely and somewhat literal understanding with the imaginative nature of Erskine. But if refinement and fancy, when tried upon him apart, met with this indifferent reception, their combination in any thing romantic, especially when it was propounded as a guide of conduct, fared still worse at his hands; and if he ever found such views erected into a test or standard for deciding either on public or on private affairs, he was apt to treat the fabric rather as the work of an unsound mind, than as a structure to be seriously exposed and taken to pieces by argument.

Nevertheless, with all this shunning of fanciful matter, no one's mind was more accessible to groundless imaginations; provided they entered by one quarter, on which certainly lay his weak side as a politician. A man undeniably of cool personal

courage ; a debater of as unquestioned boldness and vigour ; he was timid in council ; always saw the gloomy side of things ; could scarcely ever be induced to look at any other aspect ; and tormented both himself and others with endless doubts and difficulties, and apprehensions of things barely possible, as if in human affairs, from the crossing of a street to the governing of a kingdom, men were not compelled either to stand stock-still, or to expose themselves to innumerable risks,—acting, of course, only on probabilities, and these often not very high ones. It was a singular thing to observe how complete a change the same individual had undergone in passing from the consultation to the debate. The difference was not greater between Erskine out of Court and in his professional garb. He was firm in the line once taken, against which he had raised a host of objections, and around which he had thrown a cloud of doubts ; he was as bold in meeting real enemies as he had been timid in conjuring up imaginary risks ; prompt, vigorous, determined, he carried on the debate ; and he who in a distant view of it could only descry difficulties and create confusion, when the tug of war approached, and he came to close quarters, displayed an abundance of resources which astonished all who had been harassed with his hesitation, or confounded by his perplexities, or vexed with his apprehensions ; and was found to have no eyes but for the adversary whom his whole soul was bent upon meeting ; nor any circumspection but for the possibility of a reply which he was resolved to cut off.

It is probable, however, that this defect in his character as a politician had greatly increased as he grew older. In early times he was among the more forward of the Reformers. When he quitted the bar he offered himself as candidate for several vacant seats and was unsuccessful. He attended the debates at the East India House as a proprietor ; and took an active part in them. He was an assiduous member of the ‘ Society of Friends of the ‘ People,’ and drew up the much and justly celebrated Petition in which that useful body laid before the House of Commons all the more striking particulars of its defective title to the office of representing the people, which that House then, as now, but with far less reason, assumed. He contested the borough of Southwark more than once, and was seated ultimately in 1796, and by a Committee before which he conducted his own case with an ability so striking, that all who witnessed it at once augured most favourably of his prospects in the House, and confessed that his leaving the bar had alone prevented him from filling the highest place among the ornaments of Westminster Hall. In that contest, his acuteness, his plain and homely sense, his power of exposing a sophism, or ridiculing a refinement, shone conspicuous ;

and his inimitable manner,—a manner above all others suited to his style of speaking and thinking, and singularly calculated to affect a popular audience,—was added to the other qualities which he showed himself possessed of, and by which he won and kept hold of the committee's undivided attention.

His entry into the House of Commons was made at a sufficiently remarkable period of time. The Whig Opposition had just taken the most absurd and inconsistent, as well as most unjustifiable step which ever party or public men resorted to, in order to show the bitterness of their disappointment, to justify their enemies in deducing all their actions from selfish motives, and to lend the doctrine some plausibility, which the enemies of all party connexion hold, when they deny its use, and regard it as a mere association for interested purposes; not dictated by any public principle, but dressing itself falsely and fraudulently in that decent garb. They had retired or seceded from their attendance in Parliament, upon the very grounds which should have chained them faster to their seats; namely, that the Government was ruining the interests and trampling upon the liberties of the country; and that the people were not sufficiently alive to the situation of their affairs. If any thing could add to the folly as well as impropriety of this measure, it was the incompleteness of the secession; for instead of leaving Parliament, and thus enabling the people to choose more faithful guardians of their interests, these men all retained their seats, kept fast hold of their personal privileges, and preserved the option of returning upon any fitting or temporary occasion, to the places which they left empty and ready. The Irish Parliament afforded, upon this occasion, one of the two instances of its superiority to our own, which the whole history of that bad and corrupt assembly presents.* The Opposition there, with Mr Grattan at its head, vacated their seats and remained out of Parliament for some years. Strange that the place where political purity was the most rare, where true patriotism was ever at its lowest ebb,—where the whole machinery of corruption,—all that men call jobbing and faction was proverbially hereditary and constitutional,—and where it has always been so usual to expect as little correctness of reasoning as consistency and purity of conduct,—an example should have been afforded of just and rational conduct, and self-denial, upon the point of jobbing itself, which the patriots of England were neither wise enough or disinterested enough to follow! This phenomenon, otherwise hard to be explained, is accounted for by the character of the illustrious man whom we have named as leader of the Irish Whigs.

* The other was on the Regency 1788-9.

The absence of the regular leaders of the Opposition and their followers from Parliament gave Mr Tierney a ready opening to distinction upon his entering the House of Commons;—an opening of which far less sagacity and resources than he possessed might have taken advantage. He became at once, and from the necessity of the case, in some sort the leader of Opposition. The subject to which he mainly directed himself was the financial department; but without at all confining his exertions to questions of this description. The clearness of his understanding, however, and his business-like habits, gave him a peculiar advantage upon such matters; and he retained his hold over it, and, as it were, an almost exclusive possession of it during the whole of his Parliamentary life. It seems strange to look back upon the hands out of which he took this branch of Opposition business. Mr Sheridan was the person to whom he succeeded, and who really must be admitted to have been, in every respect, as moderately qualified for performing it as any one of his great abilities could well be. But it must not be supposed that the secession of the regular party left all finance questions, or all questions of any kind, in the hands of him whom they considered as an officious unwelcome substitute, and affected to look down upon as an indifferent makeshift in the hands of the Ministers; ever ready to catch at any semblance of a regular opposing party, for the convenience which it affords in conducting the public business. When the Irish Rebellion, and still more, when the Union, and soon after the failure of the Dutch Expedition seemed to afford a chance of ‘doing something,’ they came down and joined in the debate. To Mr Tierney was left the wearisome and painful but not unimportant duty of watching daily the proceedings of the Government, and of the House, in which it now ruled with an absolute sway. Whatever was most irksome and laborious, most thankless and obscure in the drudgery of daily attendance, and the discomfiture of small divisions, fell to his share. It was only when the reward of such toils and vexations appeared in view, upon some great occasion presenting itself for assaulting a Minister invincible in Parliament, but defeated with discredit in his schemes, and assailing him with the support of the country as well as of fortune, that Mr Tierney was quickly nor yet very gently put on one side; to make way for the greater men who had been engaged in any pursuit, rather than that of their country’s favour, and doing any service but that which they owed to their constituents. With what front they could have offered themselves again to these constituents had a general election befallen them before some change had happened in their policy, it would be difficult to conjecture. But fortunately for them as for the country, the administration of Mr Addington

afforded a fair opportunity, perhaps a pretext, of which they were desirous, for resuming their attendance in Parliament; and no one has ever since, in a tone more audible than a whisper, ventured to mention the experiment of secession, as among the ways and means for bettering the condition of a party. It must, however, be added, that when the Election of 1802 came, the people, by showing an entire forgetfulness of the greatest violation of public duty ever committed by their representatives, and never once mentioning the secession on any one occasion, exhibited an inconstancy and neglect of their own best interests, truly painful to those who deem them not only the object, but the origin of all political power; and who, moreover, hold it to be impossible that any power bestowed upon men can be well or safely executed without a continuance of wholesome popular control. The comfort which we now have under this unpleasant recollection, is derived from an assurance that such never could be the case in the present times. No man, or class of men, dare now leave their Parliamentary post, without at the same time throwing up their delegated trust; and whoever should attempt to repeat the game of 1797 in our times, would find the doors of Parliament closed against him, should he be rash enough again to seek admission through any place having a real body of electors.

In the times of which we have been speaking, Mr Tierney was one of those Whigs who, partly through hostility to Mr Pitt, and partly from a sincere gratitude for the peace abroad, and the mild and constitutional government at home, obtained for the country by Mr Addington, first supported, and afterwards formally joined that Minister, upon his rupture with his patron and predecessor. It was unfortunate that Mr Tierney should have taken office almost on the eve of his new leader committing as great an error, and as fatal as ever could be imputed to his warlike adversary. Mr Addington having been joined by Mr Tierney late in 1802, plunged the country, early in 1803, again into war; for reasons, which, if they had any force, should have prevented him from making peace the year before; and even if Napoleon was desirous of breaking the treaty, care was taken by the manner of the quarrel which we fastened upon him, to give him every appearance, in the eyes of the world, of having been reluctantly forced into a renewal of hostilities.

The removal of Mr Tierney from the Opposition to the Ministerial benches was not attended with any increase either of his weight in the country, or of his powers in debate. No man certainly had a right to charge him with any violation of party duty; for he had never been connected with the regular

Whig Opposition, and had been treated upon all occasions with little respect by their leaders. Yet in his opinions he agreed with them; they had always professed the same principles upon those great questions, whether of foreign or domestic policy, which divided public men; and he was now in office with statesmen who only differed from those whom he had always opposed, in the inferiority of their capacity; in having done their patrons' bidding by restoring peace and the Constitution,—both of which he had suspended,—and in refusing to go out and let him in again when that turn was served. There was little ground then for drawing any distinction between the two classes of Pittites; upon principle none; only a personal difference divided them; and to that difference Mr Tierney was wholly a stranger, until he chose to take a part in it by taking office upon it. But, as has often happened to men who thus place themselves in what our French neighbours term a 'false position,' his weight in the House was not more remarkably lessened than his gift of debating was impaired. He never seemed to be thoroughly possessed of himself, or to feel at home, after taking his seat on the Treasury Bench; among the Jenkinsons, the Braggs, the Yorks, the Percevals, and the other supporters of Mr Addington's somewhat feeble, though certainly very useful administration. It was drolly said of the latter—in reference to the rather useless acquisition which he appeared to have made—that he resembled the worthy but not very acute Lord who bought Punch. Upon more than one occasion, words of a graver character were heard from the great master of sarcasm to convey the same idea. When, in an attempt to defend the naval administration of the Government against Mr Pitt's unmeasured attacks, their new champion, with signal infelicity, adventured upon some personal jeers* at their assailants' expense, the latter remarked in very

* If we mention the nature of these attempts, it must be after a very distinct and peremptory protest against being understood to give them as samples of the humour, and indeed wit in which Mr Tierney peculiarly excelled—for they were exceptions to it, and were his only failures. He spoke of Mr Pitt's motion as 'smelling of a contract'—and even called him 'The Right Hon. Shipwright'—in allusion to his proposal to build men-of-war in the Merchants' Yards. On one occasion he fell by a less illustrious hand—but yet the hand of a wit. When alluding to the difficulties the Foxites and Pittites had of passing over to join each other in attacking the Addington Ministry, Mr Tierney (forgetting at the moment how easily he had himself overcome a like difficulty in joining that Ministry) alluded to the puzzle of the Fox and the Goose, and did not clearly expound his idea. Whereupon Mr Dudley North said:—'It's himself he means—who left the Fox to go over to

good humour, 'that he had not found him quite so formidable 'an antagonist in his novel situation, though he nowise questioned his capacity for Ministerial exertions, and should wait 'until his infant aptitudes had expanded to their destined fullness.' The overthrow of the Addington Ministry soon restored Mr Tierney to the ranks of Opposition; and his union with the Whigs afterwards became so complete, that he acted for some years after the death of Mr Whitbread and Mr Ponsonby as their real leader in the Commons; and during one Session was installed formally as their chief.

The instances to which we have just adverted, may truly be said to be the only failures in Mr Tierney's whole parliamentary career. For he was one of the surest and most equal speakers that ever mingled in debate; and his style of speaking was very enviable in this particular. It seemed so easy and so natural to the man, as to be always completely at his command; depending on no happy and almost involuntary flights of fancy, or moods of mind, or any of the other incidents that affect and limit the inspirations of genius;—hardly even upon fire caught from an adversary's speech, or an accident in the debate, and which is wont to kindle the eloquence of the greater orators. Whoever heard him upon any occasion, had the impression that such he would be upon all; and that whenever he chose it, he could make as good a speech, and of the same kind. Nor was that excellence small; or that description of oratory contemptible. It was very effective at all times; at some times of very great force indeed. His power of plain and lucid statement was not easily to be surpassed; and this served him in special stead upon questions of finance and trade, which he so often handled. His reasoning was equally plain and distinct. He was as argumentative a speaker as any one could be who set so little value upon subtilty of all sorts; and who always greatly preferred the shorter roads towards a conclusion, to laboured ratiocination; and quick retorts suggested by the course of the discussion, to any thing elaborate or long. In these retorts, whether of allusion, or repartee, or personal attack, his excellence was very great. When occasion required it, he could rise into a strain of very effective and striking declamation; and although never attempting any flight of a lofty kind, yet never once failing to reach whatever he aimed at. His wit, or his humour, or his drollery, it would be very difficult to describe—nor easy to say how it should be classed. Perhaps,

'the Goose, and put the bag of oats in his pocket.' His failures are told in three lines; but a volume would not hold the successful efforts of his drollery both in debate and in society.

of the three words we have used, in order to be sure of comprehending or hitting it, the second is the most appropriate. He had the great requisites of a powerful debater,—quickness in taking his ground, and boldness in holding it; and could instantly perceive an enemy's weakness and his own course to take advantage of it. But we now speak of him when on his legs; for the defect in his character, of which we before made mention, followed him into the House of Commons, and he was wanting in decision and vigour there also, until he rose; when a new man seemed to stand before you.

It remains to be said, that no man's private character stood higher in all respects; and, besides the most amiable domestic affections, he showed a very touching patience, and even cheerfulness, in sustaining the distressing attacks of the illness under which he laboured for many of the latter years of his life. He was of strictly religious habits, although without any thing of either austerity or fanaticism; and is said to have left some devotional compositions, which prove how deeply impressed his mind was by the feelings connected with the most important of all subjects. It must not be forgotten, in speaking of Mr Tierney's adherence to the liberal party, during their long and all but hopeless exclusion from office, that he was neither sustained in his independent and honest course by any enthusiasm or fervour of character, nor placed in circumstances which made the emoluments of place indifferent to the comforts of his life. A person of his very moderate fortune, and plain, practical, even somewhat cold habits of thinking, upon questions which warm so many minds into the fervour of romantic patriotism, has double merit in perseveringly discharging his public duties, and turning a deaf ear to all the allurements of power.

And here for the present let us pause. We have been gazing on the faint likenesses of many great men. We have been traversing a gallery, on either side of which they stand ranged. We have made bold in that edifice to 'expatiate and confer the State affairs' of their age. Cognizant of its history, aware of the principles by which the English chiefs are marshalled, sagacious of the springs that move the politic wheel whose revolutions we contemplate, it is an easy thing for us to comprehend the phenomenon most remarkably presented by those figures and their arrangement; nor are we led to stare aghast at that which would astound any mind not previously furnished with the ready solution to make all plain and intelligible. But suppose some one from another hemisphere or another world, admitted to the spectacle, which we find so familiar, and consider what would be its first effect upon his mind. 'Here,' he would say, 'stand the choicest spirits of their age; the greatest wits, the noblest ora-

‘tors, the wisest politicians, the most illustrious patriots. Here they stand whose hands have been raised for their country, whose magical eloquence has shook the spheres, whose genius has poured out strains worthy the inspiration of the gods, whose lives were devoted to the purity of their principles, whose memories were bequeathed to a race grateful for benefits received from their sufferings and their sacrifices. Here stand all these “lights of the world and demigods of fame,”—but here they stand not ranged on one side of this gallery, serving a common country! With the same bright object in their view, their efforts were divided, not united; they fiercely combated each other, and not together assailed some common foe: their great exertions were bestowed, their more than mortal forces were expended, not in furthering the general good, not in resisting their country’s enemies, but in conflicts among themselves; and all their triumphs were won over each other, and all their sufferings were endured at each other’s hands!’ ‘Is it the unenlightened stranger would add, ‘a reality that I survey, or a troubled vision that mocks my sight? Am I indeed contemplating the prime of men amongst a rational people, or the Corypheï of a band of mimes? Or, haply, am I admitted to survey the cells of some hospital appointed for the insane; or is it, peradventure, the vaults of some pandemonium through which my eyes have been suffered to wander till my vision aches, and my brain is disturbed?’

Thus far the untutored native of some far distant wild on earth, or the yet more ignorant inhabitant of some world, remote beyond ‘the solar walk or milky way.’ We know more; we apprehend things better. But let us, even in our pride of enlightened wisdom, pause for a moment to reflect on this most anomalous state of things,—this arrangement of political affairs which systematically excludes at least one-half of the great men of each age from their country’s service, and devotes both classes infinitely more to maintaining a conflict with one another than to furthering the general good. And here it may be admitted at once that nothing can be less correct than their view, who regard the administration of affairs as practically in the hands of only one-half the nation, whilst the excluded portion is solely occupied in thwarting their proceedings. The influence of both parties is exerted, and the movement of the state machine partakes of both the forces impressed upon it; neither taking the direction of the one nor of the other, but a third line between both. This concession, no doubt, greatly lessens the evil; but it is very far indeed from removing it. Why must there always be this exclusion, and this conflict? Does not every one immediately perceive how it must prove detrimental to the public service

in the great majority of instances ; and how miserable a makeshift for something better and more rational it is, even where it does more good than harm ? Besides, if it requires a constant and systematic opposition to prevent mischief, and keep the machine of state in the right path, of what use is our boasted representative government, which is designed to give the people a control over their rulers, and serves no other purpose at all ?

It must not be supposed that in these general remarks upon party we are pronouncing a very severe censure upon all public men in this country, or placing ourselves on an eminence removed from strife, and high above all vulgar contentions.—

Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre,
Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ,
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Nocteis atque dies niti præstante labore
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.

LUC. II.

The blame now cast upon politicians affects them all equally ; and is only like that which ethical reasoners on the selfish theory of morals, may be supposed to throw upon all human conduct. In fact our blame applies not to individuals, but to the system ; and that system we hold to be bad ;—hurtful to the interests of the country, corrupting to the people, injurious to honest principle, and at the very best a clumsy contrivance for carrying on the affairs of the State.

Let us now, before we close this view of the times recently passed, and of the great men who flourished in them, amongst ourselves, cast our eye towards the Genius that directed the resources of our enemies, unimpaired by our party divisions, and with all the unity of despotism besides. During the most eventful period of the age in which they flourished, the destinies of France, and of the Continent, were wielded by Napoleon Bonaparte ; certainly the most extraordinary person who has appeared in modern times, and to whom in some respects no parallel can be found if we search the whole annals of the human race. For though the conquests of Alexander were more extensive, and the matchless character of Cæsar was embellished by more various accomplishments, and the invaders of Mexico and Peru worked their purposes of subjugation with far more scanty means, yet the military genius of the Great Captain shines with a lustre peculiarly its own ; or which he shares with Hannibal alone, when we reflect that he never had to contend, like those conquerors, with adversaries inferior to himself in civilisation or discipline, but won all his triumphs over hosts as well ordered and regularly marshalled and amply provided as his own.

This celebrated man was sprung from a good family in Corsica, and while yet a boy, fixed the attention and raised the hopes of all his connexions. In his early youth his military genius shone forth; he soon gained the summit of his profession; he commanded at twenty-five a military operation of a complicated and difficult nature in Paris: immediately after, he rapidly led the French armies through a series of victories till then unexampled, and to which even now his own after achievements can alone afford any parallel, for the suddenness, the vehemence, and the completeness of the operations. That much of his success was derived from the mechanical adherence of his adversaries to the formal rules of ancient tactics, cannot be doubted; and our Wellington's campaigns would, in the same circumstances, and had he been opposed to similar antagonists, in all likelihood have been as brilliant and decisive. But he always had to combat the soldiers bred in Napoleon's school; while Napoleon, for the most part, was matched against men whose inveterate propensity to follow the rules of an obsolete science, not even the example of Frederic had been able to subdue; and who were resolved upon being a second time the victims of the same obstinate blindness which had, in Frederic's days, made genius triumph over numbers by breaking through rules repugnant to common sense. It must, however, be confessed, that although this consideration accounts for the achievements of this great warrior, which else had been impossible, nothing is thus detracted from his praise, excepting that what he accomplished ceases to appear miraculous; for it was his glory never to let an error pass unprofitably to himself; nor ever to give his adversary an advantage which he could not ravish from him, with ample interest, before it was turned to any fatal account. Nor can it be denied that, when the fortune of war proved adverse, the resources of his mind were only drawn forth in the more ample profusion. After the battle of Aspern he displayed more skill, as well as constancy, than in all his previous campaigns; and the struggle which he made in France, during the dreadful conflict that preceded his downfall, is by many regarded as the masterpiece of his military life. Nor let us forget that the grand error of his whole career, the mighty expedition to Moscow, was a political error only. The vast preparations for that campaign—the combinations by which he collected and marshalled and moved this prodigious and various force like a single corps, or a domestic animal, or a lifeless instrument in his hand—displayed in the highest degree the great genius for arrangement and for action with which he was endowed; and his prodigious efforts to regain the ground which the disasters of that campaign rescued from his grasp, were only not successful, because no human power could in a month create an

army of cavalry, nor a word of command give recruits the discipline of veterans. In the history of war, it is, assuredly, only Hannibal who can be compared with him; and certainly, when we reflect upon the yet greater difficulties of the Carthaginian's position—the much longer time during which he maintained the unequal contest—still more, when we consider that his enemies have alone recorded his story, while Napoleon has been his own annalist—justice seems to require that the modern should yield to the ancient commander.

But Napoleon's genius was not confined to war: he possessed a large capacity also for civil affairs. He saw as clearly and as quickly determined on his course, in government as in the field. His public works, and his political reformations, especially his Code of Laws, are monuments of his wisdom and his vigour, more imperishable, as time has already proved, and as himself proudly foretold, than all his victories. His civil courage was more brilliant than his own, or most other men's valour in the field. How ordinary a bravery it was that blazed forth at Lodi, when he headed his wavering columns across the bridge swept by the field of Austrian artillery, compared with the undaunted and sublime courage that carried him from Cannes to Paris with a handful of men, and fired his bosom with the desire, and sustained it with the confidence, of overthrowing a dynasty, and overwhelming an empire by the terror of his name!

Nor were his endowments merely those of the statesman and the warrior. If he was not like Cæsar, a consummate orator, he yet knew men so thoroughly, and especially Frenchmen, whom he had most nearly studied, that he possessed the faculty of addressing them in strains of singular eloquence,—an eloquence peculiar to himself. It is not more certain that he is the greatest soldier whom France ever produced, than it is certain that his place is high amongst her greatest writers, as far as composition or diction is concerned. Some of his Bulletins are models for the purpose which they were intended to serve; his address to the soldiers of his Old Guard at Fontainebleau, is a masterpiece of dignified and pathetic composition; his speech during the Hundred Days, at the Champ de Mars, beginning, 'General, Consul, Empereur, je tiens tout du Peuple,' is to be placed amongst the most perfect pieces of simple and majestic eloquence. These things are not the less true for being seldom or never remarked.

But with these great qualities of the will—the highest courage, the most easy formation of his resolutions, the most steadfast adherence to his purpose, the entire devotion to his object of all his energies—and with the equally shining faculties of the understanding by which that firm will worked—the clearest and quickest apprehension, the power of intense application, the capacity of complete ab-

straction from all interrupting ideas, the complete and most instantaneous circumspection of all difficulties, whether on one side, or even providently seen in prospect, the intuitive knowledge of men, and power of mind and of tongue to mould their will to his purpose—with these qualities, which form the character held greatest by vulgar minds, the panegyric of Napoleon must close. HE WAS A CONQUEROR;—HE WAS A TYRANT. To gratify his ambition—to slake his thirst of power—to weary a lust of dominion which no conquests could satiate—he trampled on Liberty when his hand might have raised her to a secure place; and he wrapt the world in flames, which the blood of millions alone could quench. By those passions, a mind not originally unkindly, was perverted and deformed, till human misery ceased to move it, and honesty, and truth, and pity, the duties we owe to God and to man, had departed from one thus given up to a single and a selfish pursuit. ‘*Tantas animi virtutes ingentia vitia æquabant; inhumana crudelitas; * perfidia plusquam Punica; nihil veri, nihil sancti, nullus Deum metus, nullum jusjurandum, nulla religio.*’† The death of Enghien, the cruel sufferings of Wright, the mysterious end of Pichegru, the punishment of Palm, the tortures of Tous-saint,‡ have all been dwelt upon as the spots on his fame; because the fortunes of individuals presenting a more definite object to the mind, strike our imaginations, and rouse our feelings more than wretchedness in larger masses, less distinctly perceived. But to the eye of calm reflection, the declaration of an

* The kindness of his nature will be denied by some; the inhuman cruelty by others; but both are correctly true. There is extant, a letter which we have seen, full of the tenderest affection towards his favourite brother, to whom it was addressed, when about to be separated from him, long after he had entered on public life. It is in parts blotted with his tears, evidently shed before the ink was dry. As for his cruelty, they only can deny it who think it is more cruel for a man to witness torments which he has ordered, or to commit butchery with his own hand, than to give a command which must consign thousands to agony and death. If Napoleon had been called upon to witness, or with his own hand to inflict such misery, he would have paused at first—because physical repugnance would have prevailed over mental callousness. But how many minutes’ reflection would it have taken to deaden the pain, and make him execute his own purpose?

† *Liv. xxi.*

‡ It is a gross error to charge him with the poisoning of his sick in Egypt; and his massacre of the prisoners at Jaffa, is a very controverted matter. But we fear the early anecdote of his ordering an attack, with no other object than to gratify his mistress, when a young officer of artillery, rests upon undeniable authority; and if so, it is to be placed amongst his worst crimes.

unjustifiable war, or the persisting in it a day longer than is necessary, presents a more grievous object of contemplation, implies a disposition more pernicious to the world, and calls down a reprobation far more severe.

How grateful the relief which the friend of mankind, the lover of virtue, experiences when turning from the contemplation of such a character, his eye rests upon the greatest man of our own or of any age;—the only one upon whom an epithet so thoughtlessly lavished by men to foster the crimes of their worst enemies, may be innocently and justly bestowed! In Washington we truly behold a marvellous contrast to almost every one of the endowments and the vices which we have been contemplating; and which are so well fitted to excite a mingled admiration, and sorrow, and abhorrence. With none of that brilliant genius which dazzles ordinary minds; with not even any remarkable quickness of apprehension; with knowledge less than almost all persons in the middle ranks, and many well educated of the humbler classes possess; this eminent person is presented to our observation clothed in attributes as modest, as unpretending, as little calculated to strike or to astonish, as if he had passed unknown through some secluded region of private life. But he had a judgment sure and sound; a steadiness of mind which never suffered any passion, or even any feeling to ruffle its calm; a strength of understanding which worked rather than forced its way through all obstacles,—removing or avoiding rather than overleaping them. His courage, whether in battle or in council, was as perfect as might be expected from this pure and steady temper of soul. A perfectly just man, with a thoroughly firm resolution never to be misled by others, any more than by others overawed; never to be seduced or betrayed, or hurried away by his own weaknesses or self-delusions, any more than by other men's arts; nor ever to be disheartened by the most complicated difficulties, any more than to be spoilt on the giddy heights of fortune—such was this great man,—whether we regard him sustaining alone the whole weight of campaigns, all but desperate, or gloriously terminating a just warfare by his resources and his courage—presiding over the jarring elements of his political council, alike deaf to the storms of all extremes—or directing the formation of a new government for a great people, the first time that so vast an experiment had ever been tried by man—or finally retiring from the supreme power to which his virtue had raised him over the nation he had created, and whose destinies he had guided as long as his aid was required—retiring with the veneration of all parties, of all nations, of all mankind, in order that the rights of men might be conserved, and that his example never might be appealed to by

vulgar tyrants. This is the consummate glory of the great American; a triumphant warrior where the most sanguine had a right to despair; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course wholly untried; but a warrior, whose sword only left its sheath when the first law of our nature commanded it to be drawn; and a ruler who, having tasted of supreme power, gently and unostentatiously desired that the cup might pass from him, nor would suffer more to wet his lips than the most solemn and sacred duty to his country and his God required!

To his latest breath did this great patriot maintain the noble character of a Captain the patron of Peace, and a Statesman the friend of Justice. Dying, he bequeathed to his heirs the sword which he had worn in the War for Liberty, charging them 'never to take it from the scabbard but in self-defence, or in defence of their country and her freedom; and commanding them, that when it should thus be drawn, they should never sheathe it nor ever give it up, but prefer falling with it in their hands to the relinquishment thereof'—words, the majesty and simple eloquence of which are not surpassed in the oratory of Athens and Rome. It will be the duty of the Historian and the Sage in all ages to omit no occasion of commemorating this illustrious man; and until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington!

No. CXXXVIII. will be published in January.

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